

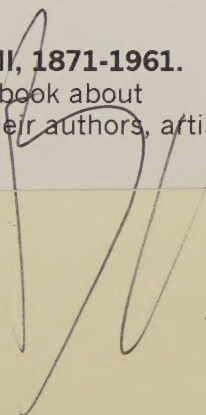
The
THREE
OWLS



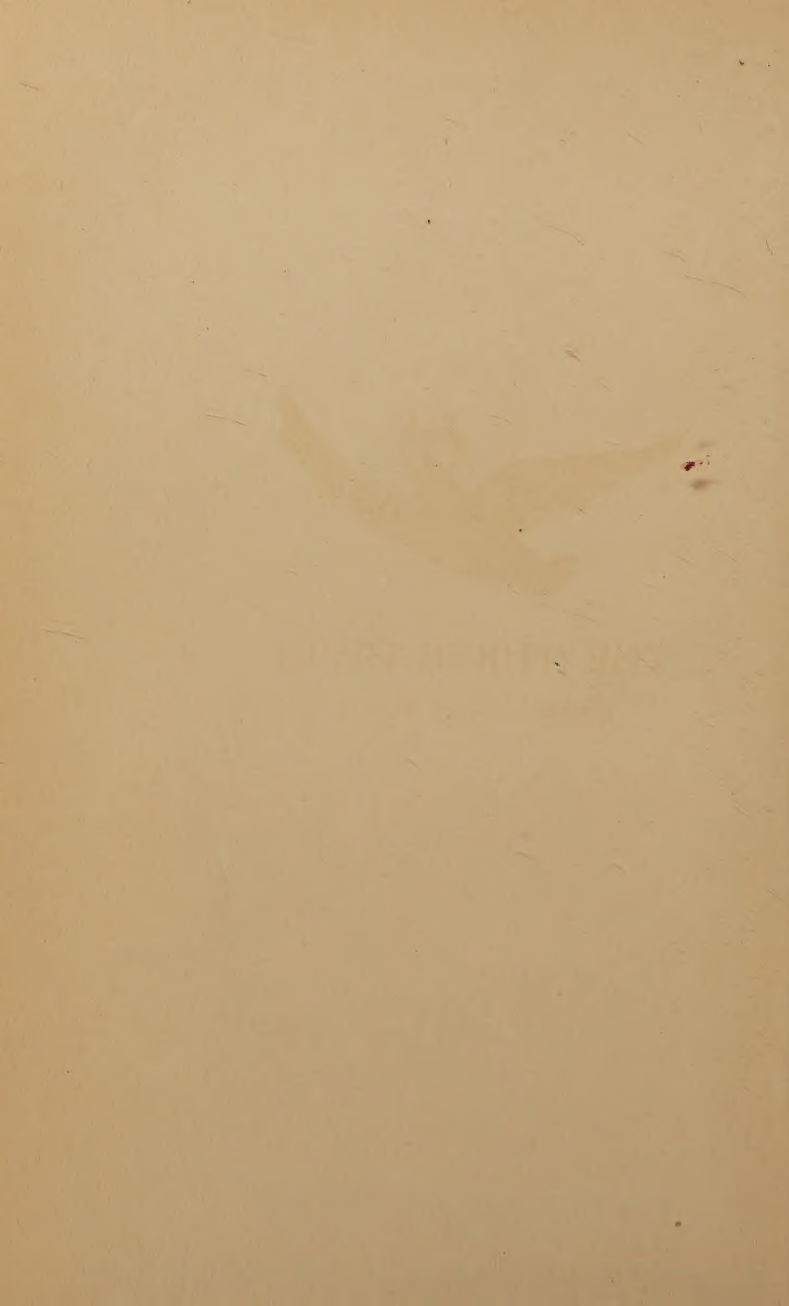
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The three owls; a book about
children's books, their authors, artists
and critics



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Greetings from the author-
artist and critic Owl
twenty years after his
first flight

Anne Carroll Moore

Sept 20. 1944



THE THREE OWLS

Anne Carroll Moore



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THE
THREE OWLS
A BOOK ABOUT CHILDREN'S BOOKS

THEIR AUTHORS
ARTISTS AND CRITICS

WRITTEN AND EDITED BY
ANNE CARROLL MOORE

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1925

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To
STUART P. SHERMAN
AND
IRITA VAN DOREN

Who were the first to make room
for the critical consideration of
children's books in a weekly review
and whose editorial generosity
THE THREE OWLS
acknowledge by flying into this book.



FOREWORD

This book has been put together in the approximate order in which the reviews and editorial comment appeared in *Books*, with such textual and pictorial omissions and additions as have been suggested by the daily use of *The Three Owls* in public libraries and school libraries throughout the year.

"Telling Stories from George MacDonald" by Mary Gould Davis was written for the first issue of *The Three Owls* in honor of the MacDonald Centenary. "Stories Out of the Youth of the World" by Louise Seaman is here reprinted by request from *The Horn Book* for March, 1925. "Informational Books," a list compiled by Mabel Williams, is also included by special request, and "The Ballad of the Three Owls" by Frances Clarke Sayers was written for the book.

All unsigned contributions are the work of Anne Carroll Moore who gratefully acknowledges the prompt and full coöperation of the contributors and critics which has appreciably lightened the task of editorial revision, the invaluable assistance of Maria V. Leavitt in preparing an index in quick formation, and the courtesy and interest of the publishers who have granted permission for use of the illustrations here reproduced.

THE THREE OWLS

THE BALLAD OF THE THREE OWLS

By FRANCES CLARKE SAYERS.

There were three owls sat in a tree,
Oak and elm of the good, green wood.
Jessup and Jock and Timothy,
Wise birds talking as wise birds should.

Jock said, "Come lads and I'll tell you a tale,"
Oak and elm of the good, green wood.
"Of blustering winds and a gallant sail,"
Wise birds talking as wise birds should.

Said Jessup as he preened a feather,
Oak and elm of the good, green wood.
"Who wants a tale about the weather?"
Wise birds talking as wise birds should.

"I'll tell you a tale of goblin lights,"
Oak and elm of the good, green wood.
"Of witches riding the windy nights."
Wise birds talking as wise birds should.

But Tim was dream possessed and young,
Oak and elm of the good, green wood.
"I'd like to have my story sung."
Wise birds talking as wise birds should.

So silent they sat since they couldn't agree,
Oak and elm of the good, green wood.
Jessup and Jock and Timothy.
Wise birds, dreaming, as wise birds should.

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THE THREE OWLS



The Owls made by Jay van Everen for Books

THE FIRST FLIGHT

THERE are five owls on the weather vane of the Children's Library at Westbury. They were all pointing west over Long Island on the day Irita Van Doren asked for a name for a new page in a new literary review.

"We want to give children's books their true place," she said. "It's never been done in a weekly review, and I believe it's well worth doing. Will you edit a page of criticism of children's books and their illustration for 'Books' and tell us what to call it?"

I didn't say "Yes," yet I couldn't say "No," because I've dreamed of seeing just such a page in a weekly review ever since I began my work in the children's room of the Pratt Institute Free Library more than twenty-five years ago. The need for such critical consideration has been felt from coast to coast, from Canada to Florida—in children's libraries, in bookshops and in the increasing number of homes where children's books are being read and purchased with discrimination and zest for reading's own sake.

Promiscuous merchandizing of "Juveniles" with small regard for authorship, illustration, or content

has flooded the market with substitutes for children's books in bright, meaningless cover jackets tagged with various ages of unknown and sadly neglected readers.

Nobody who knows and loves real books is ever satisfied with substitutes, and publishers' catalogues of children's books are beginning to indicate a highly gratifying separation of the sheep from the goats in publishing offices.

And yet, deleted, emasculated and cheaply decorated editions of well-known children's books, and new titles of commonplace, spineless, poorly written books continue to flow in and out of reviewers' offices every year, leaving the reviewer sick to death of children's books in the mass, leaving bookseller and book buyer equally bewildered when confronted by an omnibus review containing as many kinds of books as possible, or a routine ordered quantity of actual books on the tables and shelves of bookshops.

Excellent articles and editorials upon children's books have appeared once a year, stimulated by the Children's Book Week activities of the last five years, while "The Bookman" has sustained a series of reviews at intervals of about three months during the same period of time.

"You really think it would be possible to fill a page every week?" asked Mrs. Van Doren, as she continued to set forth her ideas for the new page.

Books must be real books to win a place here, it now appeared, and individual reviews—of stories, histories, books on the sciences, travel, exploration, distinctive children's books in other languages—

would be written by people willing to read the books and look at their pictures as critics with first-hand knowledge of children's interests and tastes in reading. "They need not always be new books," she said. "Old books may be rediscovered for new readers."

"There will be more than enough to fill a page," I replied, "for every one of the fifty-two weeks in a year."

The page presented to me was entirely in the spirit of my own dream, only I had never dreamed of editing such a page myself.

Can I do it? Do I want to do it? were the two questions I asked on my way down to Westbury, where I was giving myself a true holiday of spirit by taking personal charge of the Children's Library for a fortnight. That evening I walked down across the fields of Old Westbury to a nearly three hundred year old farm to watch the chickens go to roost. Hans Andersen's "Scandal in the Poultry Yard" came alive in a farmyard with great ricks of straw outside its old red barns. A green tree with wide-spreading branches stood close beside the henhouse, and as I watched the young white leghorns fly up in the tree, I could see other hens going to roost on the edge of an old apple orchard in a farmyard I knew as a child in Maine.

Then I walked back across those quiet old fields in the moonlight, close to the edge of a deep wood, and watched the fireflies come out in a beautiful garden known and loved by the wild birds of Long Island, who are fed and sheltered there all winter.

Before I slept that night I read from Greville MacDonald's book—"George MacDonald and His Wife" this request in a letter dated July, 1855:

"Could you go to Cornish's, opposite the infirmary, and get a fairy tale book of Grimm's—3s. 6d., I think. It is in red boards with woodcuts. I think it would amuse Bella."

George MacDonald was writing from his old home in Scotland. He had gone there to see his little sister Bella, who was dying at the age of fourteen. He had just four shillings of his own when he wrote the letter, and he had not then published a single book. It must have been the Cruikshank Grimm—that first fine translation into English by Edgar Taylor, 1823, beloved of Ruskin—that the intrepid and delightful Louisa MacDonald sent off by the very next post.

In a later letter she tells her husband that she has just twelve shillings to keep herself and two children, with another soon to come. The unborn child turns out to be Greville MacDonald himself, the author not only of this illuminating biography but of a recent story for children, "Billy Barnicoat," a fairy romance. He it was who exclaimed at the age of six when his mother had finished reading "Uncle Dodgson's" manuscript, "Alice's Adventures Underground," the original title given to the story, "There ought to be sixty thousand volumes of it."

Trying "Alice" out on his children before sending it to a publisher was George MacDonald's own suggestion to his friend Lewis Carroll.

Now, although Greville MacDonald was so astute

a critic at six as to suggest a first printing of sixty thousand, author and publisher were then content (1865) with but two thousand, and it is well to remind ourselves that the first fifteen hundred copies of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" brought to this country by the late William W. Appleton, lay in a stockroom for months. Mr. Appleton liked the book, but no one else in his house believed it would sell and he was unmercifully chaffed about his silly book.

Suddenly somebody read the book and gave it to his friends to read, and the stock disappeared overnight.

"Have we grown any wiser in the quick recognition of real children's books on either side of the Atlantic?" I asked the five owls on the weather vane of the Children's Library next morning.

W. H. Hudson's child story "A Little Boy Lost" was lost to both sides of the Atlantic for several years. "The Story of Dr. Doolittle" moved very slowly the first year. And here is "Billy Barnicoat," written by the very boy who declared there should be sixty thousand copies of "Alice." "Billy" deserved a royal welcome in his own country on publication, but he was first clearly recognized on this side of the water and, even yet, the book is not widely known.

Then I saw that the owls had moved in the night. They were pointing north-northeast, and I knew, as surely as Diamond knew, that a thing had to be done when North Wind commanded—that the reviewing of children's books must not be delayed any longer.

"Three of you must fly to the woods above Peter-

boro to-night," I said, "and there you will find an artist painting—painting in wood blocks behind a woodpile. He wouldn't stop painting for any human, but he will for three owls who have nothing to wear. He will give you warm feathers and beautiful wings, strong beaks and sharp claws—for cutting, not scratching—and when you fly over the little houses in those lovely woods, bring back a bit of the song of the hermit thrush that sings by the spring below Edward MacDowell's cabin. It isn't going to be possible to edit 'The Three Owls' without a new song now and then. It must be real, remember."



*The owls on the weathervane at
Westbury*

GEORGE MacDONALD

“THE Little Grey Town” in Aberdeenshire, where George MacDonald was born on December 10, 1824, lies in the valley of the Bogie River, with a wide circle of hills standing around.

In the center of its market place (says Greville MacDonald), with thatched well house at one end, gabled merchants' dwellings and stores around and toll-booth or jail at the other, stood the famous “Stannin’ Stanes of Strathbogie,” whither in olden days the people were summoned by the Fiery Cross to battle.

It was a “richly flowered town” in summer, we are told, but its winters were terrible. The life of Huntley centered in the square, and the very smell of juniper and resinous fir candles rises from the picturesque market place and hearthside of George MacDonald’s boyhood and fascinates the imagination no less surely than the meeting of the “peat gold” Deveron and the Bogie beyond the old ruin of Huntley Castle.

“The mystic beauty and fury of those waters had no small share in inspiring the lads of Strathbogie to their fearsome sports, and they fostered a passion for adventure in the world and memories of the old home with its dear, if terrible, religion.”

To the freedom of religion from its terrors for young and old, George MacDonald lent the full power

of a rare imagination, and because he was at heart a poet and a seer, he was able to create for himself and for others a new spiritual environment in an age of industrial materialism and doctrinal discussion.

If William Blake was the first to see a child as a child, George MacDonald was the first to make him feel at home in two worlds, for to MacDonald, as to Mark Twain, the supernatural was but natural. Not until he had been at the back of life itself did he attempt to take children there. Not until he was grounded in the sense of nonsense and had tended eleven babies of his own did he set little Diamond singing a song of "Little Boy Blue" that quite unmistakably came from behind his Mother Goose.

In short, George MacDonald was a man of nearly fifty when he wrote in quick succession the two stories which stand out from everything else he has written—stories which are destined to live because the living truth is in them in romantic form.

"At the Back of the North Wind" was first published in an excellent but short-lived magazine for children called "Good Words for the Young." At the end of its first year and before "North Wind" was finished, George MacDonald was asked to edit this magazine, for which he then wrote "Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood" and "Gutta Percha Willie."

I have a bit of bad news (he writes to his wife in February, 1871). The magazine, which went up in the beginning of the volume, has fallen very much since. Strahan thinks it is because there is too much of what he calls the fairy element. I have told him my story—

"The Princess and the Goblin"—shall be finished in two months more. . . . I know it is as good work of the kind as I can do, and I think will be the most complete thing I have done. . . . Perhaps I could find a market



Illustration for At the Back of the North Wind, by Arthur Hughes, 1869

for that kind of talent in America—I shouldn't wonder. . . ."

Of all the stories I have read, including even all the novels of the same novelist, "The Princess and the Goblin" remains the most real, the most realistic, in the exact sense of the phrase the most like life. . . .

When I say it is like life, what I mean is this. It describes a little princess living in a castle in the mountains which is perpetually undermined, so to speak, by subterranean demons who sometimes come up through the cellars. She climbs up the castle stairways to the nursery or the other rooms; but now and again the stairs do not lead to the usual landings, but to a new room she has never seen before, and cannot generally find again. Here a good great-grandmother, who is a sort of fairy godmother, is perpetually spinning and speaking words of understanding and encouragement. When I read it as a child, I felt that the whole thing was happening inside a real human house, not essentially unlike the house I was living in, which also had staircases and rooms and cellars. . . .

Dr. Greville MacDonald, in his intensely interesting memoir of his father, has I think mentioned somewhere his sense of the strange symbolism of stairs. Another recurrent image in his romances was a great white horse; the father of the princess had one, and there was another in "At the Back of the North Wind." To this day I can never see a big white horse in the street without a sudden sense of indescribable things.

*From G. K. CHESTERTON'S Introduction
to GEORGE MACDONALD and His Wife.*



Drawn by Francis Bedford for At the Back of the North Wind, 1924

THE SONG OF THE LARK

By GEORGE MACDONALD

"I will sing a song,
I'm the Lark."

"Sing, sing, throat strong,
Little kill-the-dark.
What will you sing about
Now the night is out?"

"I can only call;
I can't think.
Let me up—that's all.
Let me drink!
Thirsting all the long night
For a drink of light."

*From "The Giant's Heart," in "The Fairy Tales of
George MacDonald"*

TELLING STORIES FROM GEORGE
MacDONALD

By MARY GOULD DAVIS

TELLING George MacDonald's stories to children is, to one who has known them from childhood, a real adventure. As a child the books opened up a new world to me. Like an explorer who has drawn a map of a new country my adventure begins all over again when I see other children setting their feet on the strange trails and watch in their faces a reflection of the same interest—the dawning curiosity and wonder that came to me when I turned for the

first time the pages of the blue and gold edition of "The Princess and the Goblin," illustrated with the woodcuts of Arthur Hughes.

Children are quick to see the drama of the story. First it is the little golden-haired Princess they recognize, high up in her castle among the hills, then Curdie's courage and cleverness as he slowly unravels the tangled web that the goblins weave, then the goblins themselves, with their grotesque bodies and their malicious plots and schemes. But it is in the approach to the Old Queen up in her tower—Irene's great-great-grandmother—that you feel the awakening sense of the quality that gives George MacDonald his unique place in the mind and heart of an imaginative child—a quality so intangible that it seems, at first, almost impossible to convey it in the re-telling of the story. And yet it never fails to reach the children. You feel it most in the scene where the Old Queen weaves for Irene the silver thread:

She tapped gently at the door.

"Come in, Irene," said the sweet voice. The Princess opened the door and entered. There was the moonlight streaming in at the window and in the middle of the moonlight sat the old lady in her black dress with the white lace, and her silvery hair mingling with the moonlight so that you could not have distinguished one from the other.

"Come in, Irene," she said again. "Can you tell me what I am spinning?" "She speaks," thought Irene, "as if she had seen me five minutes ago, or yes-

terday at the farthest." "No," she answered; "I don't know what you are spinning. Please, I thought you were a dream. Why couldn't I find you before, great-great-grandmother?"

And in the second book, "The Princess and Curdie," where she asks Curdie to thrust his hands into the rose fire: . . .

"Come now, Curdie, to the side of my wheel, and you will find me," she said. . . . Curdie obeyed, and passed the wheel, and there she stood to receive him—fairer than when he had seen her last, a little younger still, and dressed not in green and emeralds, but in pale blue with a coronet of silver set with pearls, and slippers covered with opals that gleamed every color of the rainbow. It was some time before Curdie could take his eyes from the marvel of her loveliness. . . . The room was so large that, looking back, he could hardly see the end at which he had entered; on a huge hearth a great fire was burning, and the fire was a huge heap of roses, and yet it was fire. The smell of the roses filled the air, and the heat of the flames of them glowed upon his face. He turned an enquiring look upon the lady, and saw that she was now seated in an ancient chair, the legs of which were encrusted with gems but the upper part like a nest of daisies and moss and green grass.

"Curdie," she said in answer to his eyes, "you have stood more than one trial already, and have stood them well; now I am going to put you to a harder. Do you think you are prepared for it?"

"How can I tell, ma'am?" he returned; "seeing I do not know what it is that it needs. Judge me yourself, ma'am."

"It needs only trust and obedience," answered the lady. "I dare not say anything, ma'am. If you think me fit, command me." "It will hurt you terribly, Curdie, but that will be all. No real hurt but much real good will come to you from it."

Curdie made no answer, but stood gazing with parted lips in the lady's face.

"Go and thrust both your hands into that fire," she said quickly, almost hurriedly."

There is one MacDonald lover who cannot re-read either of these scenes without getting a sudden mental picture of a story hour group in one of the West side libraries of New York City—boys and girls of all ages and sizes, Irish, Polish, Italian—every face lighted with the look of wondering curiosity that the character of the Old Queen always brings. Over and over again, after listening to the story, the children will go to the books to re-read these scenes. They will talk to you of Irene and Curdie, of the goblin animals, and of Helfer and his crafty father; but of the Old Queen and the things that happen up in her tower room they will not talk.

George MacDonald's stories are difficult to prepare for telling. They should be told only by the experienced storyteller, and by one who knows the books so well that she is able to preserve in the telling the atmosphere, and the charm of their wording.

I have often told "The Princess and the Goblin" in a series of four stories:

Why the Princess has a story about her.
The Goblins.
Irene's Clue.
The King and the Kiss.

"The Princess and Curdie" may be arranged to follow "The Princess and the Goblin" in another series of four stories:

The Mistress of the Silver Moon.
Curdie's Mission.
"Lina."
The Princess and Curdie.

"At the Back of the North Wind" may be presented in these chapters:

Out in the Storm.
The Cathedral.
How Diamond got to the Back of the North Wind.
At the Back of the North Wind.
Little Daylight.
Nanny's Dream.

I have also told "The Light Princess" and "The Golden Key" from "The Light Princess."

THE RETURN OF THE
KNICKERBOCKERS



A drawing by Jay van Evert

*PETER STUYVESANT'S ARMY ENTER
ING NEW AMSTERDAM*

FIRST of all came the Van Brummels, who inhabit the pleasant borders of the Bronx: these were short, fat men, wearing exceeding large trunk-breeches, and were renowned for feats of the trencher. They were the first inventors of suppawn, or mush and milk.—Close in their rear marched the Van Vlotens, of Kaatskill, horrible quaffers of new cider, and arrant braggarts in their liquor.—After them came the Van Pelts of Groodt Esopus, dexterous horsemen, mounted upon goodly switch-tailed steeds of the Esopus breed. These were mighty hunters of minks and musk-rats, whence came the word *Peltry*.—Then the Van Nests of Kinderhoeck, valiant robbers of bird's nests, as their name denotes. To these, if reports may be believed, we are indebted for the invention of slap-jacks, or buckwheat-cakes.—Then the Van Higginbottoms, of Wapping's creek. These came armed with ferules and birchen rods, being a race of schoolmasters, who first discovered the marvellous sympathy between the seat of honor and the seat of intellect,—and that the shortest way to get knowledge into the head was to hammer it into the bottom.—Then the Van Grolls of Antony's Nose, who carried their liquor in fair round little pottles, by reason they could not bouse it out of their canteens, having such rare long noses.—Then the Gardeniers of Hudson and hereabouts, distinguished by many triumphant feats, such as robbing watermelon-patches, smoking rabbits out of their holes, and the

like, and by being great lovers of roasted pigs' tails. These were the ancestors of the renowned congressman of that name.—Then the Van Hoesens, of Sing-Sing, great choristers and players upon the jewsharp. These marched two and two, singing the great song of St. Nicholas.—Then the Couenhovens, of Sleepy Hollow. These gave birth to a jolly race of publicans, who first discovered the magic artifice of conjuring a quart of wine into a pint bottle.—Then the Van Kortlandts, who lived on the wild banks of the Croton, and were great killers of wild ducks, being much spoken of for their skill in shooting with the long bow.—Then the Van Bunschotens, of Nyack and Kakiat, who were the first that did ever kick with the left foot. They were gallant bushwhackers and hunters of raccoons by moonlight.—Then the Van Winkles of Haerlem, potent suckers of eggs, and noted for running of horses, and running up of scores at taverns.—They were the first that ever winked with both eyes at once.—Lastly came the KNICKERBOCKERS, of the great town of Schaghtikoke, where the folk lay stones upon the houses in windy weather, lest they should be blown away. These derive their name, as some say, from *Knicker*, to shake, and *Beker*, a goblet, indicating thereby that they were sturdy toss-pots of yore; but, in truth, it was derived from *Knicker*, to nod, and *Boeken*, books: plainly meaning that they were great nodders or dozers over books. From them did descend the writer of this history."

From KNICKERBOCKER'S "HISTORY OF NEW YORK."

By WASHINGTON IRVING

OUR OWN ODYSSEY

IN AN age of much editing, re-writing and re-illustrating of the classics for children—an age in which the Bible appears in editions choked with commonplace modern substitutes for the English of King James and tortured by pictures which make it look like a cheaply decorated book of miscellaneous children's stories—one classic has been left untouched too long.

“Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York” has never been given to children, and I venture to predict that a pictorial “Knickerbocker” will outrival a pictorial “Gulliver” in the next decade. The time is ripe, if an artist is raised up who will make the voyages and adventures of Oloffe the Dreamer and Dutch Governors of New Amsterdam come alive to the children of to-day.

A “Knickerbocker” illustrated by significant woodcuts and picture maps would require judicious elimination of text to insure readable form as a children's book, but no re-writing or alteration of Irving's great classic should be tolerated.

“Why adapt any classics to children, since children are themselves so well adapted to the classics?”

Why, indeed? We blush to think how often it has been done in the past in the name of education.

“But isn't ‘Knickerbocker's History of New York’ a comic history—a satire—and isn't satire quite unsuitable for children? Didn't Washington Irving make fun of the Dutch in his book? I've never read

it, to be sure, but I've always carried that impression of it."

Carrying impressions of "Knickerbocker" without ever reading the book, carrying impressions of Irving's "Tales of a Traveller" without ever reaching their heart, has led to an amazing neglect of a rich store of traditional and authentic information concerning life in New York.

Washington Irving loved the city of his birth with a true lover's feeling for all the attributes of his beloved. No one has ever loved New York with such saving grace of wit and tolerance, no one has ever approached her with so true an understanding of her past, so wise a forecast of her future.

Irving was in his early twenties when he set out with his brother, Peter, to parody a small handbook called "A Picture of New York." Very up-to-date now seems the intention of these two brothers of a "younger generation" to burlesque the pedantic lore of their day by beginning their historical sketch with the creation of the world. But Peter Irving soon set sail for Europe, and Washington turned from the parody to write a comic history of his city.

Then it was that he discovered its antiquity and its poesy, and at a distance of forty years from the first publication of "Knickerbocker" he says: "The main object of my work, in fact, had a bearing wide from the sober aim of history, but one which, I trust, will meet with some indulgence from poetic minds. It was to embody the traditions of our city in an amusing form; to illustrate its local humors, customs and

peculiarities; to clothe home scenes and places and familiar names with those imaginative and whimsical associations so seldom met with in our new country, but which live like charms and spells about the cities of the Old World, binding the heart of the native inhabitant to his home."

THE MAGIC CITY

NICHOLAS. *By* ANNE CARROLL MOORE

Reviewed by GEOFFREY PARSONS

THERE is a man, a hard-working writer of politics and such truck, who every once in a while drives his car down a certain street, collects an assorted carload of strange children and takes them off for a party. He is a little man with a serious, wistful face and he is never more serious than when he is driving off with his picnickers. That is probably why they like him—he is quite himself with them, making no more effort than if they were grown-up.

"Why do you go off with those kids?" he was once asked.

"To hear somebody tell me the truth," he answered. "When I get confused and tangled they make it all clear again."

There is the same touch in Miss Moore's "Nicholas." Every grown-up knows what a cruel, jangling maze of steel and speed is Manhattan Island. Once, years ago, one loved it for its leisurely homeliness and its friendly corners. Now one works in it, is thrilled and

appalled by it. The city has been lost in the machine. It is the peculiar and unexpected gift of Miss Moore's book that it recaptures the old magic of the town and



St. Nicholas at Bowling Green

makes New York warm in one's heart, whether the heart happens to be young or old.

Her method is the method of the carload of children. She tells the truth about the city with the clear-seeing eye of a child, relighting old beacons, discover-

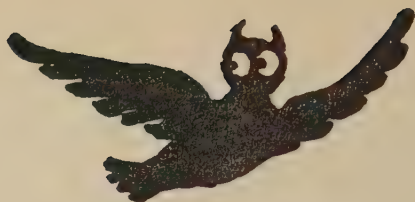
ing new magic in every elevated train, behind each shop window. Would you believe that New York could be made into a party, a gorgeous, gigantic children's party, with candles and icing and music and fairies? That is just what Miss Moore does. As Mary Mapes Dodge says at the biggest party of all at the library: "It takes courage and determination to give a big party and mix everybody up with everybody and give everybody a good time." Miss Moore and her Brownie have both the courage and the skill to live up to this incredibly difficult formula. Everybody inside the pages and in front of the pages does have a good time.

Miss Moore has a flair for parties above all else. She loves them and she eats them as the mouth-watering repasts provided Nicholas testify. In a fairyland cabinet her portfolio would unquestionably be that of Parties and Good Things. Yet there is a mingling of old tales with these present excitements, of time both ruined and riveting, that shows an unusual sensitiveness to the past. Here is a gallant effort and Miss Moore has put all her heart into it. If it does not come through as vividly as does the Manhattan of today, obliteration is the fact that intervenes. Fraunce's Tavern and St. Paul's help amid the towers, but the difficulty is great. At any rate, Miss Moore never commits the fatal error of turning didactic. The parties of Washington and the Knickerbockers are either parties or they are nothing.

A rich handful of a book Miss Moore has written that will be equally precious to children who have

cut their teeth on New York's skyline and to children afar to whom it is a longed-for fairyland, some day to rise above the horizon. Mr. Jay Van Everen has provided drawings in the manner of woodcuts as understandable as they are understanding of the event and for good measure one of the most engaging maps in or out of fairyland.





HALLOWE'EN

EVERY year three witches ride over Mount Morris Park, in Harlem, to open the Story Hour season in New York libraries.

The Hallowe'en story is the signal event of the year for hundreds of boys and girls who gather about crackling wood fires in children's rooms blessed with fireplaces or about grinning pumpkin jack o' lanterns in transformed assembly rooms, for a genuine Hallowe'en story hour yields festivity to no holiday in the calendar and takes on all the color of the community in which it is held.

Now, strangely enough, although we have been keeping Hallowe'en as "First Story Night" for more years than Rip Van Winkle slept, we have never before printed a list of the stories told and the songs and ballads shared by the children of New York libraries.

"Why is it?" I asked the Five Wise Owls who sit on the weather vane of the children's library at Westbury. "Why is it that we seem to be looking to you for a Hallowe'en celebration?"

The Five Owls were pointing west. They stood quite still and said never a word, but suddenly in the little belfry below the weather vane a light flashed



The Witches' Sabbath

Drawn by H. M. Brock for Lady Frazer's Leaves from the Golden Bough

out—the same light I had seen there on the opening night of the library—a light which is to shine out over Long Island on festival nights for years to come; and then I remembered how this children's library had been dedicated with stories told by New York story-tellers on Midsummer Day. There had been no formal opening. The little red brick building, so perfect in design, so complete in its equipment, had simply opened its doors and the children of Westbury, with their friends from Jericho and nearby towns, had come in and used it just as if it had stood there always. All summer long they came, and many of them had listened to stories told in the lovely room.

And now with the coming of October, in one of the most Hallowe'enish of all places—for such is Long Island when the corn is stacked in the fields, when pumpkins have turned to gold and the birds are flying over—what could be more natural than a gift of Hallowe'en stories and songs and plays such as these Long Island boys and girls enjoy in the enchanting attic of their library?

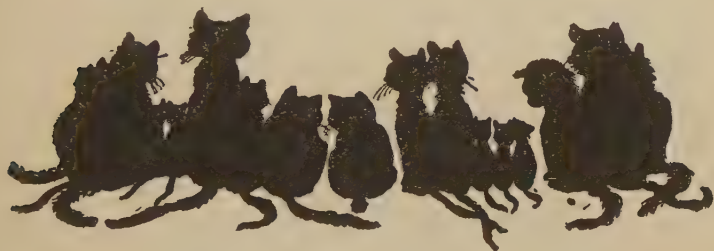
The attic is one of the very unusual features of this children's library. There is a ladder leading up to the belfry light and there are two small windows close to the roof.

Outside the building there is a bird sanctuary with many lovely trees; for the birds, no less than the children, are to be welcomed here.

The library is not merely a gift to the children of Westbury in memory of Robert Bacon, former Ambassador to France; it is a unique contribution to

the educational institutions of the whole country.

The nucleus of its unusual collection of books was a selection made for English-speaking children of Rio de Janeiro at the request and with the assistance of Edwin Morgan, Ambassador to Brazil. To this selection, made by the children's department of the New York Public Library, Mrs. Bacon has added many rare illustrated books for children in the French language as well as in English. It is, as far as I know, the best and most varied selection of books yet made for a children's library.



From The Black Cats and the Tinker's Wife

STORY, LEGEND, SONG AND PLAY

Compiled by JACQUELINE OVERTON

HALLOWE'EN CUSTOMS AND CELEBRATIONS

"This is the nicht o' Hallowe'en
When a' the witchie nicht be seen;
Some o' them black, some o' them green,
Some o' them like a turkey bean"——

HALLOWE'EN OR ALL HALLOW EVEN, also locally known as Nut-crack Night and Snapapple Night, in *Curiosities of Popular Customs*. By WILLIAM S. WALSH.

THE BOOK OF HALLOWE'EN. By RUTH EDNA KELLEY.

HALLOWE'EN IN THE YEAR'S FESTIVALS. By HELEN PHILBROOK PATTEN.

SOUL, SOUL FOR A SOUL-CAKE. By J. L. W. in "St. Nicholas," Volume 10, Page 93.

BALLADS AND SONGS

"I saw three witches
That bowed down like barley,
And straddled their brooms 'neath a lowering sky,
And mounting a storm-cloud,
Aloft on its margin,
Stood black in the silver as up they did fly."

I SAW THREE WITCHES, DAME HICKORY AND OTHER POEMS, IN SONGS OF CHILDHOOD. By WALTER DE LA MARE.

TAM O'SHANTER. By ROBERT BURNS.

THE RIDES-BY-NIGHT IN PEACOCK PIE. By WALTER DE LA MARE.

MEG MERRILIES. By JOHN KEATS. In *Rainbow Gold*, selected by Sara Teasdale.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI. By JOHN KEATS. In *The Blue Poetry Book*, edited by Andrew Lang.

THE WITCHES' BALLAD AND OTHER POEMS. In *Come Hither*, a Collection of Rhymes and Poems made by WALTER DE LA MARE.

FAIRIES AND PHANTOMS. In this *Singing World*, collected by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.



PLAYS AND PARTIES

FEATHERTOP: WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IN A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE DURING THE WITCHCRAFT DELUSION IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. A play taken from Nathaniel Hawthorne's story of Feathertop—In *New Plays from Old Tales*. By HARRIET S. WRIGHT.

THE TESTING OF SIR GAWAYNE BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON. In *A Treasury of Plays for Children*. Edited by MONTROSE J. MOSES.

TAMLAN—A DRAMATIZATION OF THE OLD BALLAD. In *New Plays from Old Tales*. By HARRIET WRIGHT.

STRAW PHANTOM: A PANTOMIME FOR HALLOWE'EN. By D. B. BLACHALL. In "St. Nicholas," Volume 44.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY. In the *Book of Games and Parties*, edited by THERESA HUNT WOLCOTT.

WITCHES' NIGHT. By OLIVE THORNE MILLER, In "St. Nicholas," Volume 6.

GOODIES FOR NUTCRACK NIGHT. By CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN. In "St. Nicholas," Volume 36.

"Now crack ye nuts, ye fire burn bright,
Bid sprites and goblins, too,
A charm to weave this nutcrack night
O'er all ye bake and brew."

STORIES

THE BLACK CATS AND THE TINKER'S WIFE. By MARY and MARGARET BAKER.

THE COBBLER AND THE GHOST. In *Old-Fashioned Fairy Tales*, by JULIANA HORATIO EWING.

HOW JAN BREWER WAS PISKEY-LADEN. By ENYS TREGARTHEN. In *Twenty-four Unusual Stories*, collected by Anna Cogswell Tyler.

BILLY BARNICOAT. By GREVILLE MACDONALD.

"Then Witch Pengulfy made him come to the fire. As she sat down on one side of him and Kreepiclaw on the other, a great staring toad crawled out of a hole to watch the fire. . . .

" 'Kreepiclaw, look into the fire,' Witch Pengulfy was saying. . . .

'D'ye see a fine gentleman with a gold-knobbed cane and a sword by his side?'

" 'Iss, Iss!' hissed the black cat."

THE BURIED MOON, THE KING O' THE CATS AND OTHER STORIES. In *More English Fairy Tales*. By JOSEPH JACOBS.

RUMPTY-DUDGETS' TOWER. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE STORY OF THE GOBLINS WHO STOLE A SEXTON. In *Pickwick Papers*, by CHARLES DICKENS.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW. By WASHINGTON IRVING.

TAM O'SHANTER. This is a prose version of Robert Burns' poem, made by Anna Cogswell Tyler, and included in her *Twenty-four Unusual Stories*.

THE BOLD DRAGOON. In *Tales of a Traveller* by WASHINGTON IRVING.

MY GRANDFATHER, HENRY WATTY. By SIR ARTHUR QUILLER- COUCH. In *Twenty-four Unusual Stories*, collected by Anna Cogswell Tyler.

FEATHERTOP. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. In *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

DOLPH HEYLIGER. By WASHINGTON IRVING.





A STORYTELLER OF TRUE ROMANCE

TO a confirmed lover of W. H. Hudson it seems a waste of time to read other books on a chance of learning something new about South America—something you don't want to know. Nothing I read ever told me what I wanted to know until I read "Far Away and Long Ago," "A Little Boy Lost," "Green Mansions" and "The Purple Land." I had been reading them all over again—and reading for the first time, that marvelous short story, "El Ombu," in the limited edition of Hudson published last year.

Reading the South American books in close association with "The Shepherd's Life" and "The Land's End," I was too completely under the spell of life in South America and in England, as Hudson saw and felt it, to be roused by the announcement that Charles Finger had written a book of South American folk stories of unusual character.

I knew Charles Finger's "Highwaymen" to be a book of definite quality and romantic historical background. I knew that boys who thrill to deeds of daring had loved his spirited rendering of Captain Thomas Blood's theft of the crown jewels from the

treasure room of the tower. I knew that he had made Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin and the irresistible Claude Duval, who robbed with a smile and a song, live again—each in his own time, and I knew that among his highwaymen there was a Bill of Tierra del Fuego who followed the stirring traditions of an earlier day. But I had not read Bill's story and I took up the galleys of "Tales From Silver Lands" with reluctance, certain that I was going to be bored, however authentic the folklore, however stirring the adventure might be.

I didn't really want to know what Charles Finger had to say about South America. And then a wonderful thing happened, for I had a strong and an immediate sense of these stories as part and parcel of Hudson's own South America, different in treatment but with an affinity of spirit and soundness of observation which separates them from other work of similar character. For Finger did not merely take notes of the stories from the native Indians and transcribe them—he gave them light, sun, wind and tropical rain. In short, he has set them in literature for the first time with a true sense of their deep poetic value to English-speaking children.

Out of the vividness of his own experience of adventuring in a strange country, he has made an enduring connection with its wild life and the elements of its native art. Birds, animals, forest, sea and plain, he pictures in living words and with memorable association.

The power of such a book to transform thought and to feed the imaginations of children is very great in any age. When we have sensed what barriers of social ignorance, narrow prejudice and self-complacency may be worn away by lively humor, unfailing courtesy, strong color and terse dramatic form, we may invest less heavily in educational theory and propaganda, problem novels and Fletcherized ethics, and more definitely in transplanting and nurturing varieties of folk literature, which preserve for children the highest traditions and aspirations of the race.

Mr. Finger, who was born and educated in England, brought his stories first to the children of his own household in Arkansas. They selected the ones to be included in "Silver Lands" and took a very lively interest in the preparation of this book. They range in age from eight to sixteen years and fairly represent the readers for whom the book will have a strong appeal. There is a vigor and directness about all the stories which is positively life-giving and it may be fairly stated that Mr. Finger's children have forestalled the most captious of critics in their judgment of the book for children. Whether Mr. Honoré's drawings were submitted to them or to his own children, I have yet to learn. Rarely does an artist contribute so richly to a text without running away with it—rarely perhaps is he so completely saturated with a subject as to subordinate his decoration and achieve real pictures as children see them.

"The Hungry Old Witch" attaches herself at once

to any list of Hallowe'en stories, and so does "The Wonderful Mirror" and "The Cat and the Dream Man," which is brim full of magic and mystery.



TALES FROM SILVER LANDS

By CHARLES J. FINGER

Illustrated with woodcuts by PAUL HONORÉ

Reviewed by HARRY HANSEN

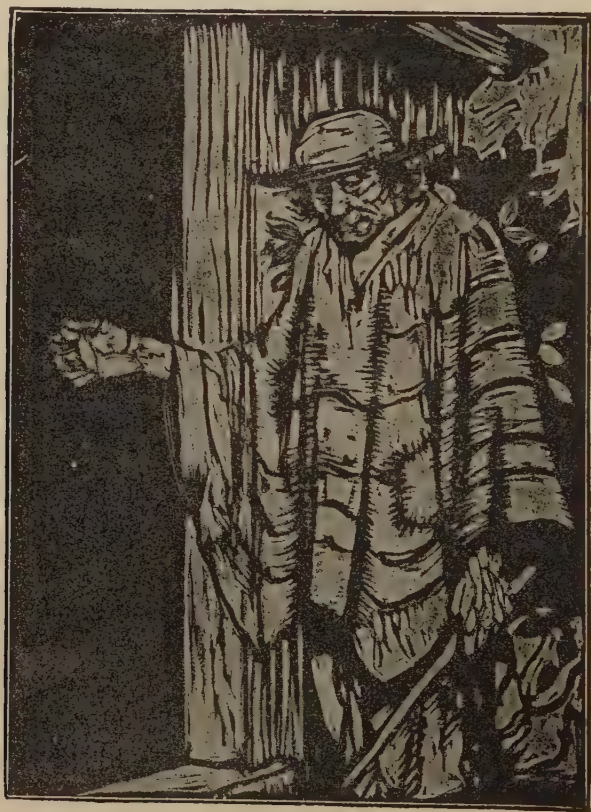
MR. CHARLES J. FINGER has here transcribed legendary stories out of South America, based upon tales that he took down at first hand from the Indians he met in his wanderings. This is a folklore wholly unknown to Northern readers, but wholly comprehensible, because, like all folk tales, it deals with the simple wants and passions of human-kind. Many of the stories have even a modern application, as witness the "Tale of the Lazy People," which runs in this wise:

In the days when there were no monkeys in Columbia the lazy people lived on the fruit of the trees and the grapes of the vineyard and hated to exert

themselves in the slightest manner. To them came a man who wanted to work for no pay at all, so they engaged him. He began to whittle little men with long tails out of wood, and soon had made so many that they could perform all the work of the village. There were breadmakers, cassava gatherers, despolvadores, who gather up dust; esquiladors, who shear goats; farsante men, whose work was to amuse tired men; guardas, who keep order; horneros, or bakers; labradores, who clear away garbage; olleros, who make pots; rumbosos, or "proud-looking things to walk in parades"; narradores, who relate gossip, and many more. The little men worked silently and diligently, and although the people had nothing to do but watch, they gradually demanded more and more men to work for them. Thus the man they had employed created florista, to save them the trouble of gathering flowers; desalumbrado, to hunt for things in the dark; recordacion figures, or rememberers, and many more. Everything was performed, and ostensibly life should have been very simple for the masters, but somehow the more help they had the more dissatisfied they became. Finally they fled to the other side of the lake, where they could pick their own fruit and carry their own water, leaving the town to the industrious mannikins, who immediately fell out among themselves. In the end the little workers fled to the forest, climbed trees, grew hair and became monkeys.

But that is by no means typical of the legends that Mr. Finger gathered in the "Silver Lands." They

appear diverse and varied. Thus in a story like "A Tale of Three Tails," in which the reader learns how the rabbit and the deer lost their tails, and how the



rat obtained his long one, and how the armadillo had his skin baked to a hard crust, one sees the replica of the countless tales about the animals best known to man in many lands used with great effect by Kipling.

Again, in a story like "The Calabash Man," one discovers a great many European parallel. It is natural that these Southern people should spin little tales about the animals round about them—drowsy time tales, with which they beguiled the little folks, and of these Mr. Finger's version of "The Humming Bird and the Flower" is a good example.

This tells how the humming bird got its shiny coat for performing a valuable service for the panther, who could tell her how to weave a dress out of "colored clay and colored sands, and silver and gold, and rubies and opals, and the blue and crimson of sunset, and the silver of the moon and the stars, and the tender green of shady forests and the blackness of ebony."

There are nineteen tales in this book* and all reflect the flavor of the lands of their origin. Mr. Finger's service in gathering them is a valuable one, and in the telling he remains a self-effacing troubadour, never diverting the interest of the reader from his story to himself. He has written these tales primarily for the entertainment of young and old, and as such they deserve a wide hearing. But his work, like that of Louise Pound in the field of American folksong, deserves attention also at the hands of students of human affairs.

* This book received the Newberry Medal, awarded June 1925.

WALTER DE LA MARE'S BIRTHDAY

“**H**E’S ALIVE and living in London. He isn’t very old—just old enough to be married and have a few children of his own. Let’s celebrate his birthday.”

So said the children of Manhattan, Staten Island, and the Bronx when they discovered that the month of April holds the birthday of Walter de la Mare, as well as that of Hans Christian Andersen.

There’s magic in the words: “He’s alive and living in London” and a picture of home in “not an old man—just old enough to be married and have a few children of his own.” It was for those children of his own that Walter de la Mare wrote the lovely nonsense rhymes in “Peacock Pie.” To them “the fish that talks in the frying-pan,” the hunt for Lucy’s shoe, Jim Jay “stuck fast in yesterday,” and the tiny, cheerful, neat Miss T. were a part of life. They were the lucky first to follow the three monkeys, Thumb and Thimble and Nod, to Tishnar, and I, who have heard them tell of it, know they were never bored by having a poet for a father. He always knew when to stop as well as when to begin. Now, many good poets and lovers of poetry do not know when children

are in the mood for listening, nor when they have had enough. They go on and on "to please themselves," as the children say, and then wonder why children do not like poetry.

That children of all races not only like poetry but like Walter de la Mare's poetry was delightfully evident in the first spontaneous celebration of his birthday in New York libraries April 25, 1925. There were no formal programs. In every library his children's books were placed on a table with some birthday flowers. One after another the books were opened, sometimes by a single child, sometimes to a large expectant group.

In one East side library the original drawings for "A Child's Day" created a desire to read the books beyond all hope of satisfaction with so limited a number of copies available. In that same library an act of "Crossings" was given by children whose appreciation of its beauty and atmosphere were far in advance of their command of English.

In another West side library I shared an informal reading of the play in parts with a group of Irish girls in the early teens. Their expressive reading of the lines without attempting to act the play confirmed my impression of its very definite appeal to girls of this age. These girls were fascinated by it. In other libraries "The Three Mulla Mulgars" was read or told and the introduction to "Come Hither" was presented as a story.

No children have responded more quickly to "Peacock Pie" than the negroes. They recite the

verses with a naturalness and a sense of rhythm that bids fair to give Walter de la Mare a birthday every day in the year.

The knowledge that he has recently been in this country adds another magic human touch to a poet who has lighted the childhood of his own day.

PEACOCK PIE IS OPENED

PEACOCK PIE. *By* WALTER DE LA MARE

With illustrations by CLAUD LOVAT FRASER

Reviewed by LLEWELLYN JONES

IT WAS a theologian, after all, who said that upon arriving at a certain age he put away childish things, and even at that we may hope that in the original tongue there was a difference between childish and childlike. If there are any parents who think of economy when they buy books for their children I would suggest to them that "Peacock Pie" is not only a gift but an investment, for while it contains the greater part of Mr. de la Mare's verse for children, the verse is never childish. It appeals to that part of a child's nature which is not, or ought not to be, put away at maturity, but which should be lifelong. And while the book begins with very simple verses which young children will memorize almost unwittingly, it ends with poems which, though simple in expression, are profound enough to accompany the oldest of us on the gravest spiritual journeys.

The first attraction of these poems for children will

be exercised by their rhythm and their pictures. Mr. de la Mare's rhythms are always definite without paying the usual penalty for that quality of being trite. You cannot read his poetry wrongly if you read it naturally, remembering, however, that one of his characteristic rhythmic beauties is achieved by conjunctions of long syllables, whose length the reader should never slight:



Late

Longlegs—he yelled “Coo-ee”
And all across the combe
Shrill and shrill it rang—rang through
The clear green gloom.

Fairies there were a-spinning,
And a white tree-maid
Lifted her eyes, and listened
In her rain-sweet glade. . . .

Children, too, I think, will catch the dramatic character of Mr. de la Mare's imagination. In "The Honey Robbers" we have not only the picture of Gimmul and Mel, two fairies who steal honey from the hive, but something more. Their depredations would disturb the bees:

At which these robbers 'neath the trees
Would taunt and mock the honey-bees,
And through their sticky teeth would buzz
Just as an angry hornet does. . . .



The Ship of Rio

The something more I refer to is that "sticky teeth"—the proof to any reader that this poem is not merely made up, but deals with realities.

And although Mr. de la Mare often writes about fairies and witches, it is that word reality that brings us to the heart of his poetry. I do not mean reality, of course, in the materialistic sense that would regard a blade of grass as an appearance and a collocation of molecules as the reality, for a molecule is just as much an abstraction from reality as the concept of a witch, and Mr. de la Mare may be both a poet and a true philosopher when he speaks of stepping:

Out of the dream of Wake
Into the dream of Sleep.

What I do mean is that Mr. de la Mare's imagination does not build up merely private or anarchical fancies, but catches and fixes the results of certain sorts of awarenesses, if I may use the word. There are, whether in dreams or in waking life, certain sympathies between us and the world, sometimes sympathies only in the etymological and not in the popular sense of the word. To take a simple and direct example, we have all had some experience in the light of which we can agree with the child in whose mouth "The Little Green Orchard" is put:

Some one is always sitting there,
In the little green orchard;
Even when the sun is high
In noon's unclouded sky,

And faintly droning goes
The bee from rose to rose,
Some one in shadow is sitting there,
In the little green orchard. . . .

In children, of course, this feeling usually runs to friendliness; it is as we grow older that we learn that we cannot trust the world too much. And it runs from a mystical sense of a "presence interfused" in nature down to the humble, but mystical, too, love of animals which all of us retain who retain anything of childhood at all. Many of Mr. de la Mare's poems deal with animals, but I think my favorite is "Nicholas Nye," simply because it does not deal with the ordinary companionship between a child and a "pet"—a half-humanized animal—but has this mystical element in it.

I cannot quote the whole poem but here are the first and the two final stanzas:

"Thistle and darnell and dock grew there,
And a bush in the corner of may,
On the orchard wall I used to sprawl
In the blazing heat of the day;
Half asleep and half awake,
While the birds went twittering by,
And nobody there my lone to share
But Nicholas Nye."

—Nicholas Nye, let me say, is an aged donkey—

"Seem to be smiling at me, he would,
From his bush in the corner of may—
Bony and ownerless, widowed and worn,

Knobble-kneed, lonely and grey;
And over the grass would seem to pass
'Neath the deep dark blue of the sky,
Something much better than words between me
And Nicholas Nye.



Tom Noddy

"But dusk would come in the apple boughs,
The green of the glow-worm shine,
The birds in nest would crouch to rest,
And home I'd trudge to mine;
And there, in the moonlight, dark with dew,
Asking not wherefore nor why,
Would brood like a ghost, and as still as a post,
Old Nicholas Nye."

The last section of "Peacock Pie" is entitled "Songs," and two of these, while they will appeal as poetry to children, will reverberate deep in the breasts of all those readers who have grown up and kept enough of the childlike in them to be hurt by what we may call the defections of the world—not the social but the cosmic world—from their childish dreams of it. Here is "The Song of the Mad Prince," and whoever is so sane as to be above its appeal shall never be a friend of mine:

Who said "Peacock Pie?"
The old King to the sparrow:
Who said "Crops are ripe?"
Rust to the harrow:
Who said, "Where sleeps she now?
Where rests she now her head,
Bathed in eve's loveliness?"—
That's what I said.

Who said, "Ay, mum's the word;"
Sexton to willow:
Who said, "Green dusk for dreams,
Moss for a pillow?"

Who said, "All Time's delight
Hath she for narrow bed;
Life's troubled bubble broken?"
That's what I said.

That is the next to the last poem in the book, and one turns the page and reads "The Song of Finis." That I shall not quote but leave to the reader's discovery. All I shall say is that if there were ever a lyric written that said the ultimate thing about the universe—something beyond good and evil, beyond optimism and pessimism—and left the reader beyond words it is this. . . .

Which possibly seems a strange ending to a review in "The Three Owls." But the children who read "Peacock Pie" will not always be children, and "The Song of the Mad Prince" and "The Song of Finis" can await their day.

CROSSINGS: A FAIRY PLAY. By WALTER DE LA
MARE

Music by C. ARMSTRONG GIBBS

Illustrated by DOROTHY P. LATHROP

Reviewed by PAULINE SUTORIUS

IN "CROSSINGS," Walter de la Mare has combined all the essentials of a fine children's book and a well-made play, and he has done it in a manner so subtle and with so sure a hand that you do not become aware of his incomparable craftsmanship until long after you have finished the book.



Drawing by Dorothy Lathrop for Crossings

The first requirement of a play and one too often ignored, is that it should be actable. "Crossings" was written for production and under circumstances worthy of note. In 1918, Armstrong Gibbs, then director of music at a boys' school at Brighton, England, wrote to Mr. de la Mare and asked him to write a play for the boys to act. "Crossings" was Mr. de la Mare's reply and the exquisite music for songs and dances was composed to go with the play. The play was performed by boys and with practically no proper staging facilities. It was very enthusiastically received. This prompts us to urge professional interest in this charming fantasy, for there is endless scope for the scenic artist, and we have all too few plays which are enjoyed by children and which at the same time lend themselves to professional production.

Briefly, the story is of four children brought up by their father's sister, Miss Agatha Wildersham, who has theories. When the will of their Aunt Susan is read it is discovered that she has left the children all her property including Crossings, on the understanding that they be sent there to live alone for two weeks, and prove themselves at the end of that period happier and wiser. The former condition they are to be the judges of; the latter is to be decided by the Rev. Jeremy Welcome, vicar of the village. The play gives an account of their two weeks' adventures, and into the story comes that delightful variety of people Mr. de la Mare is such a master at depicting. Lady Minch, the kindly ghost (so

friendly to little Ann), the Butcher, the Baker, and lastly the Candlestick Maker, who gives Sally her first glimpses of both romance and life's philosophy.

"Oh, Mr. Candlestick Maker, there is a mind in me that wants to listen and listen and you have told me so much. Must you go? Just fancy, all these years and years we have known one another, and—and you have never even told me your name."

"My name? Who needs a name that is a wanderer? It is said the Fables are of my kin, and that my mother was a dreamer. It is said that a forbear of mine was wont to sit under the blossoming of the Tree of Life and to play his bassoon in the Garden of Eden. His name, Mamazella, was Romance."

Mr. de la Mare is incapable of imagining a wooden character; whether he peoples his world with fairy or human creatures the character of each individual is sure to have what some one has called "unexpected corners" around which you may peep and always be sure of finding a delightful surprise.

Dorothy Lathrop has made no more interesting pictures than those with which she illustrates this volume, and it is a beautiful piece of book making. I wish, however, that the play might also be made available in less expensive form.

SALT SEAS AND SALTY BOOKS

UNDER SAIL. *By* FELIX RIESENBERG

THE PEARL LAGOON. *By* CHARLES NORDHOFF

THE SAGAS OF THE SEAS. *Edited by* JOSEPH L.
FRENCH

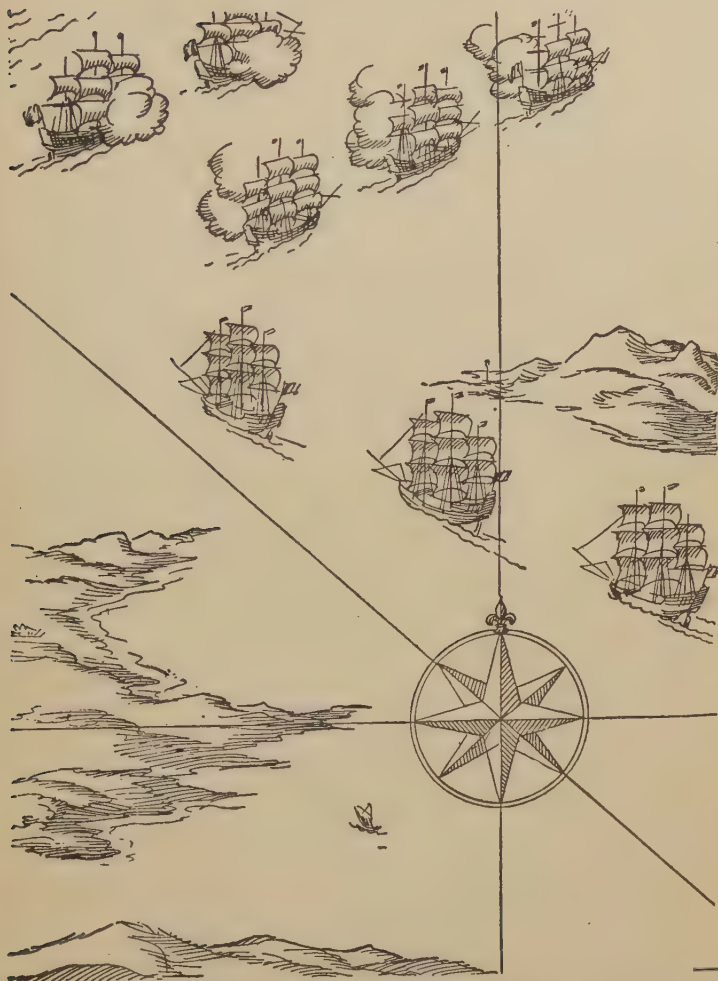
Reviewed by HENRY BESTON

ANY ONE who has ever dealt with books knows that book illustrations are often weird and wonderful affairs. What a surprise they do give one every now and then! For instance, when I first read Captain Felix Riesenbergs's excellent narrative called "Under Sail" I was of the opinion that his fo'castle shipmates were simple human beings. The illustrations of the new edition prove this notion to have been an error, for the ship's company was evidently recruited from a menagerie. On page 196, above the script caption "Charlie Horse," there is apparently the portrait of a lion wearing a "yachting cap" and smoking a pipe. On page 61 there is a marine creature evidently just risen to blow; the zoological criteria are vague, but certain chin growths seem to indicate the seal family. On page 41 there is a portrait of whatever it was that did the murders in the Rue Morgue. The "medium" of these drawings, as artists say, looks like burnt cork.

Strange to tell, I find no mention of this remarkable fauna in the text. The sailors mentioned there are undoubtedly human beings with very human ways. What can it mean? If these scrawls are boyish sketches done by the author they have no place in the book, for they are the very baby prattle of the hand, and destroy the picture summoned up by the reader's imagination in favor of an offensive and meaningless grotesque.

The pictures excepted, it is a pleasure to welcome a new edition of Captain Riesenberg's simple and straightforward account of a boy's journey round Cape Horn. I know of few modern books about ships and the sea which are so thoroughly genuine and sailor-minded as this honest chronicle of cruelly hard work, hazings, vile food and the old-time sailor's simple little pleasures. I trust not to give the impression that the ship *A. I. Fuller* was a "hell packet"; she was nothing of the kind; the *Fuller* was simply an American post-clipper run in the usual hard way. Her reputation on the water front as "a bit of a rough ship" was probably fair enough, however.

This air of genuineness, this good savor of reality, is to be found in yet another book, Charles Nordhoff's "The Pearl Lagoon." It is long since I have read a book which seems to me so well suited to the hands of a youngster with a taste for strange lands and simple, vigorous adventure. Here, at last, is a story teller of the South Seas who refuses to trail after Stevenson. I like the story, for it is simple and entirely credible; I like the clear, direct, intelligent nar-



*From Deep Sea Chanties. Edited by Frank Shay. Decorated by
Edward A. Wilson*

rative style. And, mind you, what the youngster picks up from this book will not be scrappy information distilled from guide books or the warmed-over memories of catechized tourists, but a picture of South Sea island life as an athletic, sport-loving and observant young man sees it and lives it to-day.

Nordhoff has been a resident of Tahiti for several years. He went there to live after having served for a while with the Lafayette Flying Corps. From a reading of his book I gather that he has been living the island life in the old, romantic way, for his accounts of dives into coral caves, rushes over barrier reefs, and fish-spearing expeditions are unmistakably based on personal experience. There is a particularly good account of the killing of an ancient shark regarded by the atoll dwellers as the god of the lagoon.

Talking of sharks, I have seen West Indian negro boys swimming unconcernedly about the base of a cliff from whose top I occasionally discerned the huge, misshapen bulk of a "hammer-head." Nothing ever seemed to happen. Mr. Nordhoff tells of a "brown" shark, a Pacific Ocean variety I never have chanced to see in Atlantic waters. Mr. Nordhoff is quite right in making him a man-eater, for the real man-eating shark is not a wolf of a deep sea pack, but a lone killer, hunting and gleaning near and along the coast.

In "Sagas of the Seas" the Dial Press has made a distinguished and well printed book out of somewhat uncertain material. Of course, the title, "Sagas of the Seas" is an inclusive one; nevertheless, I think that the collection would have been improved

by a severer use of the critical faculty. Of the selections, the Voyage of the Mayflower is classical. John Paul Jones's account of the battle between the Alliance and the Bonhomme Richard is spirited, and Dana's account of the flogging of a shipmate is one of the best things in a book that deservedly remains the great American classic of the sea. But "The Main Truck," or "A Leap for Life"—to give the older title in full, is pure hokum; little boys dressed in sailor suits used to recite it in the 1880's against a background of hand-painted china and gilded cat-tails hung on the wall by a plush bow. "Mother Carey's Chickens" is another gem from the ocean's dark, unfathomed hokum cave. It is one of those old-fashioned tales about Mr. D——, who sailed in the year 18— on the ship R—— upon the A—— Ocean. Surely not material worth reprinting to-day.

I am glad to see that the editor has printed a tale by James B. Connolly, whose Gloucester stories are little epics of the sea. I understand that Mr. Conrad, when in America, referred to Mr. Connolly as the greatest master of the short story of the sea. An eloquent tribute this, and thoroughly deserved.

"BLOWS! BLOWS! BLOWS!"

THE BOY WHALEMAN. *By* GEORGE F. TUCKER

Reviewed by HENRY BESTON

"STINK, grease and backache," was the saying. The oldtime "matlows" had no romantic fancies about whaling. "Whaling," said the fine skipper Arthur H. Clark, "is one of the least hazard-

ous, the most commonplace and taken altogether about the laziest occupation that human beings have ever been engaged in upon the sea." A "spouter" was generally regarded among seamen as one of the biggest jokes afloat. As a matter of fact, the whale is as stupid and inoffensive a creature as exists.

So spake the merchant seamen who knew and remembered the whalers. The spinners of real tough, tarry sea yarns, however, have carried the day, and the modern reader rushes to the whaling book with all the innocence of an inland ploughboy boarding a "Bedford" whaler in the '50s.

Of all the accounts of whaling voyages I have read for some time, quite the best is this boy's book by George F. Tucker. It is the record of a youngster's one cruise in an old-time whaler, which was rather a decent ship as whalers go. At least her "old man" was not as free with his fist and the toe of a Topsfield sea boot as most whaling skippers. The fact that the skipper was young may have had something to do with it, for it is a sea tradition that veteran whaling skippers got "old and crazy" with lonely voyages and endless killings—crazy as Captain Ahab, of *Moby Dick*.

The quality of the book, which I like best, however, is not so much its simple genuineness as the young narrator's civilized point of view. The pursuit and the attack of whales interest young Homer Bleechly precisely as they might any spirited and adventure-loving lad, but the youngster's attention does not linger on this primitive butchery. The

moods of the sea, the details of seamanship, the lore of whales, his shipmates of the fo'castle—all these things interest him as well as plunging a harpoon into a whale's eye. His account of the blood and gurry part, both in manner and mood, is excellent, and smacks neither of Rollo nor the savage. There is an abundance of intelligent detail. "The boat-steerer don't throw the iron with his arm raised, but gives it a kind of thrust." And the cry: "Blows! Blows! Blows! There he breaches! There he white-waters!" That last phrase has a fine visual effect. This is merely the ordinary shout, however, for the book is written in a quite unpretentious log book style.

All in all, an unusual book, and well worth the attention of those interested in a famous episode of American history.

A SAILOR'S WONDER STORIES

FAR and few are the modern fairy tales with an atmosphere of their own. Without it nothing that happens is ever really convincing to children. With it all things are possible on land or sea. Mere cleverness of invention will not turn on magic. Every holiday season brings fresh proof of this, for children tire of mechanized forms of writing even as they do of mechanical toys and swiftly turn back to the old and tried among fairy books—to the fairy tales which are never "silly"—as they slip out into

the fresh clear air and the sunshine of the natural world.

Fortunate the boy or girl who keeps on reading fairy tales while rediscovering the world and fortunate the fairy tale that stands the test of being read out of doors. I well remember how fearful I felt of its title when the Atlantic Monthly Press announced as its second publication for children "The Firelight Fairy Book." I straightway told one of the wise owls of "The Atlantic" that I had doubts about the book from its title and asked what manner of man had written it. "A young man and a lover of the sea," said she. "It just happens that he is editing 'The Living Age' at this moment. Suppose I ask him to bring in the page proof of his stories and the pictures. I think you will like the titles of the stories. You can't help liking them, for he has put his heart into this book."

The moment Henry Beston appeared in the doorway with his "Master Mariner," his "Queen of Lantern Land," and that old man robed in cherry scarlet, "The Seller of Dreams," I knew that here was a children's book filled with true beauty and enchantment, written out of sheer love of fairy tales, swept clean and clear by storm and tide and changing winds, as well as by sunshine. There is a rare blending of the romantic, adventurous, sea-roving youth with the sparkling humor and quick wit of the Gallic writer of pure fairy tales. The stories are entirely original, but one feels in them the influence of a rich background of fine old tales and an informed knowl-

edge of things of the sea. Five years have passed and "The Firelight Fairy Book" has become a favorite with children from coast to coast and is now accompanied by a companion volume, "The Starlight Wonder Book," which contains one of the most amusing of all Mr. Beston's creations. "The Enchanted Baby" is a pure nonsense story. It stands alone, and to hear him read it in company with his "Master Mariner" is an unforgettable experience.

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK

CHILDREN'S BOOKS: NEW AND OLD

EVERY week is Children's Book Week for "The Three Owls," and we hereby announce to all who would truly celebrate in future that, to our certain knowledge, it cannot be done short of fifty-two full pages a year.

The reason is not far to seek when even an editor of that most up-to-date of all American publications—"The Publishers' Weekly"—turns back to the eighteenth century whenever he feels like celebrating on his own account.

I am so often asked what lies behind Children's Book Week that I am glad to recall my close personal association with the first celebration five years ago, and the thrill of keen pleasure it gave me to discover Frederic Melcher's spontaneous friendship for old John Newbery, bookseller and publisher of the renowned "Goody Two Shoes" (1765), and for Thomas Bewick, the famous illustrator of Aesop's Fables" (1818), whose woodcuts live in the memory of all lovers of good illustrations.

It was an equally delightful experience to listen to this modern bookseller and publisher reading from Ralph Bergengren's verses "Jane, Joseph and John," published in the year 1918. He read these verses well because he had first tried them out on his own children.

My invariable reply, then, to the questions: What lies behind Children's Book Week? Is it purely commercial—mere advertising of children's books?—is, that Mr. Melcher's sense of the book needs of children has been behind it from its inception and also his solid background of genuine interest in the authorship, illustration, production and distribution of children's books, extending from the eighteenth to the twentieth century.

True, Mr. Melcher records the heart beats of present-day publishers with a more generous hand than their complete works fully justify. Closer contact with the blasted hopes and diverted interests of writers and artists of the twentieth century would reveal to him and to others that "Eden ain't all built up yet," not even by publishers of illustrated fairy tales.

The way of the creative worker for children is still far more difficult than that of the transgressor, and in no field is this more apparent than in that of the production, promotion and distribution of books for children.

Unquestionably, too many children's books are

being published to-day and far too many cover jackets for books, both old and new, are being devised for quick sales rather than to fit the book or to please the child for whom the book is intended.

Between the two extremes is a steadily growing company of parents, teachers, librarians, publishers and booksellers who are intelligently awake to the power of real books to stir the minds and hearts and delight the eyes of boys and girls. To them Children's Book Week is a reminder of buried treasures of their own childhood as well as a challenge to choose out of the year's fresh output books which have in them the directness, the simplicity, the creative force which we have ample precedent for asking of a child's book in any age.

For such as these, holiday exhibits are set forth in public libraries, bookshops and club rooms and informing lists of books suggested for purchase are made. The recent adoption of programs devoted to children's reading by the National Federation of Women's Clubs is one more evidence that the subject has become one of country-wide interest and significance.

There are no short cuts to actual knowledge of children's books. It is won only by much comparative reading and by constantly testing that reading in the realm of childhood itself.

SERVANTS OF BOOKS

By FREDERIC MELCHER

A BOOK can be longer lived than its writer, more masterful than its own sponsors, and can be carried on to later and wider audiences by those who become its servants.

If those who publish, sell or work with books venture occasionally to claim that their interest in them is something deeper than the professional or commercial, it is best not hastily to doubt the assertion. The testimony to this is too frequent and sincere. Especially is it true of those who write, publish or find readers for books for children. The cause of children's reading, which has for the last six years found co-operative expression in a Children's Book Week, is one that gathers voluntary aid on



*The famous bookshop of St. Paul's
Church yard*

every side and a more than commercial support from those who publish and sell books.

The production of a beautiful and suitable book for children gives as genuine a thrill to its publisher as it does to its author, and the present high state of the production of children's books is testimony to the real interest that is felt in all such ventures. We have returned, it would seem, to the naive delight of old John Newbery, the first real publisher to the children, who, as Goldsmith wrote in "The Vicar of Wakefield," "called himself the friend of children, but was the friend of mankind."

The quaint little penny books of John Newbery's eighteenth-century publishing are to-day the prized possessions of those who may own copies, but we would not wish that present-day books should be shorn of the benefits of better illustration, better presses, better color work. "The philanthropic bookseller of St. Paul's Churchyard" gave to the books he wrote or planned the devoted support of a real servant of books, and the same enthusiastic interest is shaping this new era of children's reading.

The right of children to all the privileges that the best practitioners of the printing and graphic arts can give them was slow to assert itself. The old word-of-mouth tellers of tales started the accumulation of material which children now enjoy, but they were telling their tales to grown-ups and had no thought of the children of their day. William Caxton, first

English printer, printed Aesop, to be sure, and "Reynard the Fox," but he intended his books for adults. The great literary era of Elizabeth came and went without any endeavor to obtain for books the great new audience of young people. The Puritans would not be expected to favor the idea of diversional reading for children, though it was a Puritan who wrote "Pilgrim's Progress," which has, like "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe," been adopted by the children as part of their own literature. By the end of the century Defoe's classic was being published especially for children, thanks to the movement started by Newbery and continued by his nephew's wife and by John Harris.

The eighteenth-century movement in England was to instruct and improve the child, and, by the beginning of the nineteenth century, in every Eastern city of the United States publishers were issuing nice moral little tales for children and volumes of elementary science and travel. As the foreword to one such volume read:

This is Billy Goodchild's book;
God give him grace therein to look,
Not only look but understand;
For learning's more than house or land;
When house and land are gone and spent,
Then learning is most excellent.

But, while the moral tales and little books of in-

formation and travel found their sponsors, tales of imagination and fancy found few interested friends. How different from the first quarter of the twentieth century, when editors and publishers scour the literature of the world to make all folklore available and great illustrators lavish on these volumes their most exuberant fancy.

The present broad interest in books for children has found important support in several directions. From the children's magazines of the '70s and '80s, "Our Young Folks," "The Wide-Awake," "St. Nicholas," "Harper's Young People"; from the development of children's libraries which brought experts into the field of book evaluation; from the new interest in illustration, led by Howard Pyle and Maxfield Parrish; from the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts, with an intensive attention to the reading interests of the 'teens; from the school libraries, with their emphasis on reading interests beyond the textbook, and from Children's Book Week, which is bringing together in common cause all those who wish to see the best books reach their fullest possible audience.

After all, it seems more and more true that the book itself is the thing, and we who have close contacts with books become their devoted servants, to extend the reading and increase the appreciation of them. Writers of books, makers of books, distributors of books, readers of books, all find themselves on common ground as servants of books.



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OF
Little Goody Two-Shoes;

OTHERWISE CALLED
Mrs. Margery Two-Shoes.

WITH

The Means by which she acquired her Learning and Wisdom, and in Consequence thereof her Estate.

Set forth at large for the Benefit of those,
*Who from a State of Rags and Care,
And having Shoes but but a Pair,
Their Fortune and their Fame would see,
And gallop in their Coach and Six.*

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Little Goody Two-Shoes.



Ludo, the Little Green Duck

BOOKS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

FIRST impressions of pictures, rhymes and stories are both enduring and elusive. They are I believe, of greater importance than is commonly realized, since they are unforgettable. The French have understood this better than we have. "They have not vulgarized their children by bad art," says Alice Meynell, and then she adds: "Mediocrity and bad art have been, and are, as widespread in France as in England. What else, indeed, should mediocrity be but widespread anywhere? But it has never made a topic of the children."

In America it has all too often made a topic of the children, and for this reason the picture books we have made for little children remain, in general, inferior to those of England, France, and the northern countries, where there is a clearer vision of childhood—its claims, its varied interests and its development. A. B. Frost should long ago have been persuaded to do for American children picture books comparable to those Randolph Caldecott made for English chil-

dren in the eighties. Their influence would be inestimable, both at home and abroad, for the gift of "letting the whole thing live" in its own free atmosphere was born with Mr. Frost.

Every year as Christmas draws near we turn back to Caldecott, to Kate Greenaway, to Walter Crane, to Leslie Brooke, to Beatrix Potter, to Boutet de Monvel, to Ottilia Adelborg to re-establish standards of judgment and enjoyment and to test the power of these artists of childhood over the children of to-day.

Here, to my mind, is the normal beginning of any true appreciation of art and of that folk feeling for other countries which fires the imagination. No country will ever seem entirely strange whose picture books have been familiar to us from childhood, and I know of no more liberalizing, humanizing experience for any one than the careful selection and comparative study of a dozen picture books from the artists I have mentioned. Every child's library should contain one at least of the work of each of them and as many more as possible. They are the best possible fortification against the vulgarity, the materialistic conceptions and cheap fancy which characterize many of the popular books for little children. Fine picture books exert a far more subtle influence in the formation of reading tastes and habits than it is possible to estimate, for their integrity is unshakable.



From Ludo, the Little Green Duck

NEW PICTURE BOOKS

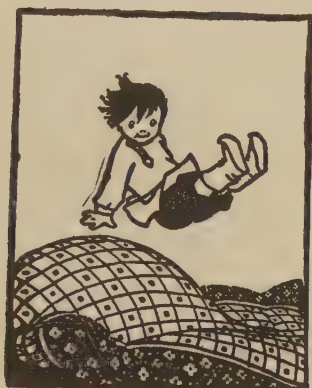
THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUDO THE LITTLE GREEN DUCK. *By* JACK ROBERTS.

A PARIS PAIR. *By* BEATRICE BRADSHAW BROWN.

THE POPPY SEED CAKES. *By* MARGERY CLARK. Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham.

“**F**AR away from the noise of great cities in a little French farm of Normandy there lived, once upon a time, ever such a nice family of quack-quacks.” It is the wonderful journey of Ludo, the duckling with green feathers who flew far away into space, which Jack Roberts records in amusing pictures and text and a delightful map extending from Normandy to Africa. The gay little book was printed in France and is one of the most original of the year. Its moral will delight all fun-loving grown-ups.

"A Paris Pair" carries Jeannette and her brother Jean round the clock, from waking-up time, at eight, to twenty o'clock, in a series of spirited verses by Beatrice Bradshaw Brown, with equally clever drawings in color by Barbara Haver Brown. Children



From Poppy Seed Cakes

love this picture book, which is true to the everyday life of French children.

"Poppy Seed Cakes" is an Old World picture book of great charm. Maud and Miska Petersham have made fascinating drawings in color and black and white for Margery Clark's gay little stories of Andrewshek, Erminka, Auntie Katushka and the goat which gave the milk for the poppy seed cakes. The make-up of the book is distinctive, and it is small enough to be practicable for circulating use in libraries.

MORE BOOKS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

THE CARELESS CHICKEN. *By* BARON KRAKEMSIDES. Illustrated by Harry B. Neilson.

An amusing story in verse with fascinating pictures in color.

THE LITTLE GREY GOOSE. *By* FELICITE LEFEVRE. Illustrated by Freda Derrick.

A nursery nonsense story with colored pictures that are delightful in their fresh simplicity. By the author of that prime favorite "The Cock, the Mouse and the Little Red Hen."

THE DREAM COACH. *By* ANNE and DILWYN PARRISH.

A very attractive book of dreams in different countries.

SILKY BUFF AND DOTTY JACK. *By* FLAVIA CANFIELD.

A story of two chickens.

RUMPTY DUDGET'S TOWER. *By* JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

A popular fairy tale which first appeared in "St. Nicholas."

COMPLETE VERSION OF YE THREE BLIND MICE. *By* JOHN W. IVIMEY. Illustrated by Walton Corbould.

The reprint of a book children like very much



ST. NICHOLAS EVE

ON THE eve of his own festival day, December 6, St. Nicholas still rides high over the housetops of Belgium and Holland on his great gray horse, bearing his gifts to children, heralding to old and young the beginning of another Christmas time by the truest of all signs—a genuine folk festival.

Painful explanations of a so-called Santa Claus myth and of shattered Christmas illusions of childhood are all unknown in countries which have been baking jolly cakes in the form of every kind of bird and beast and fish—in the form of St. Nicholas himself—for centuries.

In countries where parents never fail to impress on the minds of their children that when they place shoes or sabots in the chimney corner they should be well filled with hay, pieces of carrot, lumps of sugar and bits of bread for St. Nicholas's horse, St. Nicholas himself is in no need of a champion. To old and young, he is a familiar, genial spirit, who will always come again.

Just such a St. Nicholas the Dutch brought with them to New Amsterdam in the far-off days of the founding of our city. He it was who appeared in a wonderful dream to Oloffte Van Kortlandt at the old Bowling Green, who saw Peter Stuyvesant through



SANTEE CLAUS goed heplig Man!
 Trek uwe ziele Sabact aen,
 Reij daer me'e na Amsterdam.
 Van Amsterdam na 'Spanje,
 Waer Appelen van Oranje,
 Waer Appelen van granaten,
 Die rollen door de Straaten.
 SANTEE CLAUS, mijn goede Vriend!
 Ik heb U allen tyd gediend;
 Wille U mij nu wat geuen,
 Ik zal U dienen alle mijn Leuen.

SAINT NICHOLAS, good holy man!
 Pat on the Tabard,* best you can,
 Go, clad therewith, to Amsterdam,
 From Amsterdam to Hispanje,
 Where apples *bright* † of Oranje,
 And likewise those *granate* ‡ surnam'd,
 Roll through the streets, all free unclaim'd.
 SAINT NICHOLAS, my dear good friend!
 To serve you ever was my end,
 If you will, now, me something give,
 I'll serve you ever while I live.

* Kind of Jacket. † Oranges. ‡ Pomégranates.

From an old broadside

all his hard-fought battles; he it was who visited the son of a bishop in Chelsea Village on Christmas Eve two hundred years afterward when he exchanged his gray horse for "eight tiny reindeer," and who, just as the Civil War ended, appeared once more to Mary Mapes Dodge. This time over in old Amsterdam.

Every reader of "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates" must cherish a happy memory of the delightful St. Nicholas Festival described in it. From this book I gained my own first conscious extension of Christmas. It had always seemed too short and too crowded until I began to celebrate St. Nicholas Eve on my own account and to think of Christmas as beginning on December fifth, with gifts of cakes and sweets, with special books, and toys with a touch of magic about them, and later as a time for stories and plays to be acted as a time of joyous festival even in Puritan New England.

Time was when the celebration of St. Nicholas Day was general throughout western Europe, and many are the legends and stories and customs associated with the beloved boy bishop and saint of the East. "The Golden Legend" holds the most memorable of all his stories, and few who read them there will fail to find reason for their faith in a St. Nicholas tradition which has persisted from the third century and has gone all over the world.

St. Nicholas is everywhere known as the patron saint of children, of sailors, of schoolboys, of portionless maidens and even of thieves and robbers, but we have not been accustomed to think of him as the

patron saint of modern drama, and the St. Nicholas plays given in Latin by the choir boys of the twelfth century become living history when viewed from this angle. These plays were based on the principal episodes in the life of St. Nicholas:

1. The three maidens to whom he secretly gave marriage portions in purses of gold.
2. The three murdered schoolboys restored to life.
3. The kidnapped boy restored to his parents.
4. The Jew that put his treasures in charge of the image of St. Nicholas.

Why shouldn't St. Nicholas preside over a rebirth of modern drama in English for the benefit of the children and youth, the sailors, the portionless maidens, the robbers even, of our own time?

He of all saints has the magic human touch, and to the end that he may once again draw near to the Island of Manhattan we have brought together what a few books and pictures have to tell of him. But no picture has ever been drawn that is comparable to the one every child carries of the St. Nicholas he knows but has never seen.

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. NICHOLAS

ST. NICHOLAS EVE IN NEW AMSTERDAM. In Affairs and Men of New Amsterdam in the Time of Peter Stuyvesant. By J. K. PAULDING, 1843.

"The holidays of Christmas in New York were the times of greatest festivity, and during two and sometimes three weeks, about that time, were kept up frolics and games without cessation. There was, it is said, a firing of guns, beating of the drum, dancing, card playing,

playing at tick-tacks, playing at bowls, playing at nine-pins, jaunting in sleighs and wagons. Not only, as it appears, was this holiday season the delight of the young and gay, but the aged and grave citizens joined the sports with great zest and amusement."

THE FEAST OF ST. NICHOLAS. In *The Book of Days*. Volume II. *Edited by* R. CHAMBERS.

AN OLD SAINT IN A NEW WORLD. In a *History of the City of New York in the Seventeenth Century*. *By* MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSALAER.

This account of ancient customs is given also in the *Book of Christmas*, edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie.

ST. NICHOLAS. His Legend and His Role in the Christmas Celebration. *By* GEORGE H. MCKNIGHT.

STROOIAVOND IN HOLLAND. In the *Children's Book of Christmas compiled by* J. C. DIER. Strooiavond is the Dutch word for the Eve of St. Nicholas.

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. NICHOLAS. *By* MARY MAPES DODGE. In Hans Brinker. "This book is dedicated to the boys and girls of New York by their friend, Mary Mapes Dodge. 1865."

HOW ST. NICHOLAS CAME TO VOLENDAM. In the *Children's Book of Christmas, compiled by* J. C. DIER.

ST. NICHOLAS IN NEW YORK. A Letter by MARY MAPES DODGE for the Christmas of 1873. In *St. Nicholas*. Volume I.

ST. NICHOLAS AT BOWLING GREEN. *From* WASHINGTON IRVING. In *Nicholas, a Manhattan Christmas Story*, by Anne Carroll Moore.

LA LEGENDE DE ST. NICHOLAS. In *Voyez comme on Danse: Chansons de Jeu et Rondes Infantines*, by Gabriel Pierne. Paris: Adrien Sporck. A French folksong, telling the whole story of St. Nicholas and the Three Children, with fascinating pictures in color.

"Petites enfants qui dormez la,
Je suis le grand Saint Nicholas,"
Et le saint etendit trois doigts,
Les p'tits se relevint tous les trois.

A CHRISTMAS TRAVELER

THE good St. Nicholas himself must have donned his invisible robe to attend the christening of Christopher Robin, for the very name is a Christmas legend.

"Good for Christmas time," says Charles Dickens, "is the ruddy color of the cloak in which—the tree making a forest of itself for her to trip through with her basket—Little Red Riding Hood comes to me on Christmas Eve She was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Riding Hood that I should have known perfect bliss. But it was not to be."

It is the rare property of a few books to become Christmas travelers knocking at our doors on Christmas Eve, bidding us arise and go forth once more seeking the child wherever he may be found.

There are those who think these magical books were all written and illustrated long, long ago. "What has Christmas to do with contemporary life?" asks one of them. And the Three Owls answer, Everything! There's always room at the inn for a new Christmas traveler. He has but to show his passport and prove the genuineness of his claim by picture, rhyme, story or play.

This year it is an enchanting book of verses called out of A. A. Milne, the creator of Mr. Pim and other delightful characters, by Christopher Robin, the playwright's little son.

Just how long Mr. Milne has been sharing the Christopher Robin Book—a title we predict the children will give to it in place of "When We Were Very Young"—with the readers of "Punch" we are uncertain; long enough for many of them to repeat "The King's Breakfast" at the sight of marmalade. Yes, here is a true blue children's book with drawings good in any age—pictures which look as if they too were born of Christopher Robin's own imagination. Jonathan Jo, with a mouth like an O and his wheelbarrow full of surprises, looks just as he ought to look and so do all the keepers of the stalls in the Market Square.

Happy Christopher Robin!

"Above the winds I hear him cry:
Is this the way to Round-the-World?"



Thrice happy children of America who will eagerly claim their share in one more good gift from the nursery of England.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

By A. A. MILNE

Illustrated by ERNEST H. SHEPARD

Reviewed by HELEN CADY FORBES

HERE is that rare thing, a book about children which they may enjoy. The rhythm alone would hold them entranced, even without the absolute rightness of the sense and nonsense. The book has the vitality that children crave; there is nothing conventional between its covers, not an insipid line, either in the verses or in the drawings that so perfectly illustrate them. Nor is there a trace of condescension. While the poems frequently mention a certain Christopher Robin, that child will have no reason to reproach his father by and by when he looks at the book with older, colder eyes. "Sand-between-the-toes" tells of perfect, never-to-be-forgotten companionship. What could describe bliss more simply, and truly than the rhythmic lines of "Happiness"?

John had
Great Big
Waterproof
Boots on. . . .

The picture of John, grinning from ear to ear

among the ducks, is only one example of the work of an illustrator who looks at children with the understanding sympathy and sense of humor and a recollection of his own childhood that make it possible for him to take a fair share in making this book. Ernest Shepard, as well as Mr. Milne, shows that he loves the absurdities and extravagances so dear to children—

. . . Sillies, I went and saw the Queen.
She says my hands are purfickly clean!

“When We Were Very Young” is essentially different from other volumes of poetry about children. There is more variety of form and thought. The flying kites, the flying clouds, the tiresome rice pudding are taken more gayly, more tenderly, than usual. There are poems of quiet loveliness balanced by the most delightfully nonsensical stories.

James James

Morrison Morrison

Weatherby George Dupree

Took great care of his Mother,

Though he was only three.

James James

Said to his Mother,

“Mother,” he said, said he,

“You must never go down to the end of the town,
if you don’t go down with me.”

Alas, Mrs. Dupree disobeyed, with frightful consequences, but she is the only person in the book who came to grief. These are not poems of tragedy.

There is the inimitable "King's Breakfast," first served in "Punch":

The King asked
The Queen, and
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid:

"Could we have some butter for The Royal slice of bread?"

The Queen asked
The Dairymaid,
The Dairymaid
Said, "Certainly,
I'll go and tell
The cow
Now
Before she goes to bed."



Animals figure largely in these verses, as they do in children's interest, but these are no ordinary beasts. They possess personalities far removed from

the animals of bedtime lore. There is the "mouse with a woffely nose," the bears—

Who wait at the corners all ready to eat

The sillies who tread on the lines of the street. . . .

the three little foxes who "kept their handkerchiefs in cardboard boxes," and four perfect friends:

Ernest was an elephant, a great big fellow,

Leonard was a lion with a six-foot tail,

George was a goat, and his beard was yellow,

And James was a very small snail.

Ernest started trumpeting and cracked his manger,

Leonard started roaring and shivered his stall,

James gave the huffle of a snail in danger

And nobody heard him at all.

Their elders may wish to read these poems aloud, but children will want to take the book away to read to themselves and to each other, to chant each rhyme as many times as they like before going on to the next. The very music of childhood is here, sung with a varied cadence peculiar to these poems, essentially and uniquely the dramatic expression of tenderness.



*A GUIDE TO CAPER**Text by* THOMAS BODKIN*Pictured by* DENIS EDEN*Reviewed by* HELEN CADY FORBES

THIS gay and whimsical "Guide" is a book of pictures of the enchanted city of Caper, a place inhabited by bears. Denis Eden discovered the city and he has presented it to us in an orange and gold volume of drawings too delicately fine to be reproduced here. He has created a beautiful Old Worldly town, with its citizens going about their daily business—ursors, they are, not precisely bears. Twenty of the illustrations are views of Caper, showing the ancient landmarks, old turrets and minarets, as well as present-day life, the Book Shop and the Jocko Hotel. The twenty-first picture is the portrait of a mayor, not Caper's greatest mayor, probably, but the best known, as he came into prominence through having been in office when the "Guide" was made. There can be no doubt that he is a representative official greatly revered. While nothing of importance has been left out of these pictures, a great deal is left to the imagination, and with "Guide" in hand many a young person will escape to Caper for a quiet hour. Contentment dwells there.

So long as richness of humor and sympathetically tender jibes at human character amuse men and children, the "Guide" will be interesting. It will seem as fresh fifty years from now as it does to-day, for originality has a way of keeping alive, and styles in Caper will not change any more than do those in Pompeii. This is a book to own, pore over and love.

TWELFTH NIGHT REVELS

By MARCIA DALPHIN

Christmas goes out in fine style (says Leigh Hunt) with Twelfth Night. Christmas Day was the morning of the season; New Year's Day the middle of it or noon: Twelfth Night is the night, brilliant with innumerable planets of Twelfth-Cakes.

Why can't we go back to those spacious times when Christmas lasted twelve whole days, and the last was almost the best of all? When country folk spoke of things as happening "in the Christmas," or "before Christmas was out," as they used to in Shropshire not so very long ago. Something was lost to Christmas in the seventeenth century, and even the Restoration could not bring it back.

Houses where musicke was wont for to ring,
Nothing but bats and howlets doe sing,
Welladay, welladay, welladay!

We have come a long, long way from the days of Henry VIII, who, like all the Tudors, dearly loved a spectacle. Parties were parties then.

Agaynst the XII daye, or the daye of the Epiphanie, at night, before the banket in the hall at Rychemond, was a pageaunt devised lyke a mountayne, glystering by nyght, as though it had been all of golde, and set with stones. . . . Out of the same came a ladye appareiled in

clothe of golde . . . and danced a morice before the Kyng. And that done re-entered the mountayne: and then was the wassail or banket brought in, and so brake up Christmas.

In England now scarcely a trace remains of the old rites and revels that used to mark the day both as Epiphany, the church festival, and as "Old Christmas," or Twelfth Day. If you were lucky enough to be in London on January 6th and happened to wander into the Chapel Royal you might notice something a little unusual at one point in the service. Would you realize that in that red bag edged with gold lace which two Gentlemen of the Household present at the altar rail, King George the Fifth is (by proxy) offering the traditional gift of the Three Kings? Thus is kept up, with dwindled ceremony, the custom that long ago decreed that the monarch should go in state to the Chapel Royal attended by the knights of the three great orders, the Garter, the Thistle and the Bath. "And he must offer that day, gold, myrrh and frankincense."

Persevering in a search for Twelfth Night you would perhaps discover in some of the old houses feeble imitations of the famous old cakes, or in remote country districts in Somerset or Devon you might even chance on a farmer and his men wassailing the apple trees. Hear them singing:

To blow well and to bear well,

And so merry let us be,

And every man drink up his cup,

And health to the old apple tree!

And then they shout:

Apples now, hatfulls, capfulls, bushel bagfulls, little heap under the stair. Hip, hip, hip, Hooroo! (Shout, stamp and fire off guns!)



LORD LOVELACE

One other custom you would find that harks back to the old ceremonies. Twelfth Night is still the time when people take down and burn in great fires their holly and mistletoe, their ivy and green boughs.

In these pale survivals there is not much left of those revels with which Thackeray and Leigh Hunt, Robert Herrick in his verse, and Cruikshank in his drawings have made us familiar; those famous parties presided over by the King and Queen chosen by the Bean Cake, and all round them their merry mock courts, made up of those who have drawn their "characters," those amusing pictures with verses such as you see here reproduced. It must have been fun to be among the merry-makers who used to crowd the streets in front of the pastry cooks where the cakes and characters were sold. Woe betide the unwary one who lingered, rapt, too long, for some urchin was sure to pin his coat tails to his neighbor's.

In "Memoirs of a London Doll" is to be found one of the most vivid pictures of Twelfth Night festivities that we know. Happily restored to us after being long out of print, this little book brings to its readers the sights and sounds of old London—the London of Lord Mayor's Shows, of Christmas Pantomimes, of Punch and Judy, of street cries and songs. There is nothing tame or missish about the London Doll. Life for her is one long series of adventures. Maria Poppet first sees the light in a poor dollmaker's attic in High Holborn; she is exchanged for a Twelfth Cake and goes to live with Ellen Plummy; she falls from a box at the Opera into a gentleman's tall hat; she is almost burned to death, and a Newfoundland dog mistaking her for a nice grilled bone carries her off; she is accidentally kidnapped by Mr. Punch; is sold to an organ-boy and

rides through the streets of London on his organ to the tune of "Cherry Ripe."

Despite all her adventures the London Doll never becomes sophisticated. Confronted with the splendors of the pastry-cook's window on Twelfth Night she faints!

When I came to my senses I found that my mamma had placed me upright between two tall, round glass jars, one full of glittering barley-sugar sticks twisted, and the other full of large sugar-plums of all colors . . . Amidst a blaze of gas, crowded with immense cakes, the round white sugar island of each being covered with its extraordinary inhabitants, there was the front window in all its glory! Scenes in eastern countries, with elephants and dromedaries and great palm trees . . . and scenes in northern countries, where all is snow and frost and tall rocks of ice and bears walking round broken ships . . . these and many more things were all upon the tops of the large cakes, together with sprigs of holly full of bright red berries. . . . There was a shelf which ran across the middle of the window . . . and this was also thick with cakes of a smaller sort, and all covered with Twelfth-night characters, in colored sugar.

Another famous old book owes its very existence to Twelfth Night. In 1853 a certain kindly gentleman not unknown to English letters happened to be spending Christmas in Rome. There were many English children there, and great was the despair of all these exiles when they wanted to give a party and no characters were to be had in the shops. This gentleman, having some talent with his pencil (as well as a very kind heart), was begged to draw a set of

Twelfth Night characters, and so delighted were the children with the result that he made up a story about them—a Fireside Pantomime. In this pleasing manner Giglio and Bulbo, Rosalba and Angelica, came to life in Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring."



KING

Who can ever forget Valoroso XXIV and his queen at breakfast with the twelve egg-cups and the august muffins; Betsinda dancing in the garden:

Little lion was my brudder; great big lioness my mudder; neber heard of any udder.

the Fairy Blackstick changing Gruffanuff into the knocker; Giglio delivering in blank verse an extempore speech that lasted for three days and three nights, "during which not a single person who heard him was bored, or remarked the difference between daylight and dark"; Rosalba knighting the woodman:

"I make thee knight of the second class of our Order of the Pumpkin (the first class being reserved for crowned heads alone.) Rise, Marquis of Spinachi!" And with indescribable majesty the queen, who had no sword handy waved the pewter spoon with which she had been taking her bread-and-milk over the bald head of the old nobleman, whose tears absolutely made a puddle on the ground, and whose dear children went to bed that night Lords and Ladies Bartolomeo, Ubaldo, Catarina and Ottavia degli Spinachi!

Delicious nonsense! If for no other reason than common gratitude English and American children should celebrate Twelfth Night eternally.

TWELFTH-NIGHT TRADITIONS, SONGS, PICTURES AND STORIES

Compiled by MARCIA DALPHIN

TWELFTH-DAY

In THE BOOK OF DAYS. *By* R. CHAMBERS. Vol. I.

OLD CHRISTMAS DAY: EPIPHANY: TWELFTH NIGHT

In CHRISTMAS AND CHRISTMAS LORE. *By* T. C. CRIPPEN.

EPIPHANY TO CANDLEMAS

IN CHRISTMAS IN RITUAL AND TRADITION. *By* C. A. MILES.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS, ANCIENT AND MODERN. *By* WILLIAM SANDYS. 1833.

The introduction to this book contains interesting material on old Christmas and Twelfth-Night customs.

THE COMIC ALMANACK: AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST. *By* THACKERAY and others. With illustrations by George Cruikshank and others. 1835-1853. 2 volumes.

THE ROSE AND THE RING; OR, THE HISTORY OF PRINCE GIGLIO AND PRINCE BULBO. A FIRESIDE PANTOMIME FOR GREAT AND SMALL CHILDREN. *By* M. A. TITMARSH. *By* W. M. THACKERAY.

MEMOIRS OF A LONDON DOLL, WRITTEN BY HERSELF. *Edited by* MRS. FAIRSTAR.

TWELFTH-NIGHT KING

By C. G. LELAND. In ST. NICHOLAS. Vol. 39.

A HOLIDAY BOOK FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR. London, 1852.

A selection of text taken from the holiday numbers of the first ten years of "The London Illustrated News," illustrated with fascinating old prints of English Christmas customs.

THE MAGI KINGS

IN MEMOIRS OF MISTRAL. *Translated by* C. E. MAUD.

In a lovely, wistful chapter of his "Memoirs" the Provencal poet tells how he and the other children of the village clattered out in their little wooden sabots on the road to Arles to meet the Three Kings on the eve of Epiphany. They carried cakes for the Kings, dried figs for their pages and hay for the camels.

THE BEFANA FAIR IN ROME

IN AVE ROMA IMMORTALIS. *By* F. MARION CRAWFORD. Vol. II.

In Italy a little old woman called the Befana comes down the chimney on the eve of Epiphany, bringing gifts for the children.

WASSAIL SONG

IN ENGLISH FOLK-CAROLS. *Edited by C. J. SHARP.*

IN FOLK SONGS FROM SOMERSET. *Edited by C. J. SHARP AND
C. L. MARSON.*

TWELFE NIGHT; OR, KING AND QUEENE:
A NEW YEARE'S GIFT

IN THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT HERRICK.

And let the russet Swaines the Plough
And Harrow hang up resting now;
And to the Bag-pipe all addresse;
Till sleep takes place for wearinesse.
And thus, throughout, with Christmas playes
Frolick the full twelve Holy-dayes.



BOOKS FOR BIRTHDAYS

WITH the New Year come the birthdays—birthdays of great Americans—birthdays for everybody—birthdays thick as snowflakes when you stop to think of all the children.

True, they may not all like books for presents, but vast numbers of them do, and I've yet to meet a child who will refuse a bona fide invitation to visit a bookshop on his birthday for the express purpose of choosing his own book.

So while the Three Owls were flying about among Boston publishers I invited Nancy, who was eight years old that day, to walk across the Public Gardens to the Bookshop for Boys and Girls to choose a book for her birthday. I had not been to see Nancy for nearly two years. Tentatively I had sent her at Christmas a modern edition of Miss Mulock's "Fairy Book," wondering if the stories were all so familiar that it would seem like an old book. "I love it and I never read 'Hop o' My Thumb' before," said she. "I like the pictures, too." (Warwick Goble's.) Nancy has an eye for pictures and for form, it appeared, as she turned the pages of the books on the bookshop tables. Some were "too old" and others "not good enough for a birthday." The

books on the shelves seemed less interesting. They looked too much alike. From time to time the bookshop assistant made tactful suggestions, brought more books from shelves to table. Time passed—a great deal of time passed—for such birthday visits to bookshops take time and self-restraint and understanding.

Suddenly Nancy spied "The Wonder Clock" lying on one of the tables. "*This is the book I want,*" she said without a moment's hesitation after she had taken a good look inside. "I like the way it looks." She declined to have the book wrapped, and having approved a selection of "The Cock, the Mouse and the Little Red Hen," with Tony Sarg's delightful pictures, for the six-year-old one of the two lively brothers who accompanied her, and "The Three Blind Mice" (J. W. Ivimey) for the one at half-past four, she bade goodnight to Alice-Heidi, the doll who lives in the balcony of the bookshop in a charming house of her own, and walked out of the door with the confident air of one who has not shopped in vain.

There is a definiteness about Nancy's decisions that is both refreshing and rejuvenating. I had noted it before, but it was strikingly revealed in her choice of this book, which made an instant and strong appeal to her eye. Did she like it as well as you hoped she would? A thousand times better, apparently. I left her next day, reading at whatever hour of Time's Clock struck her fancy—reading with an intentness that characterizes the child who has learned to read easily enough to lose herself completely in the story

and who still is undisturbed by the everyday world. Howard Pyle's "Wonder Clock" is a book that Nancy will never grow tired of reading, for the very salt and savor of life is in the dramatic rendering of these old tales from which the drawings are as inseparable to children as the artist-author intended they should be. The verses preceding each of the four and twenty stories with the embellishments accompanying them are the work of Katharine Pyle, who frequently lent her graceful fancy and skill as an artist in her own right, to aid her brother in his undertakings.

The publishers of the work of Howard Pyle have a charge to keep in upholding the fine tradition for the illustration and make-up of a children's book set by an artist who understood the importance of training children to an early appreciation of art by making their books attractive and significant in every detail. Every one of his books is fit for a birthday—the birthday of the boy or girl to whom the book appeals at the time.

That, I think, is the substance of doctrine concerning books for birthdays. It isn't nearly enough that the book be a good book. A living spark must fly out of it and find lodging in the brain or the heart, the eye or the ear, of the one who is celebrating the magical, mystical day—his birthday.

It isn't the day for a set of books about anything in particular. It isn't a day for dictionaries or encyclopedias. No, it isn't the day for exact knowledge. It is a day for the book that comes alive and stays

alight in the memory from four to seventy-four. It may be a book of rhymes and songs, "Mother Goose," Lear's "Nonsense Book," "A Child's Day," "Peacock Pie," "A Child's Garden of Verses," "When We Were Very Young" or it may be Grimm's "Fairy Tales" or Hans Andersen's or "Alice in Wonderland," "Pinocchio" or a lovely fantasy like Barrie's "Peter Pan" or that gift of a scientist in war time, "The Treasure of the Isle of Mist." It may be Anatole France's "Honey-Bee," younger by centuries than "The Sleeping Beauty," but related to it by strongest ties of association. Or, again, it may be one of Carl Sandburg's "Rootabaga Stories," its age-old philosophy of life charged with fresh nonsense and new meaning for the children of America. (I sent this very book to a boy who was seven one New Year's Day.)

Whatever the book may be, whether chosen by the child himself at the bookshop or vicariously by the one who is making the gift—whether for a child who is related by ties of blood or for the thousands who long hungrily for books they have never owned, make sure that it is a life-giving book, for it is life itself that children would know more about on their birthdays.

THE RETURN OF THE PETERKINS

INTO a holiday season crowded with new books of unusual interest, and with old books in brave new attire, comes Elizabeth Eliza Peterkin seated upon her trunk—Elizabeth Eliza, with traveling dress caught fast in the lid, sits there waiting for the expressman to come.

"Who's that?" asks one of the far too many who know not the wit, the wisdom, and the foolishness bound up in Lucretia Hale's "Peterkin Papers" since days of "Our Young Folks."

"Oh, don't you know? It's Elizabeth Eliza Peterkin, who was never good at remembering things, who said 'I never got the diploma, but I came near it. I studied well enough, but when I came to say off my lesson I couldn't think what it was. Yet I could have answered some of the other girls' questions.' "

It is a new picture of Elizabeth Eliza that graces the cover of the Riverside Bookshelf edition of "The Peterkin Papers," but it looks just like her. The artist, Harold Brett, must be fond of Elizabeth Eliza, for he has drawn her again, seated on the porch before an open window, playing upon her famous piano before it was turned round. Mr. Brett has

pictured Solomon John, too, in the very act of writing the book from which the whole family was expected to learn wisdom. "So Solomon John sat down, and the family all sat round the table looking at him. He had his pen, his ink and his paper. He dipped his pen into the ink and held it over the paper and thought a minute and then said, 'But I haven't got anything to say.' "

None of the original cuts, set in the text and inseparably associated with first impressions of the Peterkins, is missing from the new edition. The steam still rises from Mrs. Peterkin's fresh cup of coffee, three pairs of India rubber boots stand expectantly waiting for the little boys to put them on, Mr. Peterkin's tool chest, the carryall, the milk pans of every size, all are here to the last explicit detail.

Mr. Brett's five drawings in color merely extend the pictorial record of an ingenuous, home-loving family who are wisely tolerant of one another's experiments and failures. There is a new picture of the little boys taking an observation of their cow from the Bromwick's fence. The little boys proposed buying a cocoanut tree instead of a cow. "You could have the milk from the cocoanuts, and it would be pleasant climbing the tree, and you would not have to feed it," they said. The little boys were often overruled in family councils, but they were always at liberty to express their views freely in an age when children were more often seen than heard and never did any small boys make better use of their

freedom than these same little Peterkins on the Fourth of July of the Centennial year.

Those who remember Mrs. Peterkin know that she was always timid. She was afraid of fireworks in any form. She wouldn't have gunpowder brought into the house——“she was even afraid of torpedoes; they looked so much like sugar plums she was sure some of the children would swallow them and explode before any one knew it”——yet Mrs. Peterkin rose to full stature as a mother on one occasion, and “prepared herself for a terrible noise.” If anyone has forgotten what Fourth of July was like before it became sane and safe, read this chapter. It's an historical document.

Could any character be more at home in the world of today than Agamemnon Peterkin with his enthusiasm for the Encyclopedia and his faculty for always reading “the wrong books,” books which kept him from passing his examinations in one college after another? Agamemnon with his simple invention of one key to fit every lock. “It would be a medium sized key not too large to carry. It ought to answer for a house door, but you might open a portmanteau with it. How much less danger of losing one's keys if there were only one to lose!”

As a child I firmly believed I was the first person to discover the Peterkins and I thought them irresistibly funny. I found them hidden away in bound volumes of *Our Young Folks* and *St. Nicholas* and I read them over and over again.

“Then people in books are real sometimes,” I said

to myself. "They must be, for I know people like the Peterkins, only their names are different, and I know somebody who is just like their friend 'the lady from Philadelphia.' How did they get into a book, I wonder?"

PADRAIC COLUM

PADRAIC COLUM began his work for children by writing "A Boy in Eirinn," delightful chapters out of his own boyhood experience. Here is realism "interrupted," as he well says, "by too much history." Here is the very "Peep Show Man" who has since claimed a title of his own. "The Boy of Eirinn" was written in Ireland in 1913, according to a plan drawn up in America. But "The King of Ireland's Son" was written in America in 1916 out of golden memories of tales heard in childhood to which Padraic Colum lent the full power of his racial imagination.

"Which of all your books for children do you like best?" I ventured to ask Mr. Colum, who preferred to come and tell me about his Hawaiian stories instead of writing the account of them for which the Three Owls has so impatiently waited.

"'The King of Ireland's Son,' " was his prompt reply, and then he owned to a special fondness for "The Golden Fleece," and paid warm tribute to the Lane translation of "The Arabian Nights," and asked if I knew that Lady Charlotte Guest had written a book on fans as well as on "The Mabinogion." It is easy to see that none of Padraic Colum's books has been done without a sense of listening children, and

the reason is best given in his own words, "Literature first came to me orally. I never see the printed page in reading my own poems and stories."

"But why should America, I am often asked, be interested in these stories of Hawaii? Well, is not Hawaii America's adopted child," he said, "and should she not take to the tales that were told the adopted child long, long ago and not so long ago?"

"We have had a good deal of romance that presents the islands of the Pacific in their flower-like aspects. This romance is true, too, of the islands and the islanders. But the islanders have had their men of genuine heroic quality, their great voyagers—and no people ever made greater voyagers than the discoverers who ranged the whole Pacific Ocean from Hawaii to Easter Island—voyagers and founders of states. It would be well for America to realize the heroic ancestry that the adopted child can lay claim to."

"Have you put any of this heroic life into 'At the Gateways of the Day?' " I asked Mr. Colum.

"If you don't find it there—and I don't say that you will," Mr. Colum said, "I'd have you remember that a second collection of Hawaiian tales and legends is coming out—'The Bright Islands.' In this collection I have dealt more directly with the heroic traditions of the islands; I have written about the men of the sagas, such as Moikeha, who voyaged from Tahiti to Hawaii, and Moikeha's son, who took his canoe back to Tahiti with the bones of his father, and of Umi, the great King of Hawaii, and of Kam-

ehameha, who unified the islands. I have based many of the stories on the chronicles of Hawaii—chronicles that were remarkably well kept even if they were kept purely in the memories of some professional class and by oral tradition. There is less of the fabulous in these Hawaiian chronicles that go back hundreds of years than there is in the chronicles of medieval European kings and peoples. In the first book, 'At the Gateways of the Day,' there is myth and fantasy; in the second book, 'The Bright Islands,' there will be much out of the saga and the chronicle.

"Here in New England (Mr. Colum is now living in Connecticut), it seems a long way to Hawaii and Tahiti, Samoa and New Zealand. And yet the first men of European stock to become intimate with the Polynesians were New England men. These men, too, were out of a saga—the saga of the hunting of the whale in the sea beyond the Horn. Two great voyaging peoples then met on the islands.

"The parts in my books that are based on the chronicles were much simpler to make over than the parts that are based on myth and fantasy. I mean that it is easy enough to give a straight story of a king or a voyager or a discoverer. But the problem of dealing with a people's myth and legend is really a difficult one. I agree with Mary Austin when she says that the form of the tale itself is a part of the racial inheritance—as much a part of it as the story, and that the stories should be told in something approximating to the original form. But to do this for the Hawaiian stories is impossible in English.

They are enormously long. The dramatic incidents are often few and far between. To reproduce that form would be to leave the stories unreadable. And yet story-telling for the Hawaiian was a dramatic entertainment. But the drama was supplied by the pantomime and the gesture of the story-teller. We can't supply the pantomime and the gesture in a book, and one has to get the essential drama in the telling of the story. This I have tried to do. What differentiates Hawaiian romance from the popular romance of European lands is the feeling for nature that is in it—for the look of mountains and the sea, for the aspect of clouds, for the wave as it foams across the reef, for the rainbow and the waterfall. I was fully aware of this special element in this tradition, and having seen and been moved by these scenes and places myself I have tried to get this feeling, typical of the Polynesian mind, into the stories in both collections."

How well Mr. Colum has succeeded becomes apparent when one reads what, in defiance of its sober, scholarly-looking format, one is bound to characterize as a fascinating new fairy book with the true beauty of nature lighting its pages for children of other islands as well as for those of Hawaii.

STORIES OUT OF THE YOUTH OF THE WORLD

By LOUISE SEAMAN

TO steal forth in the night, with other boys, to search all the world for his father—it was a lucky fate for the boy Telemachus. When he sets

sail for home at the end of Part I of "The Children's Homer," we have heard with him, as the Greeks themselves heard it, from many bards, the story of Troy. Now in Part II, with Odysseus himself, we win past the Lotos land, the Cyclops, the Rocks Wandering—and at last reach his own hearth again. Pallas Athene brings him peace: "Hold your hands from fierce fighting, ye men of Ithaka," she calls out in a terrible voice; "hold your hands." And she makes them enter into a covenant, and Odysseus is to be King.

So the Iliad and the Odyssey are retold, clearly and simply, as Homer told them, but arranged to make the adventure story of a boy and his father. The book was written "For Hughie and Peter: this telling of the world's greatest story; because their imaginations rise to deeds and wonders." They read it in 1918; and the rage of Achilles was as real to them as the French ace of the day's headline, for his tent, his equipment, his daily life, were there on the page. They read the great war into the sorrow of King Priam, and they wondered at the gods and were silent for a while. Then they strayed in magic places with Odysseus, and grew to feel at home in a world already their own, with its sudden enchantments, the beauty of its few material possessions, slow moving time, heroes who outwit the wicked and buoyantly rebound from dark fear. The world of "The Children's Homer" was the right world for Hughie and Peter, and they wanted to know more of it.

So they had "The Golden Fleece," and again they



Drawn by Willy Pogany for The King of Ireland's Son

set sail with a youth. It was Jason, and they saw other bright-eyed youths help him to build the Argo, and the messengers go forth to assemble the heroes of Greece for its voyage. At last Jason hung the Golden Fleece in Iolcus. There young men came, year after year, to read the words that Jason had put upon the pillar beside it—the words that Triton spoke to the Argonauts when they were fain to win their way out of the inland sea:

That is the outlet of the sea where the deep water lies unmoved and dark; on each side roll white breakers with shining crests; and the way between for your passage out is narrow. But go in joy, and as for labor, let there be no grieving that limbs in youthful vigor should still toil.

In these two books there is the whole of the Greek epic, and many short tales besides, told by the minstrels, as the ships of the heroes win their way over the sea. Just as they weave these many strands into an adventurous and logical pattern, so in "The Children of Odin" the stories of the Norse Eddas fall into one strange, compelling romance. In its four parts—The Dwellers in Asgard; Odin the Wanderer; The Witch's Heart; The Sword of the Volsungs and The Twilight of the Gods—boys and girls may find the source of great German operas, and great poetry of the Anglo-Saxon world.

Mr. Colum is making a literature for children of today out of these epics, because he believes that children should know them as their racial inheritance. In retelling these stories from the youth of many

ances, he keeps close to their very first tellings. One of our great heritages is the King Arthur cycle, told in one way in France, retold in many ways in England, but first told in Wales. So from the Welsh tales of the young apprentice bards (the Mabinogion) he shaped that new tale of brave young men in early Britain, "The Island of the Mighty."

It is the first time that these four great literatures are made each into a connected book for children. Of course children, very sensibly, do prefer long tales; they prefer to know their heroes well and to meet them under many tests, and to carry them through long adventures. And Mr. Colum believes we should form the habit of "getting things whole"; we must not give our children "snippets," as our modern world tends. Children are at home in the ages when stories lasted all night. Let them not lose that power to feel deeply, and to sense a life, a literature, as completely as one whole book can show it to them. Let them hear "the voice of the bard," as these people of old heard it. We children feel very small against this vast background of wind and sea, of wide deserted plain, and the hoofbeats of lonely messengers. For comfort on the road, for courage before the battle, for joy after it, the voice of the bard is lifted. And we really feel the rhythm of the spoken voice on every page. That is because Padraic Colum learned to tell stories from the old men of his boyhood in Ireland. A prose based on the living voice, and coming from the mind of a poet, is a most unusually fortunate thing to find for children today.

He heard, for instance, "The Peep-Show Man," whose book now honors "The Little Library." "This man," he says, "had a very slow and deliberate way of talking, and in his speech there were many remarkable words that he used to dwell upon with great satisfaction. It was just as wonderful to hear him talk as it was to look into the box that he carried." In this little book, and in other slender volumes of so-called fairy tales, there are told the most deeply cherished of European folk romances. Cinderella, for instance, appears in "The Girl Who Sat by the Ashes." The enchanter who haunted the medieval imagination—Babylonian, Egyptian, French—shapes "The Boy Apprenticed to an Enchanter."

This poet's prose breaks now and then into two or three lines of verse; his heroes sing; the starlings sing, to comfort Cinderella, a song of the Little Brown Jug that she loves to shine; and who can forget the song of the journey in "The King of Ireland's Son," which begins:

The blackbird shakes his metal notes
Against the edge of day,
And I am left upon my road
With one star on my way.

If a man's mind turns to such tales and songs as these, you can imagine that he could not talk down to children. So his books are for old and young alike. You feel in his poems and plays and in his novel, "Castle Conquer," the same truth to the reality

of the world about him, the same essential kindliness, and the same sense of excitement, of life which will open wider with every new day. "Wild Earth" and "Dramatic Legends," his volumes of poetry, A. E. called the best gifts of the mind a poet could send home to his own land. Through Padraic Colum, Ireland gives us a renewed sense of the heroic in our world, a new reading of romance and beauty, an impulse to quicken our friendship with the best of our literary inheritance and hand it on clearly and as a whole to our children.

HERO TALES

THE ISLAND OF THE MIGHTY

By PADRAIC COLUM

Reviewed by ELVA S. SMITH

IN THE story of Branwen, Britain, over which the great Bran ruled, is designated as "The Island of the Mighty." This lofty-sounding name has been chosen most appropriately for the title of a new version of the Celtic hero tales. These stories, or prose romances, from a fourteenth century manuscript, the so-called "Red Book of Hergest," have a special interest because of their close connection with the Arthurian legends of the Norman-French writers and the "Morte D'Arthur" of Sir Thomas Malory; but they were unknown to English-speaking people until near the middle of the nineteenth century, when Lady Charlotte Guest published a translation of them under the title of "The Mabinogion." Her task was per-

formed so admirably that all later editors have been her debtors, and it is this standard translation, noted for its unusually fine literary qualities, which serves as the basis of the present volume. Great as may be the value of the tales to the student of folk literature, they have a special affinity for young people; for, as the editor points out in his introduction to this new version, they present "youth seen with youth's eyes," Kilhwch riding to the court of King Arthur with the "two spears of silver" in his hands and "a gold-hilted sword" upon his thigh, Geraint, "a fair-haired youth . . . of princely mien," and the maiden Olwen whose beauty passed into a proverb. "More yellow was her head than the flower of the broom and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and fingers than the blossoms of the wood anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountain." The stories "tell of nothing but of youth's appearance and youth's adventure. . . . we seem to see immortal youth moving through a world that knows no change or decay." Then the marvelous attributes with which Arthur's chieftains are endowed, the strange adventures in which they become involved, the color and the half barbaric splendor of the setting, even the grotesque extravagances of the tales—these all have their appeal for children who are just emerging from the simpler fairy tale world into the realm of heroic adventure.

"The Island of the Mighty" includes nine of the twelve stories in Lady Guest's "Mabinogion" and as they belong to different periods and differ in the

manners they reflect, they have been divided into two main groups under the titles: "The Hunting of the Boar" and "The Companions of Arthur." A connected character has been given the first section by the use of the quest story of Kilhwch as a framework for four other tales, mythological and legendary in character, which elsewhere have an independent existence. In the second group are placed the more chivalrous tales of knight-errantry and "The Dream of Ronabbway," with its vision of the last great battle in which Arthur was wounded. There have been some condensation and rearrangement of incidents and a few subsidiary episodes or passages, not essential in the development of the action, have been omitted, thus giving a more compact structure and greater clarity to the tales. The Welsh tales have had in the past a less wide appeal than some of the other heroic romances, and Mr. Colum is undoubtedly correct in his supposition that this has been due, in part at least, to the appalling array of unfamiliar and difficult names of places and people, which frequently appear, not singly, but in battalions. Sidney Lanier said "the resources of the English alphabet have never met with a like strain" as in the reproduction of Lady Guest of the names of the more than two hundred warriors and attendants who stood before the great King Arthur. Mr. Colum has made the approach to the stories much easier by the omission of these formidable and forbidding words whenever it has been possible, and in other cases he has substituted a simpler form or sometimes a descriptive phrase.

Although there have been the minor variations from the standard text which have been indicated, the editor's own literary feeling has prevented him from making any far-reaching changes, either in the structure of the stories or in Lady Guest's rhythmical English. The stories have in no sense been "written down" and their unique character remains unaltered.

The book forms one of a series of epic tales edited by Mr. Colum and like the preceding volumes it presents an exceedingly pleasant aspect.

The spirit of the stories is well carried out in the excellent illustrations and decorations of Wilfred Jones and the type is large and clear. May many boys and girls who have not as yet heard the Birds of Rhiannon, the birds of Celtic enchantment, listen entranced to the music of their song!

PADRAIC COLUM'S BOOKS

A BOY IN EIRINN. *Illustrated by* JACK B. YEATS.

THE KING OF IRELAND'S SON. *Illustrated by* WILLY POGANY.

THE CHILDREN'S HOMER. The Adventures of Odysseus and the Tale of Troy. *Illustrated by* WILLY POGANY.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE: AND THE HEROES WHO LIVED BEFORE ACHILLES. *Illustrated by* WILLY POGANY.

THE CHILDREN OF ODIN. *Illustrated by* WILLY POGANY.

THE ISLAND OF THE MIGHTY. From Lady Charlotte Guest's "The Mabinogion." *Illustrated by* WILFRED JONES.

THE BOY WHO KNEW WHAT THE BIRDS SAID. *Illustrated by* DUGALD WALKER.

THE GIRL WHO SAT BY THE ASHES. *Illustrated by* DUGALD WALKER.

THE BOY APPRENTICED TO AN ENCHANTER. *Illustrated by* DUGALD WALKER.

THE CHILDREN WHO FOLLOWED THE PIPER. *Illustrated by*
DUGALD WALKER.

THE PEEP SHOW MAN. *Illustrated by* LOIS LENSKE.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. *By* JONATHAN SWIFT. Edited by Padraic
Colum. Illustrated by Willy Pogany.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. From Lane's Translation, selected and
edited by PADRAIC COLUM. Illustrated by Eric Pape.

AT THE GATEWAYS OF THE DAY. Tales and Legends of Hawaii.
Illustrated by JULIETTE MAY FRASER.

NATURALIZING HIAWATHA

“**H**IAWATHA makes some sensation. Sundry squibs and the like, imitations of the meter, as if it stirred the minds of the readers a little.”

“The Song of Hiawatha” had been published five days when Longfellow made this comment in his journal. The first edition numbered 5,000, and a second was already upon the presses.

“Some of the newspapers are fierce and furious about Hiawatha,” he added three days later, and within three weeks he wrote: “There is the greatest pothor about Hiawatha. It is violently assailed and warmly defended. Six English papers I have already received are on my side (among them ‘The Athenaeum’ and ‘The Saturday Review’).”

What was all the fuss about? Longfellow was being hotly accused of taking not only the meter, which he stated that he had done, but many of the most striking incidents of his poem, from the Finnish epic, Kalevala, without acknowledgment.

“This is truly one of the greatest literary outrages I ever heard of,” writes the gentle poet to Charles Sumner. “I can give chapter and verse for these legends. Their chief value is that they *are* Indian legends. I know the Kalevala very well; and that some of its legends *resemble* the Indian stories preserved by Schoolcraft, but the idea of making me responsible for that is ludicrous.”

The times were the mid '50s, and the professional critics of America had not yet begun to be sufficiently concerned with the folk literatures of other countries, nor well enough acquainted with their own to recognize a native saga at close range. But there were those who did know and who lost no time in writing to Longfellow to say so. "You have the distinction of opening your own road," said Emerson. "You may well call it an 'Indian Edda.' My boy finds it 'like the story of Thor,' which he admires." Hawthorne, then in Liverpool, "read with great delight and a pleasant surprise at finding myself in a new dreamland."

Bayard Taylor, who had gone over the same authorities from which Longfellow drew his material, wrote: "The whole poem floats in an atmosphere of the American Indian summer. . . . It will be parodied, perhaps ridiculed in many quarters, but it will live after the Indian race has vanished from our continent, and there will be no parodies then."

Longfellow himself probably knew better than anyone else how daringly original a contribution he was making to the native literature of his time, and he must have taken heart from letters such as these, and from that remarkable one from Schoolcraft, painting the Indian character as he knew it, for echoes of controversy die away as Hiawatha passes into its fiftieth thousand. "A great sale for an old book!" says Longfellow in 1860. What would he think of present-day figures, I wonder? What do they mean? Have the people of America taken Hiawatha to heart?

Every school child knows the name, to be sure, but how far has racial imagination been fed upon its beauty? How far has our "Indian Edda" been used as a rallying point for "more books about the Indians"—books which may be accurate and informing, but which reveal nothing of the native American spirit? Modern poets are fearful of the meter of Hiawatha, but modern children know no such fear. The danger lies in that highly infectious disease, correlation.

TAYTAY'S MEMORIES

STORIES OF THE PUEBLO INDIANS

Collected and retold by ELIZABETH W. DEHUFF

Illustrated by FRED KABOTIE

Reviewed by HELEN CADY FORBES

THIS is a volume of Pueblo folklore, a collection of the stories handed down by the Taytays, the grandfathers of this ancient and primitive people. Mrs. DeHuff has set them down with a simplicity that carries their original vitality to the reader; each tale is short, retaining the dramatic intensity of stories told, not written. They have the strength that characterizes material obtained at first hand, and the extent of the field for research is shown by the fact that this collection is as fascinating as "Taytay's Tales," published two years ago; there is none of that decline in importance and interest that often weakens second volumes.

The illustrations must be considered an integral part of both these books, for they bring a vivid sense of the life of the Pueblos carried on today as it was before Columbus. They are the work of Fred Kabotie, a Hopi Indian lad, whose paintings have been exhibited in New York. He was only sixteen years



old when he made the drawings for the first volume of "Tales." They give to the eye the identical rhythm and color that is so satisfying in the text. It was this boy who aroused Mrs. DeHuff's interest in the legends; the stories as he told them brought her attention to the possibilities that lay in these tales that had come down through the centuries. Not only are the text and the illustrations right; care has been taken to give the books good form, even to the striking and picturesque covers that seem to have come straight from that land of illimitable sunny spaces. Children are drawn instinctively to these books, and what they find within the covers does not disappoint them.

These legends from the mesas of Arizona and the Rio Grande Valley of New Mexico are full of the spontaneous humor that characterizes folklore everywhere, but in them is the solemnity of the desert; here is formality that is lacking in that other group of American folklore stories to which they have been compared, the Uncle Remus stories. But animals figure as largely in the Indian tales as in the negro; the children's old friend Brer Rabbit is here as Mr. Rabbit-man; there is a Pine-gum Baby, instead of a Tar Baby. Even the German "Wolf and the Seven Little Kids" is told in the Pueblo villages as "The Ten Little Prairie Dogs." Their mother said: "Do not dance outside, children, for if you do an eagle will swoop down upon you and eat you all up." But the ten little prairie dogs only laughed and sang as they danced, "Sair-rah-mah-dah-quee-quee, Moo-cher-quee-quee," which means: "We will dance in safety. Who can harm us?" The air of the song is given as well as the words sung by the disobedient prairie dogs. Here is also the story of Deh-A, who cleared a space on a mountain top to save the world when the great flood came. But there are plenty of legends that will be new to readers, old and young; an Acoma tale of the prayer-plume boy who destroyed the cruel wizard Sown-yoh; the Taos legend of "The Giant and the Twins"; tales from the Zuni and the Navajo and the Hopi and many more. This is folklore, not mythology, quite without any religious element. They seem stories of a new, young world, ingenuously delightful. The

children who read "Taytay's Tales" know them by heart, and this volume will not take second place in their affection.



BOYS' GAMES AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS. *By* EDITH STOW

Illustrated by HUGH SPENCER

"Boys' Games Among the North American Indians" is a genuine addition to the literature of American games and sports in readable form. Many of the games described—Shinny, Football, Snowsnake, Bounce-on-the Rock and the pitching, tossing and stick games—are so directly associated with their favorite sports as to be easily recognizable by the boys and girls of today.

This small book is written with simplicity and clarity, out of well digested information. It holds a definite appeal to the imagination of boys and girls of an inventive turn of mind, and the drawings by an artist familiar with Indian life and customs are in close accord with the text.

The value of the book in association with any study of Indian life is sure to be felt, but I think its primary value lies in its direct appeal to the true

folk spirit and spontaneous interest in athletic sports of the casual reader, young or old. It's a book that sets you thinking and wondering about America, past and present.

THUNDER BOY. *By* OLAF BAKER

Illustrated by PAUL BRANSOM

THIS is the story of the childhood of a little Indian boy in the high forests of Western Canada. But it is not a tale of adventure, in spite of exciting incidents vividly told, for the mysterious life of the wilds takes equal prominence with the plot, and this is in effect a nature book rather than a story. Mr. Baker has placed two other books for older boys in a similar setting, "Shasta of the Wolves" and "Dusty Star." They, too, are filled with the spirit and poetry of the woods, but they are shorter, more powerful.

This is a book of the kind that children love to hear read aloud; reading by himself, a boy will find it necessary to work his way slowly, to be willing to lose the thread of a story that is often interrupted for the sake of rarer pleasures, the scent of wild earth and the sight of towering cliffs. For in "Thunder Boy" the hemlocks and racing waters the trails and swamps and birds engage the attention fully as much as does the boy with his animal friends, his squaw grandmother and his enemies. But the man or child who loves the tremendous Rockies will thoroughly enjoy this book—Olaf Baker does not write down for children. His work is sincere and satisfying.

H. C. F.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Hearts for hearts were only made,
And love with love is only paid.

A VALENTINE is a sentimental thing—a thing of tenuous lace paper, adorned with cupids, forget-me-nots, wreaths of roses, doves and gilded hearts, with a verse inside.

Time was when every lace paper valentine had its own verses and every comic its own joke, and the invention of verses and mottoes was no small part of the fun of Valentine's Day. The Valentine family sensed its responsibility in those days and lived up to it. Proof lies in the charming record contributed to *The Three Owls* by Miss Anon from her *Valentine Annals*. There have been many collectors of old valentines who have given them cherishing care; there have been historians of Valentines, but Miss Anon is not a collector, nor is she an historian, although she is steeped in valentine lore. Miss Anon is an interpreter of the valentines that came her way when she was Sylvia's playmate. Miss Anon has kept her valentines and they speak to her sometimes.

"What do you think of books for valentines?"

"What kind of books?" she asked. "I'd love 'The Queen of Hearts' again, with the Caldecott drawings.



I haven't seen it for years and years. But, remember, a book must be *valentinish*, thin and flowery, with a heart inside, or it's no valentine. Kate Greenaway knew. She drew a valentine on every page."

"The very first of her drawings to bring her luck was a valentine card for Marcus Ward," said I. "Kate Greenaway always sends me to the flower shops to see if the primroses have come over from Boston yet."

"And there's 'The Masque of Days' with Walter Crane's pictures. Do you remember the lovely Candlemas picture and how all the days came to their Day?" said Miss Anon.

"It's an enchanting book, but it's out of print," I replied, "and so is that festive Swedish picture book made out of Hans Andersen's story of 'The Princess

and the Pea.' The cover of 'Gargantua' looks valentinish enough, and so does Gargantua in Paris, but there's just one picture book that has the feel of a lace paper valentine, Miss Anon. It's called 'The Happy Heart Family.' Virginia Gerson wrote the gay little story and made the jolly pictures for it and had it printed in a way children love and bound in rose-pink covers. I wanted to use the picture of Mr. Funny Valentine and Mrs. Fancy Valentine to illustrate what you said about the Valentine Family, but it simply wouldn't reproduce for the Three Owls. Neither would the enchanting one of the Family flying through the air on their swift darts, nor the lovely party, with the pineapple, for the black velvet cat and the red and white-striped nanny goat."



The color printing of this unique children's book should be restored to the quality of its first produc-

tion in subsequent editions, even at increased cost. If I may borrow a title from Miss Anon I'd like to write a little essay on The Responsibility of the Publishing Family and include the Color Printers. Why shouldn't the Three Owls borrow Father Heart's spyglasses and go up and down the road looking for an Edmund Evans to print books for valentines?



THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE VALENTINE FAMILY

ON St. Valentine's Day all the windows in every shop are hung with hearts. Every window in every house has a pretty nose pressed against the pane, watching for the postman. Everybody sends a valentine and everybody wants one—yet who has ever asked:

“Who are the Valentines?”

Well, the Valentines are a family. In fact, they are a very elegant family; their great-great-grandfather was a Saint. There are Mr. Funny Valentine, and Mrs. Fancy Valentine, and all the little Valentines—Cupids every one of them—and they have funny ways of their own, like many other distinguished families.

Mr. Funny Valentine is very comic—he always has his little joke.

Mrs. Fancy Valentine is a very “dressy” lady, all lace paper and forget-me-nots, with hearts and jingles on her sleeves and little bow knots, but oh! take care!—she is the most terrible matchmaker in the world!

All the little Valentines are plump and pink. And on their Day they fly around everywhere through the post carrying messages to Him and to Her. The crush in the postbox is terrible!—then the postman’s key! and they all tumble out helter skelter into the big canvas bag and off on their darts in every direction to the addresses on the envelopes.

Fancy Valentine rings the bell. Sylvia runs to the door! She tears open the lace paper—there are pansies and a red, red rose, and a pink heart pierced by an arrow, and the gilded letters say:

“In these sweet and fragrant posies
True love’s token deep reposes.”

The handwriting is disguised, but she thinks she recognizes it. . . . O! . . .

Funny Valentine rings the bell. Amanda goes to

the door! She is thin and wears No. 9 shoes. She tears open the envelope, the handwriting is disguised—it isn't who she thinks it is—but they never speak again.

Oh! the responsibility of the Valentine family!

What if Cupid had lost his way, and Sylvia had gotten the No. 9's, and the red, red rose and the pink heart pierced with an arrow had come to Amanda?

Miss Anon.



BOOKS AND VERSES FOR VALENTINES

Sweet is the love that meets return

Like two fond hearts that fiercely burn.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS. *By* KATE GREENAWAY.

KATE GREENAWAY'S BIRTHDAY BOOK.

THE MARIGOLD GARDEN. *By* KATE GREENAWAY.

THE LUCK O' THE BEAN ROWS. *By* CHARLES NODIER. Illustrated by Claud Lovat Fraser.

THE HAPPY HEART FAMILY. *By* VIRGINIA GERSON.

A charming nonsense story for little children, illustrated in color by the author, who also designed the typography of the book.

THE MAGIC FISHBONE. *By* CHARLES DICKENS. Illustrated by Francis D. Bedford.

A festive book for any holiday.

KATE GREENAWAY'S ALMANACK.

The colored illustrations are the actual first printing of the 1887 Almanack. The text for the year 1925 is now inserted.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS. One of Randolph Caldecott's Picture Books.

JOHNNY CROW'S PARTY. *By* LESLIE BROOKE.

OTTILIA ADELBORG'S PICTURE BOOK.

A most fascinating picture book in color by a well-known Swedish artist.

THE VALENTINE PARTY. In Nicholas, *by* ANNE CARROLL MOORE.

"Dear Nicholas: Please be our Valentine and come to see the Toy Box in our Theater. All the toys turn real and dance to lovely music."

With thee beside me, oh! my love,
Thy soft eyes fondly meeting mine,
I'll cease my fortunes to reprove,
If thou wilt be my Valentine.



From The Queen of Hearts, by Randolph Caldecott

PICTURE BOOK COUNTRIES

“TRAVELING in Russia is just like the Russian picture books in the children’s room,” wrote Marit Blehr from Moscow in 1913. “Every one who has the wish to go may see what it is like in Russia by opening one of those lovely books.”

Miss Blehr, a Norwegian with several languages at her command, had assisted in bringing together a representative selection of illustrated books for children from European countries when the central building of the New York Public Library was opened in 1911.

From its inception this children’s room was a point of international interest. The first visitors told their friends about it, and more than one European confessed that it was the first place he visited on his arrival in America and the last before sailing away.

“This library work for children is amazing,” said the Danish novelist Herman Bang. “I was prepared for everything else I have seen in America, but this surprises and delights me. It is full of possibilities for future generations. I shall come back and spend a long time in this beautiful room where all countries are remembered.” It was Mr. Bang’s intention to write out his impressions of what he had seen and

felt, but he died a few days later on his way to the Western states. Other writers and educators came—among them the daughter of a well known Russian author with her husband. They were delighted to find among the picture books the Russian picture books they had known as children. It was the familiar association of the picture books of their country with those of other countries that appealed strongly to European visitors. While those Americans who had given little or no thought to the matter gained a new perspective and a truer appreciation of the culture of countries hitherto unknown to them.

Just as the war broke in 1914 came a lecturer and teacher of library science from Russia, who had seen pictures of the work for children at the exhibition of graphic arts held at Leipzig that summer. Her visit bore fruit for the children of Russia, even in the difficult years that followed, and at Christmas time, 1923, came a gift of new Russian picture books to the American children's room, where the old ones were cherished by an ever-widening circle of admirers of their decorative art and their gorgeous color printing. In response to a number of requests for a series of articles about foreign books for children, Miss Leonore Power, who first assisted Miss Blehr, and who has been for some years in charge of the children's room, will contribute three or more special articles during the next few months. Since the Russian books have been of special interest from their first appearance, Miss Power is making them the subject of her first article. She begs me to tell the readers of "The

Three Owls" that she does not read the Russian language and merely records her personal experience with these delightful books over a period of years.



TALES FROM RUSSIA

By LEONORE ST. JOHN POWER

WHEN that vivid and fantastic entertainment, the "Chauve Souris," came to town some three years ago New York lost its heart, as well as its purse, to the witchery of actors who always seemed to be having such a good time themselves. "Are these wooden soldiers parading so stiffly and with such deliciously silly decorum Russians?" asked the New Yorker, grown accustomed to the vision of a Russia peopled by Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky. "Yes," said the wooden soldiers, reversing with humorous

precision, "we are!" And as with clever buffonery M. Balieff introduced the droll romance of "Katinka" and the ludicrously satiric "Sudden Death of a Horse; or, the Greatness of the Russian Soul," New York settled back and watched these Russians take off grand opera with a great show of fun, whirl through the air in a Tartar dance, sing and laugh with the high spirits and spontaneity of children. The performance seemed like a fascinating picture book—something that the actors had made up themselves out of the things they had seen and heard when they were children.

A glance at the picture books which have been coming over to America from Russia for the last few years reveals some of the secrets of the "Chauve Souris." There are the skazki, or fairy tales, rich in feeling for the mystery of the dense forests and the wind-swept steppe. Though the skazki are centuries old and reflect the life and history of Russia the tales reached literary recognition and publication in book form only at the end of the eighteenth century. The gifted young poet, Aleksander Pushkin, took from one of the skazki the theme for his poem "Ruslan and Ludmila," and thus in 1820 introduced the men of letters of his time to the rich treasure to be found in Russia's folklore and legend. Later Pushkin delved deeper into these ancient tales and produced a series of fairy tale poems, among them "The Golden Cock" and "The Story of the Fisherman and the Fish." The latter tale is similar in events to Grimm's story of the fisherman's wife, whose ambition to be

king, emperor and then Pope is her undoing. "The Golden Cock" is none other than the merry opera "Coq d'Or," which Willy Pogany a few years ago provided with imaginative and colorful scenery strongly reminiscent of the illustrations which the Russian artist, I. A. Bilibin, made for Pushkin's version of this legend.



Decorations from Pushkin's The Golden Cock

It is the Bilibin illustrations which have made Pushkin familiar to American children, for there is no English translation of the fairy tale poems obtainable. But the pictures, with their rich color, their medieval splendor, the turreted cities, the gorgeous costumes, the decorative flowers and trees, make the stories intelligible to imaginative children. In addi-

tion to these Bilibin illustrated a series of fairy tales which have been translated into English by Post Wheeler, under the title "Russian Wonder Tales." The glory of the illustrations is greatly dimmed by poor reproductions, but even so, they are interesting. The collection presents variety in its selection, high romance holds forth in "Maria Morevna," the story of a beautiful woman warrior carried off by Katchey the Wizard "across three times nine Tzardoms" to his own country. Muzhichek, a forest monster as high as the knee, with moustaches seven versts long, and possessing an invisible servant, Schmat-Razum, provides Taraban, the archer, with adventures enough to daunt the bravest hero of fairyland, and the witch, Baba-Yaga, spreads terror to all who venture into the forest. Not bedtime stories for little children assuredly, but a fine stimulus for the older child who responds to the thrill of the supernatural and weird. Other translations of the skazki, "Russian Fairy Tales," by Robert Nisbet Bain, and "The White Duckling," by Nathan Haskell Dole, add to the store of tales which have so far come out of Russia.

Besides these romantic legends, Russia has a wealth of animal tales and fables, some of which have come down by way of the peasant's hut, while others are the products of the writers of the day. In that golden era of Russian literature, the early nineteenth century, Krylov, the poet, wrote fables which were read by "men of letters, merchants, men of the world, servants and children." The fables deal with animals, birds, fishes and men; the peasant is often the

hero; they are sometimes satirical and nearly always brimful of humor.

To-day the Government Printing Press in Moscow gives Russian children more fables. Such a one is



From Good But Bad

“Good But Bad,” the story of a master and a peasant who meet upon the road and exchange greetings, which run something in this wise:

Master—Peasant, where do you come from?

Peasant—From far away. From the city of Rostov and Master Tolstov.

Master—Is the city big?

Peasant—I didn’t measure it.

And so on, while the peasant tells how he purchased a measure of peas, only to lose them all except two which he sowed, to all of which the master says, "That is good!" and the peasant replies, "Good but not so good," and promptly recounts a further adventure ending in misadventure, until in the end the peasant goes to law to sue the church and loses his cow and his horse—everything is "Good but Bad." The pictures, in brilliant color, are clever and very amusing and add a piquancy to the fun of the conversations. There is, unfortunately, no translation of this.

The English-speaking child need not miss entirely the Russian animal stories, for Valery Carrick has made three most amusing picture books—"Picture Tales from the Russian," "More Russian Picture Tales" and "Still More Russian Picture Tales"—which abound in bears and cocks, rams and wolves, who fool the peasants and each other only to find out that "honesty is the best policy" in this world, after all. The stories are translated into simple English by Nevill Forbes.

That the old skazki and fables have an enduring influence upon the literature of Russia and upon the character of the people is shown again in the work of Mamin Siberiak, who, living in the mountain fastnesses with his family during the revolutionary days in Russia, wrote for his little daughter tales that reflect the influences in his own childhood while picturing things nearer at hand. There is the same intense love of nature, the same belief in the nearness of man

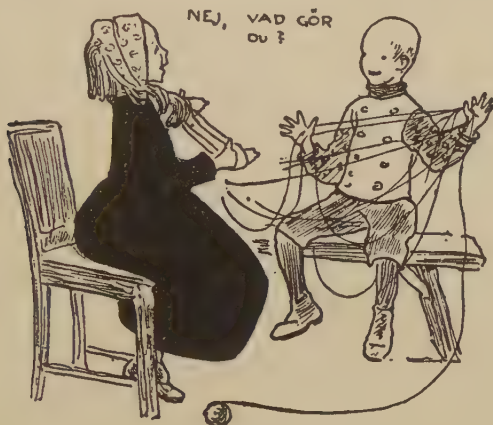
and animals and the same philosophical humor which loves to picture the foibles of man in the lives of insects, which coupled with a description of a child's birthday party in which dolls and children end in a grand fracas, is an entertaining combination. In offering "Verotchka's Tales" to his daughter the author describes what is coming in this way: "Sleep, Verotchka, the story begins. The full moon in heaven looks into the window. The cockeyed rabbit hops on his haunches and the wolf's eyes flash yellow fire lights. The bear, Mishka, is sucking his paw, and the old sparrow flies up to the window, pecks the pane with his bill and asks, 'How soon, now?' " Boris Artzybasheff, son of the Russian novelist, has furnished interesting decorations and drawings for the American edition of "Verotchka's Tales."

PICTURE TALES OF SWEDEN

By LEONORE ST. JOHN POWER

IT IS not always that the picture books of a country are mirrors in which to see the homes of that country. When it is so, as it is in the Swedish picture books for little children, there is no more intimate and delightful way in which to gather impressions and make friends with a new people. In these picture books it is as if whole families paraded before you showing how it is with them in the fine cities and on the lonely hill farms. Grown-ups and children alike are seen laughing at the predicaments of mayors and parsons, picnics and parties abound, the

green hillsides open and show the good Tomte and his family washing up the flowers for spring, out of the lakes come the nachen—the sun streams down upon a happy world in which children always come back to their little red chairs in the nursery no matter how far their picture book adventures may take them.



When the Swedish picture book children go home they find a kitchen where there are good smells, they hear father making jokes, and if they are lucky they can pull the red chairs close to the tile stove in the corner and get grandmother to tell how it was in the parish when she was young. In "Mårbacka" Selma Lagerlöf, writing of her own childhood, pictures a home that gives ample insight into the reasons why home is an attractive background for the artists and writers who make the picture books of this nation. The little red chairs in Miss Lagerlöf's home

were made especially dear to the children by having the photograph of the owner on the bottom—"on one was Johan, a boy in blue with a long riding whip in his hand; on another posed Anna, a dainty maid in a red frock and a yellow leghorn hat—sniffing at a nosegay; while on the third was Selma, a tiny tot in a blue dress and striped apron, but with nothing in her hand and nothing on her head." Once when the irresistibly gay Lieutenant Lagerlöf and Fru Lagerlöf were off at a party and the children were in bed, the housemaids drew the little red chairs up to the fire in the nursery and in whispers told each other family legends. The children, feigning sleep, listened delightedly and were cheered to think they had such interesting ancestors.

Carl Larsson has done much to preserve the charms of Swedish home life by making the picture books "Ett Hem" and "Andras Barn" out of his house, his garden, his family. Here are the little red chairs to the life, here are the cupboard beds, the kitchen glittering with copper pots and pans, here are father and mother, the cat, the dog, and from out of the windows the blue sky and the gently rolling hills. Carl Larsson dips his brush in wonderful reds to make a farmhouse, and in golden yellows to make Lisa's hair as she swings round a slender white birch tree. Once you look into "Ett Hem" a Swedish country home becomes quite real and interesting. Incidentally, it may be added that Carl Larsson's pictures may be had separately and make colorful and unusual decoration for a child's room.

Another artist who has given her talents to making picture books for children is Elsa Beskow. In "Mors Lilla Olle" she uses her delicate imagination to picture the nursery songs. Here is the pussy willow wrapped up in fur awaiting the call of spring, here are forests with dense trees and a ground covered with



frail flowers, here are children and animals all set in a thoroughly Swedish landscape. "Borgmestar Munte" suggests the Mårbacka family in some of its scenes. There is a lively procession of a proud mayor, followed by his family that reminds one of Lieutenant Lagerlöf's march down the high street of Goteborg with his women and children. There is always a laugh tucked away when a Swedish family make holiday in a picture book.

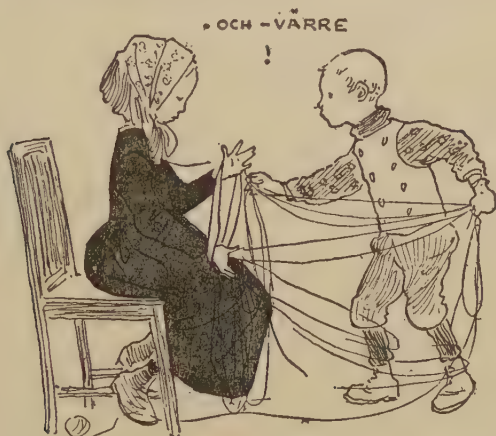
That Swedish children are encouraged to have adventures far and near, even if they do come home

in the end, is shown in "Lillebrors Segelfard," illustrated with such delicious humor that it is beloved of American children who find in the pictures plenty to cover their inability to read the text. The story starts with Little Brother and his Teddy Bear sailing away for adventure in distant lands. They come to an island where the little Negro children bring them a boatload of cocoanuts, dates and figs, and then sailing on again they come to China and meet an emperor who lives in a porcelain castle and is the most obliging of men.

For many years American children have enjoyed Otilia Adelborg's "Clean Peter and the Children of Grubbylea" translated from the original "Pelle Snygg, och barneni Snaskeby," though other books by this skillful artist have not been translated. She excels in making lovely decorative flower designs, fairy-like ships and scenes from peasant life. There is a great variety to the scenes in her "Bilderbok." There is something about the little peasant girl with the milk cans that reminds one of the hill farms where the cows go tinkling over the green slopes to spend the day in the woods. It is a picture book that is characteristically Swedish and yet international in its appeal.

"Come, children, let's sing Bellman!" said Lieutenant Lagerlöf, and straightway every corner of the house was full of the singing and the merriment. That the children hadn't singing voices grieved Mamselle Lovisa, the Lieutenant's sister, but mattered not at all to the fond papa who was letting the children

have a good time in a traditional way. Everybody sings in Sweden, apparently, and the children are provided with picture books of old songs and new songs. Alice Tegner has written the music for a number of these songs. In "Borgmestar Munte" the



*Three pictures from Bilderbok, by Ottilia
Adelborg*

music is given for the amusing verses, and in "Mors Lilla Olle" there is music for marching games and play songs.

One of the more recent picture books, "Kattresan Bilderbok," is a hilarious tale of a little girl who goes on a journey with her cat. Their adventures make up the fun of the story, for they reverse the order of things and the creatures they meet are all afraid of the gallant cat. A bit of good child psychology it is to send roosters and pigs, and even the small fishes

in the stream, scurrying in fright from the advance of a little girl and a cat. In the end they come to the king, who is so lost in admiration of the brave pair that he feeds them cakes until they nearly burst.

The "Princessan Som Inte kunde Skratta" is the old tale about the poor princess who could not laugh, made into a gay picture book, whose familiar story carries it straight to the heart of every lover of traditional nursery lore. For these Swedish picture book artists are indeed true lovers of nursery lore as well as painters of the everyday life of their own country.

A TRUE FAIRY TALE

IT IS a wise government that learns to know the value of its own traditions and fairy lore and seeks to preserve them in imperishable form.

Selma Lagerlöf was Sweden's greatest novelist when she was commissioned by the National Teachers' Association to write a reader for the public schools of her country. And what a reader she gave to the whole world in "Nils Holgersson's Journey"! The book was published in Stockholm in December, 1906, and it became immediately the most popular book of the year in Scandinavia. Since then it has been translated into many languages, becoming "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils" in English, and Selma Lagerlöf has gone on writing novels.

"Did she write her children's story out of what

she already knew or did she make it up?" asks the reckless writer of another country.

She did neither. Selma Lagerlöf is far too wise and too true an artist for that. The first thing she did was to recharge all her batteries by spending three years in the study of nature in all its forms and in seeking out unpublished folklore and legends of different provinces. Then she took another year to write her story.

"She can speak all languages," said a well known Swedish critic, "the language of birds and animals and the language of flowers; but first and last is childhood's language."

It was at Mårbacka in Varmland that Selma Lagerlöf learned that language for "always and always" and it isn't in the least strange that her vivid memories have set the leaves of the Swedish picture books rustling for a party for Nils Holgersson.

THE THREE OWLS EXPLORE

THE Three Owls have been flying in and out among plasterers, stonecutters and painters exploring the mysteries of the new Cleveland Public Library.

It is a beautiful building, designed for the enchantment of the staff of workers, as well as for the comfort and convenience of hosts of readers. The Three Owls liked the roof best of all. There's a wide walk all the way round, suggesting the deck of an ocean liner, and from the high garden wall above it you look far out upon the blue waters of Lake Erie. It's going to be a fine place for ideas up there—a wonderful place to take books that seem foggy, or flimsy, or knockkneed, and prove their claim to consideration.

On the third floor there is a magic gate leading straight to the Arabian Nights in twenty different languages and to a treasure room wonderful to behold. There with the old ballads, the proverbs, the folk tales and the music, a spacious room for the children and their books bears the name of Lewis Carroll and another for the boys and girls just entering their teens that of Robert Louis Stevenson.

With a big moving day so near at hand we might well have hesitated to ask for ideas for the Three

Owls, but for our own experience of library movings. It's just the time for casting off the old and worn out—just the time for a fresh look at books, both new and old—just the time for thinking of all the different people who read books and reviews of books.

The first suggestion came from the editor of publications for the Cleveland Public Library: "I have been looking back over the file of 'Books,' " said she, and "I find The Three Owls have been chiefly concerned with the purely imaginative and fanciful among children's books. How about the realistic stories and books of information? Are you planning to deal with them in any way?"

"The Three Owls are ready for anything," we replied. "Their own first absorbing interest is in creative work, but they recognize the need for considering books in general, and they are looking for reviewers who have the experience and judgment to appraise books of the realistic and informational type. That's one of the reasons why we came to Cleveland just now. We've been speaking on the reviewing of children's books at the Carnegie Library at Pittsburgh, at Western Reserve University, and at the University of Illinois, partly to free our own mind, partly to rouse new reviewers. Which of the subjects you've missed from the Three Owls will you write about?"

The Three Owls flew in and out of Cleveland's book shops all afternoon and found tables spread for St. Valentine's Day everywhere; and from one of

the shops we have wanted to visit for years—a shop where Nils Holgersson on his Goose, is beloved, we came away with Selma Lagerlöf's "Mårbacka"—that fascinating record of her own childhood. From another shop of intimate treasure rooms and small picture galleries, a shop where books are so placed on shelves and tables as to suggest ownership rather than merchandising—from this delightful shop we walked away with our first fountain pen. Altogether, it's been a week of red letter days for the Three Owls who have found their page read and criticized in libraries, bookshops, and universities.

THE AMERICAN ADVENTURE

AMERICA. *By* GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP

Illustrated by PHILIP VON SALTZA

Reviewed by JOSEPHINE ADAMS RATHBONE

ONCE upon a time history was written by historians, grave and learned, addicted to the use of footnotes, bibliographies and maps, carefully drawn to scale to convey exact information. But with the coming of the impressionistic school of historical writing all that has been changed. Any one can write history to-day, provided he has an imagination unencumbered by too much knowledge, a lively sense of the drama of life from elemental chaos to the day after to-morrow, and a facile pen capable of compressing epochs into a paragraph and centuries into a phrase. The result of this new method is often readable, sometimes thrilling, but will it take the place and do the work of the substantial, informative, if sometimes over-detailed and dull, history of the historians?

What librarians, especially children's librarians, have longed for, so far in vain, is a compilation of the two, a one-volume American history that, with a basis of sound scholarship, shall present the story of America without partisanship, vividly, dramatically,

and with a true perspective and sense of values. It was with that hope in mind that I approached "America," by George Philip Krapp. The subtitle, "The Great Adventure, a History From the Discovery to the Present Time," the picture of Indians on the jacket and the line of prairie schooners trailing across the end papers, the vivid illustrations, all fanned my hopes high. But as I read on the conviction came that while the work has value and interest, it was not *the* American history children's librarians crave, and by itself, unsupplemented by real histories, it would give but a partial, limited, and at times wholly distorted view. It is all very well to avoid over-emphasizing or glorifying war, but to eliminate all mention of King Philip's War, of Bacon's rebellion, of the Battle of the Plains of Abraham (the capture of Quebec being dismissed with half a line), of the exploits of John Paul Jones, or Oliver Hazard Perry; to speak of the Mexican War as a dispute over boundaries, with no suggestion of the part played by Texas (the Alamo quite forgotten); to omit all mention of the Abolition movement, of John Brown's raid or of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from the chapters of the Civil War is going too far, and omissions such as these seriously impair the historical value as well as the interest of the book.

Politics also are minimized to such a degree that the only reference in the index to the Republican party is "Republican Party, Founded by Jefferson, 230," and no indication is given in the appendix, in which the Presidents appear in chronological order,

with the place and dates of their birth and death, of the political parties to which they belonged. The Constitution, the functions of the central government and the relation of the states to it, (as well as the leading policies and issues), are well and clearly developed. Excellent character sketches of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt are given, though the latter might be regarded by some as a bit Riisian, but, on the other hand, in the chapter on the great war, Woodrow Wilson's name is not even mentioned, nor is there any intimation of his having been remotely concerned with the establishment of the League of Nations. The only references to either Grover Cleveland or President Wilson in the index are to their appearance in the appended list of Presidents.

Much space is devoted to the development of transportation, of agriculture, of industries, and there is a fair-minded chapter on capital and labor. Education, on the other hand, is almost completely, and literature entirely ignored, thus over-emphasizing the materialistic elements in our civilization and presenting little for a more idealistic patriotism to feed upon.

From the librarian's point of view, however, the most serious omission is that of any suggestion to the young reader of other books that would appeal to an awakened interest,—there is no bibliography of any sort, the only book on America referred to by title anywhere in the 400 pages is "Roosevelt's Winning of the West," and that in the chapter on Roosevelt, not in connection with the trans-Alleghany expansion. There is not even a casual reference to "The

Oregon Trail," nor any mention of a biography of Washington, of Lincoln, of Daniel Boone, or of the other heroes boys love.

A minor point is the sketchy character of the maps. If they were really contemporary with the events their distortions could be understood and their decorative value appreciated, but a map of the Old World as out of scale and proportion as that facing page 29 would only confuse a child to no purpose.

No, this decidedly is not *the* American history of our hopes, but it is a readable, well articulated narrative that, with its limitations understood and allowed for, will form a useful addition to the history shelves of a children's room, intermediate collection or high school library.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

IT WAS the French officers who began the celebration of Washington's Birthday, and from the first it was marked as a festal day. Year after year, George Washington danced at his own "Birthnight Ball" and the charming Nelly Custis chose February 22nd for her wedding day at Mount Vernon.

In the first year of the Presidency, Washington spent his birthday moving his household treasures from Franklin Square to the house on Broadway where the French Minister had been living. Apparently, the President did whatever he liked on his birthday, and made the day a part of his life in New York, no less than at Mount Vernon. This accounts for the genuine holiday atmosphere which has always surrounded the day, and it seems strange indeed that no more festive, light-hearted, and life-giving literature has grown out of so many years of continuous celebration.

The Three Owls felt the lack of living tribute to their great hero as they flitted from bookshop to bookshop, from library to library, in Chicago, Detroit and Urbana-Champaign.

"Why is Washington, who was so wonderful, still commonly held to be so deadly?" asked the critic

Owl. "Where did you get your first feeling for Washington?" he boldly inquired of the book-knowing and book-loving librarian of the Chicago Public Library.

"At Mount Vernon," was the quick reply.

"Did you go there when you were a boy?" asked the writing Owl.

"Yes," he answered and drove silently on beside Lake Michigan.

"The first time I came to Chicago I hated it," volunteered the writing Owl—"hated it, because people were always trying to show me things about the place—things that can't be pointed out, they have to be seen and felt. The next time I came alone, and when I saw the birds flying over the Art Institute I began to sense the beauty of Chicago. It's been growing upon me ever since."

"You need a picture to set you off," said the artist Owl. "Whether it's Chicago or George Washington. I don't mean a Stuart portrait or an exhibition of Chicago and near-Chicago artists, like the one we have just been looking at, but a picture that takes hold of you and lives in your memory—I have one of Washington moving the lilac bushes to the north Garden Gate at Mount Vernon on one of his birthdays. I always see trees and green things growing and flowers blooming when I think of Washington."

"Then why on earth do you artists go on painting and drawing Washington as if he was always in Continental uniform?" inquired the critic Owl, and then he added: "I asked a little girl in New York

what she knew about Washington, and she answered that he was 'Our first President and had been dead too long to be interesting any more,' although she confessed to having written a composition about him in school only the day before."

"Couldn't you interest her in any of the books about Washington?" asked a zealous young librarian.

The critic Owl solemnly shook his head. "It was hopeless," he said; "quite hopeless. She would have none of them, and so I asked her to go for a walk with me instead—a long walk around the old Murray Farm, and we stopped in front of the Library Lions to gather a bunch of scarlet sweet peas in remembrance of General Washington."

"I like just walking round and finding something beautiful," she remarked, as we came out from seeing the Grand Central Station for the first time.

"So did George Washington," said I. "His favorite walk was round the Battery when he lived in New York."

"Tell me some more about George Washington. I didn't know he ever went for a walk."



STORIES OF AMERICAN LIFE

“**S**HALL you invite any plain boys and girls from the Everyday Country?” asks Dr. Crothers in “Miss Muffet’s Christmas Party.”

Miss Muffet, on reflection, decides that she will. “For, after all,” says she, “some of the people who live in the Everyday Country are just as nice as the Dreamland people, only they haven’t had the same advantages.”

We are richer in children’s stories out of the Everyday Country of American life than we commonly realize until our attention is directed to the number that have been translated into other languages in the last twenty-five years. No other country has a literature comparable to the American fiction written for children in which child characters live and move and are acted upon by an environment so localized as to carry something akin to the atmosphere of that type of folk tale in which a child-like older people play an active part.

We are so accustomed to Jo March, to Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, to Tom Bailey, Katy Carr, Betty Leicester, Babette of New Orleans and Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm that it is difficult to picture an America peopled by Rollo and Jonas and

youths from the moral tales and juvenile libraries for whom Dr. Crothers arranges the Serious Symposium at his delightful party for characters in children's books.

Beechnut of Jacob Abbott's "Franconia Stories" would have been a shining light at such a party; but it is Jonas, not Beechnut, who lives in Dr. Crothers's memory, and the reason why, I fancy, is that not until the late 1870's did we begin to single out child characters as personalities rather than mere abstractions of virtue or awful examples of youthful folly or wickedness. Even then we went about it rather fearfully and were singularly blind to the power of the truthful record of life as it is seen and interpreted by writers with dramatic skill and deep love of the environment in which their stories were created.

Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" was frequently confused with Peck's—its title alone withholding it from many a straight-laced household. That the story pictured a locality and recorded life as one boy saw it and felt it, had no such appeal to the age of its publication as it has to our own.

Fortunately, it is no longer considered reprehensible for American boys and girls to read novels in their early teens; and probably no surer contributory influence to early appreciation of truthful local color is to be found than in just such stories as those of Elsie Singmaster, whose work as a novelist and writer of short stories has associated her name not only with the Dutch settlers of Pennsylvania, but also with the town of Gettysburg, which is her home.

WITHDRAWN FROM
CANISIUS COLLEGE LIBRARY

Miss Singmaster's "When Sarah Saved the Day" appeared first in 1909, and for sixteen years Sarah has held her own with old and tried characters in books for girls on the simple basis of pure realism. Sarah came out of the State of Pennsylvania to tell children in other parts of the country what life was like for her and the children she mothered.

PENNSYLVANIA STORIES

A BOY AT GETTYSBURG. *By* ELSIE SINGMASTER

Reviewed by ALICE M. JORDAN

When I get to hebbin, goin' to see Marse Linkum
Walkin' all over God's hebbin.

THIS improvised refrain from the old negro spiritual gives the keynote for "A Boy at Gettysburg," by Elsie Singmaster. Through the pages of the book walks the figure of Abraham Lincoln. Only once, it is true, in person, when he mounts the platform to deliver his immortal speech, but his influence appears from the first chapter, when the news of his nomination is awaited with tense anxiety, to the last, when a lame, tired boy waits in the long procession eager to grasp the hand of the President.

Carl Mottern's story covers the few years from the nomination of Lincoln to the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg. The lonely old mill, near which he lived with his grandfather, was a secret station in the underground railroad bearing many dark travelers into safety. We do not need to be told

that the story is based upon actual happenings, that it pictures a definite locality. Of this there is internal evidence in the vividness of the narrative, in the life-like characters.

Carl's old grandfather, with his haunting fear that "they'll break up the best government in the world," massive Maggie Bluecoat, the free negress, whose campaign song echoes amid despair and rejoicing alike, the boy who is the center of the scene, and his kindly friends, all seem real persons whose fortunes are set in a real place, in days clouded by rumors and alarms.

Here, like familiar landmarks around home, are Culp's Hill and Seminary Ridge and Round Top, with hostile armies surging over them. Would a boy know how it seems to be in a village near the border when war knocks at the door? Let him share with Carl the visits to town to pick up the news, let him watch the pathetic retreat of non-combatants, let him look out upon rank after rank of marching men.

The struggle of those three days of July, 1863, gives wide scope to the skill of Elsie Singmaster's pen. From them, and from the spirit of Abraham Lincoln, she draws her happiest inspiration.

Gettysburg during the three days is the scene of another book, telling the story of fifteen-year-old Emmeline, who, caught at her grandfather's farm by the storm of battle, turns her housewifely talents to the task of giving comfort to her enemies, stanch Unionist though she is. No dogmatic statement that there are two sides to every controversy will carry

half as much weight in a child's mind as this picture of Emmeline cooking for the Southern soldiers in the kitchen on the farm. There is no war glamour in these adventures.

"Pennsylvania is the most interesting state in the Union and this is its most interesting county," says one of the characters in "John Baring's House," speaking of the Gettysburg country. It is not the least of Miss Singmaster's achievements that she is able to convey to us a reflection of this sentiment for her native state. She has drawn with vigor and distinctness a period of profound interest to Americans. She has painted the true character of a sturdy and unpolished people with delicacy and understanding. She has enriched our children's bookshelves by adding a gallery of boys and girls, every one with a genuine, human personality.

And what a plucky group of young people they are! Carl Mottern, bearing the stinging taunt of cowardice, as he tenderly cares for his aged grandfather; Elizabeth Scott, loyal and devoted sister, determined to solve the mystery of John Baring's character; Emmeline, the unwilling witness to the destruction following in the train of war; and lovable Sarah Wenner, with her quaint speech, her humor and her gallant defense of her young brood.

Miss Singmaster is quoted as believing that "there is a greater danger in making books for children too simple rather than too difficult." For children of the age for which she writes she believes the plot should have all the qualities of a good story for adults and

the telling should be as accurate. Given the rich inheritance of history and tradition to which she is heir, given the trained craftsmanship of a skillful novelist, above all, given the discernment to know what interests young people, plus this creed, and the secret of Elsie Singmaster's success in writing for boys and girls is no secret at all.

ELSIE SINGMASTER'S BOOKS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

WHEN SARAH SAVED THE DAY.

The well-told story of a Pennsylvania Dutch child who saved their home for her younger brothers and sisters.

WHEN SARAH WENT TO SCHOOL.

In which fifteen-year-old Sarah realizes her dream of going to normal school, a sequel to the first book.

EMMELINE.

Emmeline, a girl of fifteen, cooks and shares the nursing of the Confederate soldiers who take possession of her grandmother's house during the Battle of Gettysburg.

A BOY AT GETTYSBURG.

The story of Carl Mottern, a boy of fifteen, who lived at Gettysburg in Lincoln's time.

THE LONG JOURNEY.

An historical story of the migration of John Conrad and his son to the new world in Colonial times.

JOHN BARING'S HOUSE.

KATY GAUMER.

Katy Gaumer is a good novel for girls in the early teens, giving a more extended picture of Pennsylvania-German life.

BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI WITH A
SILVER SIXPENCE

THE NEW MOON. *By* CORNELIA MEIGS

Reviewed by ALICE M. JORDAN

AMERICAN history is one long series of picturesque and romantic episodes, only waiting for writers who have imagination to discern them and literary skill sufficient to kindle a responsive glow in the minds of boys and girls, such a writer is Cornelia Meigs.

Her first book with an historical background was "Master Simon's Garden," a story of New England in Colonial and Revolutionary days. If she stressed somewhat heavily the grimmer aspects of Puritanism, it was only to bring into more striking contrast the lovable characters of Master Simon and his daughter, Margaret, whose charity for pagans, Catholic and Quakers had its root elsewhere than in the gospel of fear.

"The New Moon," Miss Meigs's latest venture in her chosen field, is a fine tale of pioneer days, binding the Irish countryside to the rich grazing lands of the Middle West. From the moment we meet Dick Martin on the steps of his tumbledown cottage in Ireland, "neither a very little boy nor a very big one, but the size just between," he has our heart. Two lessons he learned before leaving home. The wise woman taught him that you must dig deep if you would find a sixpence in every row. The sailor taught him that "it's the little coins and the little minutes that make a life happy in the end."

It was the moon and sixpence that took this boy and his dog, Cormac, across the great state of Pennsylvania on foot, over the Mississippi and into the unsettled wilderness, in company with Thomas Garrity and a flock of sheep. Thomas Garrity, the old shepherd whose forbidding exterior hid a tender heart, is a strong personality. His is the vision and the urge of the pioneer, his the steadfast purpose set to make a home on the spacious plains, beyond the white man's settlements. A good companion for any lonely boy was Thomas Garrity, once the ice was broken.

Equally convincing, though more lightly drawn, are the prosperous German farmers passed on the journey westward, and the fierce trappers whose frontier existence knew no law but that of necessity and the will of the strongest. The contact with the Indian neighbors, growing into the close friendship between Dick and Mateo, the Indian boy; the loyalty of each to the other through dangers and hardships and happy living, these will seem real experience to many girls and boys.

It is an appealing story, graced by a sense of beauty in nature, no less than in character. Cornelia Meigs is alive to the colors of the changing seasons, the splendor of great rivers, the sweep of hills and valleys. Few are the writers for children who have given a picture of pioneering at once so fresh, so charming, so true.

THE EVERYDAY COUNTRY OF ELIZA ORNE WHITE

EVER since the publication of "When Molly Was Six," in the nineties, round the name of Eliza Orne White has floated a bright train of happy memories and associations, bringing the spicy flavor of good talk and lively child-like incident into stories for little children—bringing to them also delightful pictures of a freshly discovered natural world with plenty of skating, coasting and sleigh-riding.

Eliza Orne White writes her stories in Brookline, Mass., but she lived her own child life in Keene, N. H., companioned by a father who was keenly sensitive to the natural beauty and the spiritual life of his own country—a father born in Salem, who had traveled in far foreign lands and who loved books and people, especially children. He was the kind of young man, his daughter tells us, "who on one of his walks in the English Lake country, on finding himself in the neighborhood of Wordsworth's house, was seized with the desire to stop and thank him for the pleasure which his verses had given him." The poet himself opened the door and invited William White to stay to supper. "It was there," she continued, "that he first saw the very large strawberries such as he had not seen in America."

In the small volume of his letters, chosen with the taste and skill so characteristic of her work, Miss White gives further hint of this unpremeditated visit. In this book she has paid loving tribute to an unusual father and she has also revealed the spirit and the background of her own performance as a writer for children.

The letters of William Orne White, especially the half dozen written to his daughter between the ages of four and ten years, show how rich was the legacy of native wit and humor left by this Unitarian minister, who, as a small boy, was found preaching to the pigeons and who kept up a lifelong intimacy with birds and animals, especially cats.

"He was in the habit of closing his eyes to the faults of his children," says Miss White. "My father, feeling that we could do no wrong, knew that Patty Tompkins must have taken possession of us if things did not go satisfactorily. Patty Tompkins was an early exponent of dual personality," says Miss White, and carefully notes her characteristics. "She was a most unpleasant person, being cross, irritable and fault-finding, or very willful and determined."

One felt the reality of Eliza Orne White's stories before, but in these letters is living testimony to the value of remembered childhood days which have been purged of reminiscence by the art of the story-teller. True, the big black sled that Molly Benson finds on her birthday is the very one on which Eliza Orne

White coasted downhill with her father, and the hill itself is the very same hill. But it is as if Miss White looked back only to get the *feel* of the child she had known best to give life to a new character.

And how well she knows that even small children may be deeply moved by the great events of their time! Out of poignant memories of the Civil War in her own childhood before she was ten she wrote her story of "The Blue Aunt," who goes to France in the World War.

It was while she was writing this story that we met for the first time in Boston and fell into a discussion of the realities which have place in books for children—a discussion carried over from the Bookshop for Boys and Girls to a long sunshiny afternoon in the old house in Brookline where another of her war-time records was made in "The Strange Year."

Of all Miss White's characters, and I cannot spare one of them, Molly Benson and little Marietta Hamilton seem to me the most perfect in conception. They are out of New England—they are indeed the very flower and fruit of New England, yet their appeal is to the heart and imagination of a child living anywhere, for they are full of feelings of home. Never were cats and kittens, chickens and dolls given so real a share in the daily life of children as they are in Miss White's stories, and never were children more happily introduced to new friends and playmates to understanding and non-understanding older people.

NEW ENGLAND STORIES

TONY. *By* ELIZA ORNE WHITE*Reviewed by* KATHLEEN ELLIOTT

LIKE all of Eliza Orne White's work, "Tony" stands refreshingly apart from the ordinary run of children's books. It is distinctly an enjoyable story and has a vividness that belongs only to good writing. Tony is not an Italian organ-grinder, as the highly colored frontispiece suggests. He is only a little boy of six and a half with an adventurous turn of mind. Wherever he is he has a good time. One enjoys with him his small adventures at the seaside and at home in winter. Another interesting character, "not exactly a brother," is Sandy, a bright yellow and orange cat. Aunt Laura, who is a friendly, efficient person, very keen on clean hands, even in cats, is always making remarks about Sandy. But, as Tony remarks, "Aunt Laura's shoes wouldn't be so white if she had to clean them with her tongue."

To read "Tony" as I did, as one of about thirty new books for younger children, was to come upon a very unusual realism. One follows through the book no thread of pure story interest. The story is composed merely of a number of incidents. Interesting as they are at the time, they do not explain the book's peculiar hold on the memory. The secret of Miss White's charm is her ability to make her people talk.

This is the writer's rare achievement, as it is the child's chief demand of a story. Incidentally, it is the one excellent substitute there is in a child's book for

pictures. One is aware of Miss White's humor, of her discrimination, of her craftsmanship. But she is a past master in the art of making children live in her pages.

In fact, to that small cosmopolitan gallery of real children in literature Miss White has contributed one of the most delightful of little girls in her book, "A Little Girl of Long Ago." Marietta Hamilton, with a wooden doll in her arms—a rare possession of three hours—whose nose is already gone, and a bucket of sugar plums in her hand, is presented to us on the deck of the sailing ship *Topaz*, bound about a hundred years ago from Scotland to America.

It is the tiny old city of Boston that we see through Marietta's eyes, the Boston whose Common was boarded off into a seclusion suitable for the afternoons of two little girls of six. Of it they preferred the Beacon Mall part. There were no cows there. "Who would think," said Leonora, when her doll's household goods had disappeared from the foot of a tree overnight, "who would think that this peaceful common wasn't a safe place!"

In the summer came the bathing at Braman's baths, near the corner of Charles and Beacon streets, on the river. This was Marietta's special delight. A rare treat was the two days' journey by coach-and-four to the pretty little village of Springfield. The children took turns riding on top.

Yet, fascinating as this Boston is to us, to the little girl reading the book it is not Boston but the very real Marietta that is absorbing. The quaintness of

the vivid descriptions is mere accident, happy for those who rejoice in authentic records of the past.

"A Little Girl of Long Ago" is not reminiscent writing, delightful as that can be in such a book as Eva March Tappan's "Ella: A Little Schoolgirl of the Sixties." To the very last night of the "splendid operatical spectacle in three acts of 'Cinderella'" Marietta holds our attention. "I wish," she said, "that I could go to the theater every night of my life. And instead of that I shall be starting for home next week, where there won't be any theater, or even any birthday for ever and ever so long. Well, I must try to look on the bright side. It will be good to see the family, and I suppose my doll children will be glad to get me back."

ELIZA ORNE WHITE'S CHILDREN'S STORIES

WHEN MOLLY WAS SIX
A LITTLE GIRL OF LONG AGO
A BORROWED SISTER
AN ONLY CHILD
EDNAH AND HER BROTHERS
THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN
BROTHERS IN FUR
THE BLUE AUNT
THE STRANGE YEAR
PEGGY IN HER BLUE FROCK

TWO FRIENDS
KATE GREENAWAY
AND
RANDOLPH CALDECOTT



*From Children's Books and
their Illustrators, by Gleeson
White.*

KATE GREENAWAY

March 17, 1846

“COULDN’T we get that lady to make pictures of us?” asked a little girl who had come with a group of friends to help celebrate Kate Greenaway’s birthday in the children’s room of an East side library.

Her day is also St. Patrick’s—a day when city streets are more springlike than country lanes—the balloon man, the penny ride, the hurdy-gurdy and pushcarts piled high with golden oranges are all abroad and children clad in scarlet, in vivid green and purple, and orange are dancing in the streets.

“Let’s open the windows wide!” cried one of the birthday story tellers. “Don’t you remember how Kate Greenaway loved street noises?”

“They want to get up a society to suppress the noises; they asked me to belong, and seemed to think it very funny when I said I liked them; what do you think?” she wrote in one of her many letters to Ruskin after he had been long ill and silent, and when she had passed her fiftieth birthday. “I feel so cheerful when I hear an organ playing nice lively tunes. I love a band, I like seeing the Salvation Army marching along singing! I like the sound of the muffin bell, for I seem a little girl again coming home from school in the afternoon. . . . I like the flower sellers and the fruit stalls, and the

sound of church bells. So what could I say. I should not like silence always. It is often when I have had enough of silence I go into the cheerful streets and find it a rest."

"Will you please ask the Greenaway lady to come here and make pictures of us?" persisted the little girl from Orchard Street, gazing confidently at a reassuringly substantial likeness of the artist herself.

The picture stood on the low book shelves among her charming books and beside it was a bowl of yellow primroses. There were crocuses and tulips, golden daffodils and starry narcissus on the window sills and a little wreath of for-get-me-nots lay upon the Birthday Book of blessed memory.

"She might be alive and living in England just like Walter de la Mare," said Yetta to herself. "We made a birthday for him and he came and told us the rhymes of his 'Peacock Pie' book. Kate Greenaway might come too."

"Will you ride away to Rolleston Farm, or will you step into Marigold Garden?" said the story teller, unlatching the gate leading into the picture book corner of the big, sunny room.

"May I bring my baby?" pleaded one of the little mothers. "He's walking *grand* to-day."

"And so is Kate Greenaway's big baby," responded the story-teller. "He's walking right out of this book about her," and she opened a big blue book which lay on the table. This book tells all the things you'd most like to know about Kate Greenaway—

what she did and where she went. It tells the books and pictures she liked best, the plays at the theaters and the plays she saw in the London streets—

“What stories did she like best?” asked Rachael,



the seven-year-old aunt of a quartet of tiny nephews and nieces—a perfect Kate Greenaway group.

“Toads and Diamonds, Cinderella, Blue-beard—even though it always made her shiver—the Sleeping Beauty, Pepper and Salt, and Shakespeare’s Plays. She loved poetry too,” continued the story-teller,

“and she knew Mother Goose by heart and the verses in ‘Little Ann.’ Kate Greenaway’s mother knew just how to read verses about naughty girls and boys.”

“Let’s begin with ‘Mother Goose,’ ” proposed Rachael. “The old woman who sits under the hill is peeling apples in the picture, apples for ‘A Apple Pie.’ ” “Apple Pie, Apple Pie!” shouted a chorus of eager voices. “Let’s begin with ‘A Apple Pie!’ ”

No, Kate Greenaway is not dead, nor have her books been conceded to collectors by the children of the twentieth century. Never was her “Marigold Garden” so widely beloved. To more fortunate children and grownups, who are no longer harassed by the personal inconvenience of imitating quaint fashions in dress, who can look upon frocks and bonnets of Jane Austin’s time with somewhat of the pleasure of “K. G.” herself felt when she opened the old chests and wardrobes, where she first saw them when a child—her picture books will live as records of the universal country of childhood.

Why “Kate Greenaway,” the big blue book with its rich treasure of pencil sketches, has been allowed to go out of print is a publishers’ mystery which ought to be promptly cleared up by the printing of a new edition of this delightful biography by M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard. Far more effectively than any book I know does it carry its reader to England in springtime. Moreover, it contains a timeless record of incalculable value to all true students of

child life, for Kate Greenaway was a child psychologist of the first order, and it is impossible to read and study this book of her life with all its rich treasures of sketches in color and in black and white without getting a firmer hold on the basic truth that children



are *people* and live in a different world. Not infrequently do they live there in solitude and gravity in the midst of the large families and genial surroundings of another century.

KATE GREENAWAY'S PICTURE BOOKS

UNDER THE WINDOW. Pictures and rhymes for children, by "K. G."

MARIGOLD GARDEN. Pictures and rhymes, by "K. G."

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN. By ROBERT BROWNING.

MOTHER GOOSE; OR, THE OLD NURSERY RHYMES.

A—APPLE PIE.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

KATE GREENAWAY'S BIRTHDAY BOOK FOR CHILDREN. *Verses by*
MRS. SALE BARKER.

ALMANACK FOR 1925. From the original Printing of the 1887
Almanack.

GREENAWAY PICTURES. A series of twenty hitherto unpublished
drawings in color.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT

March 22, 1846

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT and Kate Greenaway were such good friends and true that we have ventured to take a candle to burn for his birthday from a drawing designed for some one else—a drawing that subtly reflects her own admiration of Caldecott's art.

That she had unbounded admiration for his art there is more than one bit of evidence in her letters. Writing to Frederick Locker in 1882 she says:

"I've been to call on the Caldecotts today with Mrs. Evans. My brother showed me some of his (Mr. Caldecott's) new drawings yesterday at Racquet Court. They are so uncommonly clever. The Dish running away with the Spoon—you can't think how much he has made of it. I wish I had such a mind."

One letter only of Caldecott himself to Kate Greenaway appears in her "Life," but the skit in the Kate Greenaway manner, which is here reproduced,

speaks volumes for the gay understanding which must have existed between them during the brief years of their friendly rivalry. The story is told of him that "one morning, staying with 'K. G.' in the same country house (probably that of Mr. and Mrs. Locker-Lampson), he came down declaring that he had lost all power of working in his own style and everything came out Kate Greenaways. He then produced a telling little skit on her manner which so delighted Kate Greenaway that she preserved it till her dying day."



That Caldecott excelled in portraying English life of the latter half of the eighteenth century there is proof in Irving's "Old Christmas." His "Graphic" (1883), "More Graphic" and "Last Graphic" picture books (1888) are still the delight of collectors, but it is by his toy books (1878-1885) that he will be remembered and loved by children of all ages who love fun and country life, spirited horses, and dogs of enduring memory.

Beauty of line, clear color, and feeling for landscapes are distinguishing features of Caldecott's work for children no less than the amusing drama in which birds and animals, jolly farmers and milkmaids, fine

ladies and little children play their parts so spiritedly as to invite many a child who has never before cared for reading to conquer his distaste for print.

"The Farmer's Boy" has always seemed an ideal picture book for a child's first birthday. We have



*From The Elegy on a Mad Dog, with
pictures by Caldecott*

often suggested sending one of the paper-bound books each month in place of a magazine for children too young to read.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT'S PICTURE BOOKS

JOHN GILPIN

HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

BABES IN THE WOOD

ELEGY ON A MAD DOG

THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

QUEEN OF HEARTS

THE FARMER'S BOY

THE MILKMAID

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE, AND BABY BUNTING

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO

THE FOX JUMPS OVER THE PARSON'S GATE

COME, LASSIES AND LADS

RIDE A COCK HORSE, AND A FARMER WENT TROTTING ON HIS
GRAY MARE

MRS. MARY BLAIZE

THE GREAT PANJANDRUM HIMSELF

DREAM SHIPS AND PINNACLES

THE THREE OWLS have been exploring again—up the Hudson, beside the Mohawk, under the Hudson and across New Jersey to Morristown, with the red maples in bud and the willows turning green.

In the village of Walden, back of Newburgh, they saw something they'd never seen before—a tiny church built on purpose for children, and through the windows of the Town Hall close by they saw the boys and girls of Walden sitting high up on a balcony "reading for life."

"How do you suppose they get up there?" asked the writing Owl. "Do they fly in at the windows like Peter Pan?"

"There's a crooked stair," said the Owl who makes the pictures, "and a big boy going up; he's carrying a great pile of books and he looks like some one I've seen before."

"Why, he's the boy who made David Copperfield's Library," cried the critic Owl, "and I supposed he was still over in London, living in the old house where Charles Dickens lived when he was a boy."

But "David Copperfield" had eyes and ears only for the children, who were eagerly waiting their turn

to read the books he was carrying, and not until the last of his load had been placed on the shelves of the little alcove to which they came to make a choice did he pay the slightest attention to the Owls. Then he said to the critic Owl: "It's true you left me in England, but when my work was finished and David Copperfield's Library had been turned over to the great city of London, I came home and wrote a little book about it. And I soon found that, with all the libraries, the children over here needed books, too. The American Legion got behind this dream. Do you like what we've done here?"

"More than tongue can tell," said the writing Owl. "I always like to see people reading against the sky, especially children. What's down stairs?"

"Just a regular library; but, you see, children had no place of their own in it. Nobody was using this balcony. I thought they would like it, and they do—they like it tremendously."

Small wonder that the Three Owls returned from their flight to Walden and a still longer flight to a delightful country day school at New Hartford—a school where reading is a popular sport and books in foreign languages hold a more natural place in classrooms than is commonly granted them—small wonder, then, that the Owls came back with all their senses sharpened.

It was the Owl who makes the pictures who first discovered "Wilbur the Hat," a green hat with a friendly cricket upon its brim, resting upon the surface of a deep, blue lake.

"Not for children, not for children, surely not for children," murmured the Owl who tries to read what other people write, and then he suddenly lapsed into silence as he turned the pages of this newest of books.

"I once lost a hat myself," said the Owl who writes. "Blown from my head as I stood on the upper deck of a Staten Island ferryboat. I've always wondered where it went. It wasn't a green hat, and it had no name. One could scarcely expect to follow a hat like that into 'a part of the world which does not exist,' yet the memory of it gives me a friendly feeling for Wilbur. Let's see what happens!" and the writing Owl began to read: "Dawn was now approaching fast. The trees were lost in a cloud of light fog. The world took on the prettiest colors Wilbur had ever seen. But suddenly he burst out laughing. 'Oh, look!' he shouted. 'Look at the funny ships in the clouds! What do you suppose they are doing? They are just sailing any old way. They will never get anywhere.'

"'On the contrary,' said Cedric. 'They are the only ships that ever get anywhere.'

"'But they can't be catching anything.'

"'They are catching the only thing that is worth while.'

"'What is that?'

"'Dreams,' said Cedric."

"What does it matter what the words are?" exclaimed the Owl who tries to make pictures. "Those dreamships in the clouds speak for themselves. So does the rainbow, and the man who first brought fire



From Wilbur the Hat by Hendrik van Loon

to the human race, and the terrible engine with hands and feet, and the library with the unknown Egyptian priest who first discovered how to preserve speech—

and those men on the high ladder putting a piece of music together in the sky.

"There's splendor and daring in these pictures. They, and not the text, record what this man is trying to say."

And for those who would point a moral to every tale could any words stay as long in the mind as the picture of those gesticulating yellow figures standing on the "high pinnacles of their own perfection," or that of the silent ship in the fog—the ship with "passengers from everywhere."

"Where are they going?" asks Wilbur.

"Nowhere, and that is just the trouble," replies Cedric. "They were the people who in the world were always going to do something nice for some one else and then forgot all about it."

"It isn't so much of a book to read as it is a pictorial record of big ideas," said the critic Owl. "It may not have been intended for children, but I don't want the children I know to miss seeing it, for I think it contains the best work Mr. van Loon has yet done, and sure evidence that he could, if he would take time to saturate himself with his finest achievement, made a picture book for children of unique value and great beauty."

The Three Owls welcome any book or picture that re-establishes an old trail or blazes a new one to the great truths which lie behind a world of changing knowledge and marvels of mechanism.

THE STORY OF AN IDEA

DAVID COPPERFIELD'S LIBRARY. *By* JOHN
BRETT LANGSTAFF

Reviewed by KATHERINE TAPPERT

THERE is no book to contrast with "David Copperfield's Library," by John Brett Langstaff, because there has never been such an experience as Mr. Langstaff had when he established this charming library for boys and girls in the old Dickens house in Somers Town, London. Mr. Langstaff's book grew out of an experience into an idea and on into a movement.

In England the book brings a satisfaction because there is the realization that the Borough of St. Pancras in London, at last, has in its keeping 13 Johnson Street—which was the boyhood home of Dickens, as a permanent memorial to Charles Dickens as a reading room and library for the boys and girls of Somers Town, one of the most neglected parts of northwestern London. In the United States the interest in the David Copperfield Library comes not only from this same thing that holds the British, but from the added joy that an American, latterly an Oxford student, was the prime mover.

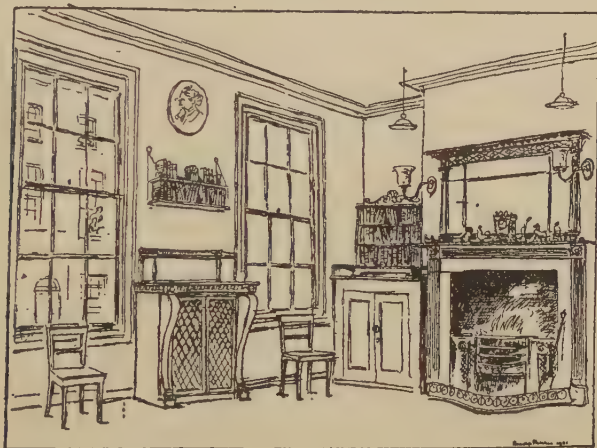
The story of John Brett Langstaff's work in gath-

ering distinguished men and women about him to form a group that would back the movement to save



the house in which Charles Dickens lived his David Copperfield days—and to preserve its spirit—has been told many times since 1921. Caroline Hewins has told it and Anne Carroll Moore has told it—each inimitably—and Walter Spencer of the famous New

Oxford Street Book Shop has told it, but these have been brief stories, supplements to the original. All who love Dickens and all who especially love "David Copperfield," and all who love children will read this book and when they go to London they will wander through Tottenham Road to Johnson Street to find



this charming old Georgian house, shedding an atmosphere of delight over a hideous street.

A visitor may feel out of place as he enters the old house and sees the reading boys and girls in their smocks of blue or beige. But one understands why one feels unnecessary here. One must live in Somers Town to read in David Copperfield's Library. It is a house for the descendants of David, and only that. The rooms are filled with the best books for children collected from every land, but one sees through the mist of years Charles Dickens, aged twelve, maybe,

before the fire in one of these very rooms reading the beloved Goldsmith, Smollett, or Fielding, or "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," or "Robinson Crusoe"—"this host of friends when he had no single friend." Mr. Langstaff tells the story of the reclamation and transfiguration of this house and his work as the first librarian, and he has made the story of David Copperfield's Library a manual—and more—for any one who claims connection with a library anywhere.

A long while ago, there was a garret
At the top of a small dark house,—
A glory-hole for dusty books and boxes,
A haunt of the spider and the mouse.

But he crept to it, when no one else was looking,
Like a lonely little thief in the night;
And his name—it might be Copperfield or Dickens;
But he stood there, in a ring of candle-light.

And his elders thought that attics led to nowhere;
He felt that they very seldom knew;
And, somewhere in the dark, there must be doorways
That a boy might scramble through;

And he sat him down among the tattered volumes;
And, with one foot under him curled,
His dark eyes blazed above the pages,
And he woke—in that great new world.

That night was grim, and dark, and growing darker.
He sat there, stiller than a stone—
A small boy, reading in a garret,
A great king, seated on a throne.

From a poem by ALFRED NOYES
Written for DAVID COPPERFIELD'S LIBRARY

A SPRING HOLIDAY

“O H, TO BE in England now that April’s there”—but if you can’t be, just try Long Island on a sunshiny day. It’s an enchanting place in springtime, with its wealth of wild flowers, its blossoming trees and its gardens—gardens everywhere—with the birds flying over.

Lured by the Five Wise Owls who sit on the weather vane of the children’s library at Westbury, the Three Owls flew down just in time to see the crocuses spreading a carpet of purple and gold under the windows of the little red library with the belfry.

“You’d think the Robins owned the place to see them sitting up there in the Chickadee’s sun parlor and hopping in and out among the crocuses in the grass,” the Wise Owls called down, “but we’ve spoken with a pair of Bluebirds and a Red-winged Blackbird, and we have their word for it that the others are all stopping off on their way over the island. By May Day everything will be ready—water in the pool and the April buds bursting on the trees. Come down then and see the dog-wood in bloom in our forest. It’s a lovely sight. You couldn’t see that in England.”

“No, nor the kind of violets that grow on Hempstead Plain,” said the Owl who makes pictures. “Is

there any blood-root left on Long Island? I found a valley white with it one Easter Sunday. I've never seen anything so lovely."

"Bloodroot blooms on schedule time and we never tell where," replied the wisest of the Five Owls. "We just let people keep on looking for it. Why, only last April Mr. Hicks, who has lived on Long Island always, and tells everybody what to plant in their gardens, saw that valley of bloodroot in bloom for the first time in his life. He says it's something to live for, to come upon it unexpectedly after you've looked and looked for years."



By Boutet de Monvel, from Children's Books and Their Illustrators by Gleeson White.

"What's going on inside the library?" asked the critic Owl.

"Does any one want books on a day like this? Why not close it up?"

"Take a look inside and you'll soon see why not," the Five Owls called down.

So the Three Owls flew in at the open doorway and from bookshelves and tables the birds flew out to greet them and the picture book children from French villages and English gardens came tumbling after.

"Is it any wonder we come alive in a place like this?" asked "Jacqueline of the Carrier Pigeons."

"We're having a spring festival ourselves. The birthdays started us off—Hans Andersen's, John Burroughs' and Wordsworth's—Shakespeare's is coming before the month is out and so is Walter de la Mare's, but Easter Monday comes first with the rabbits—Beatrix Potter's from Hilltop Farm at the English Lakes, and Christopher Robin's from the "old-gold common."

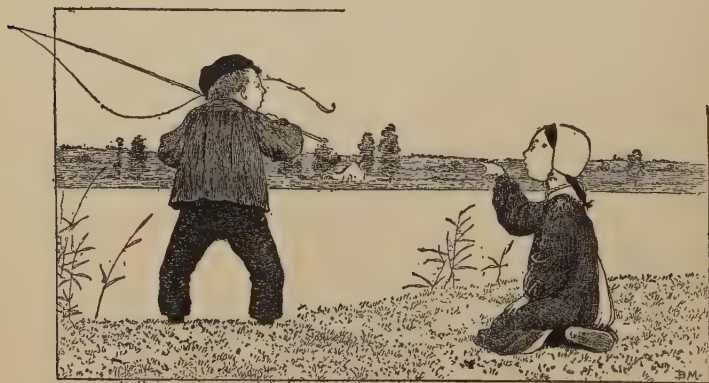
"How can you bear to keep on writing in a place like this?" asked the writing Owl of a tall girl in a green frock who sat in a window seat scribbling away with a red pencil.

"It's lots of fun," said she, "I'm writing down the names of the ones I like best—the birds and flowers and trees—everything that comes alive in the spring. Some come from poetry books and some come from story books and some come from books I've never known before."

"Then it's just a list of books you are making," said the critic Owl, "a list of books to please yourself."

"It is and it isn't," said she. "I want it to be the kind of a list other people will like, too. That's why I'm letting the people who know all the books about birds and gardens tell me which ones to leave in for our May festival." "May we fly off with your birds and gardens?" asked the writing Owl. "I like the poetry and legends best, but there wouldn't be room for them all."

"Every reader likes to choose his own poems and stories," objected the critic Owl. "Why not take the part about birds and gardens? She had good advisers for those books. The best on Long Island."



From Filles et Garçons by Anatole France, pictures by Boutet de Monvel

BOOKS ABOUT BIRDS AND GARDENS

Compiled by JACQUELINE OVERTON

GARDENS AND WILD FLOWERS

THE SEASONS IN A FLOWER GARDEN. *By* LOUISE SHELTON. Arranged in the order of months, beginning with September, giving a list of the flowering plants, together with practical hints for garden work during each month.

GARDENING FOR BEGINNERS. *By* E. T. COOK. A handbook to the garden.

LITTLE GARDENS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. *By* MYRTA HIGGINS. When and how to begin, preparations for spring, etc.

HARPER'S BOOK FOR YOUNG GARDENERS. *By* A. HYATT VERRILL. A practical garden book for boys and girls.

MARY'S GARDEN AND HOW IT GREW. *By* FRANCES DUNCAN. How a little girl learned from an old gardener how to make a garden of her own.

GARDEN LORE IN MARY'S MEADOW. *By* JULIANA HORATIA EWING (Queen's Treasure Series). "Cut a rose for your neighbor and it will tell two buds to blossom for you."

LETTERS FROM A LITTLE GARDEN IN MARY'S MEADOW. *By* JULIANA HORATIA EWING. These are answers written by Mrs. Ewing to children who asked her questions about gardens and flowers.

COLOR SCHEMES FOR THE FLOWER GARDEN. *By* GERTRUDE JEKYLL. Showing how a garden may be kept beautiful all the year round.

THE LITTLE GARDEN. *By* MRS. FRANCIS KING. The plan, inclosing the garden, color in the little garden, etc.

THE ENGLISH FLOWER GARDEN AND HOME GROUNDS. *By* W. ROBINSON. The design and arrangement is followed by a description of the plants and shrubs and trees for the open-air garden.

OLDTIME GARDENS. *By* ALICE MORSE EARLE. Colonial garden-making, old flower favorites, childhood in garden.

A GARDEN OF HERBS. Being a practical handbook to the making of an old English herb garden.



From Nos Enfants, by Anatole France, pictures by Boutet de Monvel

NATURE'S GARDEN. *By* NELTJE BLANCHAN. An aid to the knowledge of our wild flowers and their insect visitors. Illustrated with colored plates and many photographs.

HOW TO KNOW THE WILD FLOWERS. *By* MRS. WILLIAM STARR DANA. A guide to the names, haunts, and habits of our common wild flowers.

THE BOOK OF WILD FLOWERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. *By* F. SCHUYLER MATHEWS. Illustrated with line drawings by the author.

TAMING THE WILDINGS. *By* HERBERT DURANT. A book for the lovers of our wild flowers, wild bushes and ferns, who desire to grow them for landscape or garden effects or for planting in

sheltered retreats where they can be protected from their foes. Written as a companion volume to the "Field Book of American Wild Flowers," by F. Schuyler Mathews.

ACCORDING TO SEASON. *By* FRANCES THEODORA PARSONS. Talks about the flowers in the order of their appearance in the woods and fields.

BIRD BOOKS

THE BIRDS OF AMERICA. From drawings made in the United States and their territories, by JOHN JAMES AUDUBON. 7 vols. V. G. Audubon, 1856.

BIRD LIFE. *By* FRANK M. CHAPMAN. A guide to the study of our common birds.

WAKE-ROBIN. *By* JOHN BURROUGHS. "The dandelion tells me when to look for the swallow, the dog-tooth violet when to expect the wood-thrush, and when I have found the wake-robin in bloom I know the season is fully inaugurated."

BIRDS OF NEW YORK. *By* ELON HOWARD EATON. University of the State of New York, 1910. Illustrated with photographs and colored plates made by Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF BIRDS. *By* OLIVE THORNE MILLER. This is intended to interest young people in the ways and habits of birds and to stimulate them to further study.

THE BURGESS BIRD BOOK FOR CHILDREN. *By* THORNTON W. BURGESS. With illustrations in color by Louis Agassiz Fuertes. Written for the little boy and girl who are just learning to know the birds.

BIRD NEIGHBORS. *By* NELTJE BLANCHAN. An introductory acquaintance with 150 birds commonly found in the gardens, meadows and woods about our homes. Illustrated with photographs and colored plates.

WILD BIRD GUESTS; HOW TO ENTERTAIN THEM. *By* ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES. There is a chapter on the organization and management of bird clubs. The preface is by Theodore Roosevelt.

ADVENTURES AMONG BIRDS. *By* W. H. HUDSON. Bird Music, In a Green Country in Quest of Rare Songsters, Great Bird Gatherings, etc.

BIRD-WAYS. *By* OLIVE THORNE MILLER. Robin, the Bird of the Morning, The Wood-Thrush, the Bird of Solitude, Upon the Tree-top, the Baltimore Oriole, etc.

A PARADISE OF BIRDS. In The Story of My Boyhood and Youth, by JOHN MUIR.

* The complete list of Gardens, Birds and Flowers may be obtained from The Children's Library, Robert Bacon Memorial, Westbury, Long Island, New York.



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S BIRTHDAY

April 2, 1805

EVER since I can remember I have celebrated Hans Christian Andersen's birthday. My earliest celebration consisted of lighting up one of the four windows of a big kitchen with Christmas tree candles stuck in spools and gathering the last of the white roses from a rose bush that bloomed in Maine in the month of March.

I told no one what I was celebrating. It was part of the secret to tell no one. Soon after I began to read I had "discovered" Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales, and I found them full of things I wanted to know but would never ask about—full of things I already knew, for I was growing up on the edge of a big farmyard—growing up in a garden with a wind-break of pine trees beyond which stretched fields on fields of snow and ice.

Small wonder that I grew up loving "The Snow Queen" and wondering if any nightingale could sing a more beautiful song than the hermit thrush in the deep woods on "our mountain."

To me Hans Andersen himself was very real always. I could never believe in the fact of his death.

If I were ever to go to his country I knew I should find him in a house lighted with candles and fires of blazing logs and fragrant with spring flowers. There would be an enormous birthday cake, music and stories—he would be telling his own stories to lots of children—and after that we would go to a theater and see a play with much dancing and fun and I should know just how everything was in Denmark.

Out of this vivid sense of the reality of the Andersen stories that I loved best and their association with the affairs of my own everyday life I stepped into the childrens' room of a public library and found there an ideal spot to continue my celebration of Hans Andersen's birthday, for a children's room is more like a garden than any spot I know. At first we read Andersen's stories and looked at the pictures, but when Marie L. Shedlock come over from England to share her love and critical study of Hans Andersen with American children it became an established custom to mark the second day of April for special festivities.

All over the country to-day in schools, settlements, libraries and clubhouses there are those who remember "the Fairy Godmother" who in drawing her own inspiration from Andersen gave back to the great poet story-teller the light and warmth of a rare dramatic gift. Miss Shedlock never visited Denmark, although she learned enough Danish to make her own translation of "The Nightingale," "The Swineherd" and "The Princess and the Pea," as given in her book on "The Art of the Storyteller"—a book which

belongs no less to the story writer than to the teller of stories. But if Miss Shedlock never visited Denmark, Danes, Norwegians and Swedes who listened to her stories took her to their hearts.

New York has reason both to remember Miss Shedlock and to link her name and that of one she has always called her god-daughter, Anna Cogswell Tyler, the founder of the story hour in the public libraries of New York, with this year's celebration of the 120th birthday of the storyteller who will live forever.

NEW PICTURES FOR OLD TALES

FAIRY TALES. *By* HANS ANDERSEN

Illustrated by KAY NIELSEN

EVERY true lover of Hans Andersen's fairy tales approaches a new edition of them with the demand of the water-rat in "The Hardy Tin Soldier": "Give me your passport!"

He will not be content with a new set of pictures if the tales are presented in an over-edited, poorly translated rendering, for the interpreting of the tales is of more importance to him than any set of illustrations.

Since no name of translator or editor appears on the title page of the handsome book Kay Nielsen has designed and illustrated in black and white and colors, we have compared the sixteen stories with the same stories as rendered by W. A. and J. K. Craigie



For the Swineherd, a nineteenth century illustration, by V. Pedersen

"One must encourage art," said she; "I am the Emperor's daughter. Tell him, he shall, as on yesterday, have ten kisses from me, and may take the rest from the ladies of the court."



For the Swineherd, a twentieth century illustration by Kay Nielsen

By the evening he had made a pretty little saucepan. Little bells were hung all around it; and when the pot was boiling these bells tinkled in the most charming manner and played the old melody:

*"Ah! thou dearest Augustine!
All is gone, gone, gone!"*

in the Oxford Edition and in the Author's Edition of Wonder Stories and find the renderings so nearly identical as to be acceptable to the most captious of critics.

What would Andersen himself think of the pictures? That they are a long way off from those of his own day may be readily seen by contrasting pictures as well as text with the two editions named above. Kay Nielsen's *Swineherd* and *Princess* belong to a sophisticated, art-conscious order. They are not so much interpretations of what was in Andersen's mind as reflections of the effect of reading Andersen's tales upon Kay Nielsen himself. As such they will delight many admirers of Kay Nielsen's art and they will do more. They will make a very special appeal to girls and boys in the early teens who have begun to discover new and strange romantic associations in familiar stories of childhood. Many of these same girls and boys will go back later on to the old woodcuts of the first edition or the more child-like form of the one translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas and illustrated by the Robinsons, which has been a favorite in libraries for more than twenty years.

The Kay Nielsen pictures, like those of Dulac for "*The Nightingale and Other Stories*," render a very important service over and above their interest as drawings and decorations of unusual character. They extend the time of reading Andersen's stories over a period when they may exert a very powerful influence upon the selection and reading of other books.

As children we read Andersen for his incomparable stories, but when the age of novel reading begins he has something special to say, something perennially fresh to each generation of readers and writers, and if new pictures for "The Little Mermaid," "The Snow Queen" or "The Garden of Paradise" reveal unsuspected beauties to new readers of these tales, we are more than ready to let them have their day and their way, for no pictures will ever quite satisfy those on whose minds the magic of Andersen keeps on working its miracle from year to year.

The Kay Nielsen book is a delightful gift book for spring holidays and a welcome addition to the treasures of library and high school reading rooms.

THE BRAVEST DAY IN THE YEAR

By GEOFFREY PARSONS

NO CHILD could mistake April 19th. It is the bravest day in the American year for what happened amid the stone walls and apple trees from Concord to Lexington.

The favorite trick of the grown-up mind is to envelop simple happenings in layer upon layer of deduction and explanation. Each generation of historians has its pet theory. The latest universal explanation has been economics. Given the price of tea in Duxbury and Liverpool and how many sovereigns Captain Israel Putnam had locked up in his right hand bureau drawer at Pomfret, the sources of the American Revolution are clear. There are signs of fatigue in this theory, however, and it is easy to guess that another will soon replace it. Probably it will be psychology. We shall be told about the repressed desire of George Washington and the inferiority complex of Thomas Jefferson.

There will doubtless be excellent truth in this next theory of the historians—just as much truth as in the economic interpretations, perhaps even more. But the trouble is that each of these wrappings pushes us farther and farther from the original kernel of actual

happening. Minds we have and we must use them. Historians there are and they must have events to search and research. There is no way of escaping from the lamentable consequences of growing up.

There is, however, the possibility of telling history to a child, and if you do you will learn much. You will learn that the kernel of fact at the heart of the husk of history is worth all the trouble of rediscovery. The sensation is exactly that of the art student, who after wading through volumes of criticism about and about, stands for the first time before a great painting. Of course, the much learning may veil his eyes so that he never sees what is before him. If he does see, however, veils are swept aside by the sheer exultant beauty, he is touched and moved to the core of his being, he is never quite the same person again and the world is never quite the same world again. He has lived an emotion, not simply added a thought to an already overburdened collection of thoughts.

That hot, dusty April 19, 1775, is one of the days of all history which has this quality to move the heart. At least it has if you come upon it with senses fresh and eyes clear, unconfused by theories or explanations—as a child comes. There is the arch of the North Bridge over the Concord River, there is Lexington Common, there are the peaceful towns and those Middlesex farmers, first to level their muskets at the King's uniform. Afterward came courage and tenacity by many through long heart-breaking years. Here was the supreme gift of boldness, of ability to look a new and appalling situation in the

eye and fire calmly, steadily. It made America possible; it is still the great American quality.

Revolution and independence are long mouthfuls of words ill fitting what these men did, in itself as simple as drawing a bead on a squirrel. Yet it was for them an heroic and, by all possibilities, a desperate act. By their decision, taken suddenly in the early dawn of that April morning and held to through the long defiant combat of the day, they decided the lot of you and me and all America. Did economics cause the Revolution? Any one who has ever made a brave decision knows better. The men of the colonies made the Revolution by their boldness of heart and to-day is their best monument.

CONCORD HYMN

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

*Sung at the Completion of the Battle Monument,
July 4, 1837*

By the rude bridge that arched the flood
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank by this soft stream
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their dead redeem.
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

AMERICA'S LIFE STORY

FOR years we have lived in the hope—the confident expectation—that some one out of our own time would look back and tell the story of America in such vivid dramatic form that it would get under the skins of children all over the world.

It is a great story, and how it needs to be told in memorable words!

“Have you no book that I can take back to the children of my country,” asks the visitor from Eastern or Western Europe—“no book that will tell them what America is like—no book that gives the feeling that America itself gives?”

Try to find one—a single-minded effort to give the breath of life to the story of your country, to go behind its institutions to the essential spirit which brought them into being. You will find textbooks in plenty—good, bad and indifferent—all of them with obvious limitations. You will find a few one-volume children's histories designed for general read-

ing with still more obvious limitations, usually built on textbook lines, expanded here and there by a condescending, garrulous treatment of such episodes as are supposed to appeal to the young but which in reality appeal to adult readers without historical perspective or imagination. You will find one notable book of pictures, "Howard Pyle's Book of the American Spirit," with scrappy, ineffective text culled from authentic sources. Had it been possible for Howard Pyle to have put his pictures together with text of his own selection the value of this book might have been felt for generations. Just as it stands the pictures are a challenge to boys of nine and to grown men to read American history for its own sake.

The more liberal use of books in the reading rooms of public libraries, as well as the teaching of history in modern schools, has revealed a large audience of young readers with strong imaginative grasp of factual information. They see through made-to-order histories, biographies and books of travel just as readily as they see through made-up books on scientific discoveries and inventions.

They want real books on the subjects they are interested in or they will have no books at all. Publishers realize this in the scientific field, but not as yet in the field of biography and history.

The only writer who seemed to sense such an audience in its relation to American history when the World War came was Geoffrey Parsons. He wrote a new book of civics published in 1919 as a textbook. But "The Land of Fair Play: How America

Is Governed" is not a conventional textbook with the usual academic limitations. It is the clear-speaking work of an experienced editor of a great metropolitan daily who has not lost touch with children's interests. The playground, not the family, is the starting point of a writer who "aims to make clear the great, unseen services that America renders to each of us, and the active devotion each of us must yield in return if America is to endure."

When this book was published we wrote of it in "The Bookman": "Mr. Parsons's lucid style so completely exemplifies what we have been pleading for in the book of information that we take heart and confidently look for that other book for which Norwegians, Danes, Swedes, Russians, Italians, Frenchmen, Chinese, Japanese, Englishmen and South Americans have been asking for years. That 'other book' is a one-volume history of America true in essential background, dramatic in form, in which the writer does not lose himself in colonization, the French and Indian wars, or any of 'our wars,' but really tells the story of America to the children of other countries with an appeal to the heart as well as to the mind. . . . It is as much needed by the children of our own land as any other; and there could be no fitter celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims than an announcement that such a book under assured conditions is under way in 1920."

Five years have passed, and it is time for a fresh reminder that this great need is still unsupplied. Meanwhile "The Land of Fair Play" has been

eagerly read as American history as well as profitably studied as junior civics, and the reason is not far to seek. The book is alive with flashes of the meaning and the obligation of our history to the youth of the country.

"Every American is as good as his brains and his character and his manners, and no better," says Mr. Parsons in his opening chapter on "The Spirit of America." As an interpreter of that spirit we may search in vain for words that drive home like these to boys and girls of the present day. Saturated with knowledge and love of his country, Geoffrey Parsons could, if he would, write her story, for he has the sure instinct for selecting the things which mean most and the precision of style for setting them forth. But will he?

Nothing short of work as strong and clear cut and reliable will satisfy the new generation of readers as we see them on another April 19th.

MAY DAY

LET'S GO A-MAYING

By MARCIA DALPHIN

Sicker this morrowe, ne lenger agoe,
I saw a shole of shepheardes outgoe,
With singing and shouting and jolly chere;
Before them yode a lusty Tabrere,
That to the many a Horne pype playd,
Wherto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see those folke make such jouysaunce
Made my heart after the pype to daunce,
Tho' to the greene Wood they speeden them all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall.

—"The Shephearde's Calender."

IN AN old book the other day I chanced on a passage which brought to mind, not for the first time but with a fresh sense of wonder, the amazing continuity of human experience. It was in Chambers's "Book of Days," and if one goes to it, or to a still more ancient source, Hone's "Every Day Book," for help to raise a Maypole, I swear that in those double-columned, yellowing old pages he will smell primroses and see garlands waving in breezes long since stilled.

This is it. It might have been written yesterday, so surely does it describe the urge that comes over us all in the spring.

With ancients and moderns alike it was (in Maytime) one instinctive rush to the fields, to revel in the bloom which was newly presented on the meadows and trees; the more city-pent the population, the more eager, apparently, the desire to get among the flowers, and bring away samples of them; the more sordidly drudging the life, the more hearty the relish for this one day of communion with things pure and beautiful.

Of all the gala days, May Day, the great rural festival of our ancestors, would be the easiest to recreate here in America. Have you not seen the low green meadows at Sleepy Hollow gay with children who have come to pick the first violets? Have you seen the Staten Island children on a May Saturday with their queen in all her bravery starting out on what they quaintly call a "May walk"? Last spring as you rode home on the bus with your nose buried in a fusty old paper, did you not one day hear singing and catch a glimpse of the Maypole set up in Central Park? And have you reread lately Miss Alcott's "Jack and Jill," and remembered with a thrill the little hand-woven paper baskets filled with arbutus and violets that you made and hung on May eve at the doors of your best friends, ringing the bell and slipping away into the shadows?

These are but survivals of that earlier day when all the youth of England went out into the fields and woods on the night before the 1st of May, coming

back at daybreak laden with the flowering branches of the whitethorn.

Youghthes folke now flocken in everywhere,
To gather May buskets and smelling brere;
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the Kirke pillours eare daylight,
With Hawthorne buds, and sweet Eglantine,
And girlonds of roses and Sopps in wine.

That was the day when every little village green gathered around its Maypole milkmaids and shepherds, morris dancers and mummers, the hobbyhorse not forgot, Robin Hood and Maid Marian, Friar Tuck and Little John. And there, too, came Jack-in-the-green, in his wicker cage hung about with flowers and leaves. In those enchanting notes at the end of "Come Hither," Walter de la Mare says that he remembers seeing a Jack-in-the-green one First of May when he was a boy, and that a great friend of his, a little girl of eight, was so frightened at the sight of this leafy, prancing creature on her way to school that she turned about and ran for a mile without stopping. Nor were the villages the only places where the Maypole flourished. London had one, and a famous one, too. With the golden days of the return of the Stuarts these innocent evil-doers, the Maypoles, were allowed to come back (banned by act of Parliament, if you please, fifteen years before, with a fine of five shillings a week on every parish where a pole was left standing!). The Londoners with drums beating and flags waving planted the tallest possible pole in a conspicuous part

of the Strand, and there it stood for years in Maypole Alley, till, like all good and lovely things, it became old and decrepit, and Sir Isaac Newton bought it and carried it off to Sussex and made a support for a great telescope. Years later some anonymous poet laments:

What's not destroyed by Time's relentless hand,
Where's Troy? and where's the Maypole in the Strand?

The names alone of the old May Day tunes set one's feet dancing. "Bluff King Hal" was one favorite and "Sellenger's Round," the oldest dance tune on record, another. In "Come, Lasses and Lads," itself a tune of no mean antiquity, they sing:

"Begin," says Hall; "Ay, ay," says Mall,

"We'll lead up Packington's Pound."

"No, no," says Noll, and so says Doll,

"We'll first have Sellenger's Round."



From Come Lasses and Lads, one of Randolph Caldecott's picture books

And then there is the adorable Cornish "May Song," set to the music of the "Furry Dance," which begins: "Ye maids of Helston, gather dew, ere yet the morning breezes blow."

In all the child-hearted poets—in Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Herrick—May Day lives and breathes, distilling its sweet and innocent odors. You come upon it, too, in Greenaway and Walter Crane drawings. But best of all, it is kept fresh for us forever in the pictures that Randolph Caldecott made for the old song, "Come, Lasses and Lads!" in the "Panjandrum Picture Book." Here in the compass of a dozen pages is recaptured all the exquisite freshness of the early days, the old simplicities and candors. It is all pure joy, from the little lass and lad footing it so gayly on the first page, with their branches of bluebell and cowslips, its dancers who "did curchy, curchy, curchy on the grass," to the exhausted Fiddler at the end.

The artless innocence and gayety of these drawings has the same power to create an effortless, spontaneous happiness that certain things in music and poetry possess. To pore over them, to learn them by heart, is to hear Landowska play away an evening with Mozart on her harpsichord; is to lose yourself for the first time in James Stephens's "In the Land of Youth."

Let the Hitchin Mayers end the day with their song:——

"The moon shines bright and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day,
God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May."

WALTER CRANE'S MAY DAY

THERE is a delightful surprise in store for lovers of Walter Crane's "Picture Books," of "Pant-pipes," "The Baby's Opera" and "The Baby's Bouquet"—for they, like "The Three Owls," may have missed knowing that he, too, once kept May Day in Sherwood Forest and left the record in a book of fairylike pictures.

These exquisite drawings were all made in pencil, the gray silvery, soft effect of which captured the hidden lines of forest trees, birds, bees, beasts and humans in springtime—all living things appear in poetic form in "The First of May."

Who has ever seen such a universal gathering about a Maypole—hedgehog, mole, rabbits and field mice, leaping squirrels and flying birds?

"Glitter, insects, scale on scale!
Dance thou knight in armor, snail!
Come all creatures here today—
Welcome to our Queen of May!"

The plan of the book was conceived by John R. Wise, whose "The New Forest" Walter Crane illustrated when a youth of seventeen after a walking tour through that same forest with Wise. Then and there was born a friendship with a philosopher, nat-



From The First of May, a Fairy Masque, presented by Walter Crane

uralist and scholar several years his senior, of whom Walter Crane speaks with warm affection and gratitude in his "An Artist's Reminiscences."

"The First of May," "A Fairy Masque," was published in 1881 in two forms, each limited to a small number of signed copies, at ten guineas and six guineas each. The book so manifestly belongs to the Children's Library of Westbury (Long Island) by every natural right of association that we were not surprised to learn that one of the "Wise Owls" flew far through the night to rescue it from auctioneers and to give to Walter Crane his true place in the wider celebration of May Day.

BOYS AND THEIR BOOKS

“BOYS’ WEEK” is over, with its seven busy days of playing at city management and industrial exploration, its church day, its school day, its prescribed evening at home with a mother and evening abroad with a father, who may exist in name, but too often is without a claim on the heart or the understanding of the boy.

The long procession down Main Street has broken ranks and the boys have gone back to their school-rooms, their workshops, their baseball fields, to the “movies,” to line up in public libraries, even on a bright spring day, waiting for the chance return of a Barbour, an Altsheler, a Heyliger, a Zane Grey or the coveted work of some other idolized author of the time.

Weeks for his profit and pleasure may come and go, but the boy, as reader, remains the same just and generous soul that he always has been—ready and willing to take to his heart at once the book that fills him with dreams and visions of what life holds up to his mirror and to pledge allegiance to its author, new or old, so long as enthusiasm, loyalty and single-mindedness live in his story. To the boy these qualities outlast all others. In the great books they sur-

vive from age to age, in the lesser ones they may pass with the generations and within the country for which the books were written. And this is too often forgotten.

Most men are tenacious of what they hold to be the superiority of the books they read and liked when they were boys, regardless of their merit as books, regardless of the all-important factors of fundamental differences in taste and experience of life among boys of another generation; regardless, most of all, that any book has a different look to an actual boy nine, eleven or fifteen years old than it can possibly have for the man of fifty looking backward.

They have been boys, and they *know* that writers comparable to Oliver Optic, Harry Castlemon, Horatio Alger, Mayne Reid, Ballantyne, Kingston, Elisha Kellogg, J. T. Trowbridge or whoever chanced to be the hero-author of their own boyhood, simply *cannot exist* in the present age. Here is no subject for argument. Their knowledge has been gained by experience.

Facing the facts, we find only a few books which can be handed down, and of these Mr. Finger has mentioned a goodly number, to which I venture to add his own "Highwaymen" as a book of enduring quality. But the larger number, even by the passionate devotion of "old boys," can be passed along only sentimentally.

Boys will be boys, but they will also be very different boys, even in the same generation; hence the necessity, if the love of reading is to become wide-

spread, catholic in spirit and tolerant in character, of the very differences in kind and degree among popular authors of boys' books which seem so irritating to the man looking back upon boyhood—his own boyhood, spacious, and clear of any desire to know things more accurately which besets the boy who is following a Beebe or Stefansson in the daily newspaper.

"When one writes a novel about grown people he knows exactly where to stop, but when he writes of juveniles he must stop where best he can," wrote Mark Twain when he finished "Tom Sawyer." It was a bold thing to make a boy the true hero of a boys' book fifty years ago.

Boys of the twentieth century have had a great many propaganda stories written for them. It was inevitable that it should be so, for they have been in a new situation—in the full limelight of a great movement dependent for light and leading on the quality of its leadership. No movement can rise higher than its leadership, and peculiarly does this hold true of movements organized to enlist the interest and service of young boys and girls.

The great urge out of doors has been a fine thing. Unquestionably it has clarified and extended the reading interests of thousands of boys. But good stories of abiding quality are not born of any movement, nor do they spring forth in relays to claim a prize. Their heroes may be boys or they may be men, probably it takes a greater artist to achieve a genuine boy hero.

It is the creation itself that is unmistakable in the boy's eyes, and for this achievement the torch cannot be handed on. Neither "The Mutineers" nor "The Dark Frigate" of Charles Boardman Hawes stands in danger of even momentary eclipse by "Old Brig's Cargo," which begins: "It was, I remember, early in the spring of the year, and while yet the hull of the new ship Wanderer stood on the stocks at my father's yard, the first of those incidents befell which led one after another to the events I have set myself to relate"—— It was "those incidents" which got in our way when we tried to read this book. We simply couldn't get on with the story as a story.

Neither were we able to thrill to "The Clutch of the Corsican" (shade of the great Napoleon and his times!). The hero, described as a boy of sixteen, never comes alive, not even when he confesses his emotion for his mother's silver coffee urn, presented to her on Brooklyn Heights and cherished by mother and son at Verdun. There were some silver teaspoons, too, given by an uncle in Providence. The appearance of this American family silver at Verdun in Napoleon's time doesn't seem credible as fact or fancy.

It seems peculiarly unfortunate to associate with the name and workmanship of Mr. Hawes a lengthy chain of manuscripts of dubious quality. Books described as "of the same general character and excellence" usually haven't a leg of their own to stand on, and it is unfair to good work to tie them up to it, even with a long leash.



From Rockwell Kent's Wilderness

THE QUEST OF THE PERFECT BOY'S BOOK

OLD BRIG'S CARGO. *By* HENRY A. PULSFORD

THE CLUTCH OF THE CORSICAN. *By* ALFRED
H. BILL

Reviewed by CHARLES J. FINGER

BOTH of these stories were among the submitted manuscripts in the Hawes Memorial Contest, though neither was the prize winner. Both have lively plots and both have the prime virtue of interest. Also, both stories represent very well the lines

along which the present-day boys' story is developed. Mr. Pulsford tells, in "Old Brig's Cargo," how in the year 1850 a boy sailed the seas to encounter or experience stirring adventures by storm and wreck, rough treatment at the hands of rascally Portuguese, timely aid and assistance at a critical time from the geologist who was with Darwin on the Beagle, and, as climax, a happy discovery of treasure buried by Cape Verde slavers which was "flung freely and generously into the coffers of the (abolition) cause, to the end that under our glorious flag no man should dwell who was not free." Mr. Bill, in the book with the alliterative title, relates the exciting and risky achievements of one Barclay Wright, a lad of sixteen, who fell from one thrilling plight into another in France during the last Bonaparte years. So those who buy either book need not fear that devastating look of pitying scorn which is likely to greet the giver of the unsuitable, though because of the appearance of these books the quest of the perfect boys' book will not relax.

I say that because these stories, like many others of their kind, lack that savage reality of narrative and that romanticism of style which we have come to associate with the ideal boy's book—which we certainly found in "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped," in Mayne Reid's "Scalp Hunters," in H. G. Wells's "Time Machine" and "The First Men in the Moon," in Hughes's "Tom Brown's Schooldays," in Haggard's "Allan Quatermain" tales, in "Moby Dick," in Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," in

the "blood and thunders" (unjustly condemned), which told of the deeds of derring-do of Jack Harkaway, or of a highly ubiquitous Buffalo Bill, or of a carelessly graceful Robin Hood, or an entirely reasonable and justifiable Jesse James. Indeed, it is my contention that writers for boys who would achieve popularity are on the wrong tack when they sit down to spin a yarn with a boy as hero, although the paraphernalia of a sea setting, a treasure island, a dungeon and all the rest be thrown in. For the boys' fictional world is full of men characters, not boys. At the best I recall no more than three or four boy characters perfectly natural and characteristic—Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, Tom Brown. In "Treasure Island" the memorable character is Silver, not Jim. Indeed, a boy looking at his world with clear-seeing eyes sees that adventures are for the more mature in real life, so with a boy plunged into overmuch rough combativeness, making enemies bite the dust, governing men, standing a square-jawed hero against odds, there is a certain lack of verisimilitude. It is as if an offense against truth had been committed. The oldtime writers for boys realized that a boy looks up far above his own level, ready and willing to fall terrifically in love with a hero greater than himself. But no boy will look with respectful eyes at one on his own level. No one is so contemptuous of boyhood as a boy. His eyes are turned to radiant figures, familiar though glorified, living where life is flowing free and full though they be outlaws and pirates, swashbucklers and sea kings of Devon, highwaymen

or romantic rascals. And never will the boy stand for the least suggestion of the "love" element.

THE SCARLET COCKEREL. *By* CLIFFORD M.
SUBLETTE

Reviewed by C. G. LELAND

THE Charles Boardman Hawes prize for 1925 has gone to a new writer, Mr. Clifford M. Sublette, who won it with what may in reason be called a slashing good romance, "The Scarlet Cockerel." It is as full of sword thrusts as a new shirt is full of pins.

The man who wrote this book, we should say, was brought up in the days when boys read the novels of Sir Walter, "Papa" Dumas, Ainsworth, Jane Porter and Bulwer-Lytton. Naturally, he has not forgotten them altogether.

"M. Blaise de Breault," the hero of his story, "in a new suit of bright scarlet serge, with shoes to match, and a black cock's feather in his cap," breezes into the scene in a manner reminiscent of that other Gascon who left southwestern France, with his father's sword and unlimited confidence as patrimony, and sought adventure in the rush and bustle of old Paris during the days of the Great Cardinal. A little reminscent, too, is the excellent sword play and cool daring of "Martin Belcastel," sterling soldier and friend. "Martin" is a combination of the other Musketeers. At any rate, it is a pleasant reminiscence, and when the scene changes to blue water and the ships

of Jean Ribault's expedition sent out in 1562 by Admiral Coligny, I am reminded of another fine story based on the same episode read many years ago in the first numbers of "Harper's Young People," Kirk Munroe's "Flamingo Feather."

I am willing to admit that I was more thrilled in those far-off days by "Flamingo Feather" than I have been in these book-filled ones by "The Scarlet Cockerel," but youngsters who begin the latter will finish it. There is no doubt about that. It has action, and the description of the founding of the Huguenot colony on the St. John's River, in Florida, its destruction by the Spaniard, Pedro Menendez, in 1565, is all good historical fiction as well as stirring adventure. This statement may be verified by reading Parkman's "Pioneers of France in the New World."

A thread of mystery attached to the fat man with a black patch over his eye runs subtly through the tale to the end. This fellow is a first-class scoundrel, spy and all-around ruffian, who seems more real than the other characters. Some are rather anæmic, but not he. He is as wicked as they make them.

The poor little heroine, dragged from a comfortable home in Paris to the wilds of America and through the swamps and jungles of Florida, has the sympathy of the reader and she deserves it. The love interest, however, is not intense enough to bring down upon it the scorn of any young man of ten or twelve summers. It is secondary to more important matters, such as ambuscades and night attacks, In-

dians in war paint, open boats on a tropical sea, brave men and women who die for their faith and a worthy cause. The villains are all brought to a fitting end, as villains should be. It is an old-fashioned story and a good one.

Mr. Sublette undoubtedly has more stories in him, and he has left "Blaise" of the red velvet hose and doublet in a position to acquire further adventures. Good luck to him! The quest of the perfect book for boys who, thank goodness, are not perfect goes merrily on.

KINDLING FLAMES IN BOOKS FOR BOYS

THERE are books that light up the minds of their readers as swiftly, as inevitably, as tongues of flame and the day of their discovery is one of such incredible delight that its memory never grows dim.

Fortunate the boy who comes to his books *con amore*, who looks upon reading as a regular sport and learns early to set his mind upon something that sets the sparks flying from his own brain and eases the weight that tugs at his heart. Fortunate the book that is destined to live on from generation to generation of young readers by virtue of the life which is in it and by its power to invoke the spirit of a new writer in a time far distant from its own.

This power of a book to lay hold on the mind of a reader and set him to reading, or writing, making pictures or composing songs is one of the great mysteries not reckoned with the three R's. If we could

understand it we should lose all the thrill of reading as an adventure. It is at once the test of a good book and of the lesser book in which a broken fragment of truth lies hidden.

Robinson Crusoe and Sindbad the Sailor have much to answer for in many lands. To Washington Irving in his time as to Robert Louis Stevenson in a later day they were the first real books, and they roused such passion for voyages and travel in both boys as could only be quenched by writing books of their own. "Knickerbocker" and "The Tales of the Alhambra," "Treasure Island" and "The New Arabian Nights" are but fair tribute to those unknown gods who light up the pages for ten-year-old boys to read. Howard Pyle, with his salt of Northern sagas, his Quaker ancestry and his flair for pirates; Edward MacDowell and his kindred spirit, Joel Chandler Harris, with their faith in American tradition and their mutual love of Uncle Remus; Rudyard Kipling, with "Captains Courageous"; John Masefield, with his "Jim Davis," that stirring tale of smugglers of the Cornish coast and his "Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger"; Jules Verne, with his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" and the ever mysterious "Mysterious Island"; Allen French's fine story, "Rolf and the Viking's Bow." These books and such as these, with the stirring ballads which ring from "The Blue Poetry Book" of Andrew Lang and "This Singing World" of Louis Untermeyer, are finding their way to new readers who, in their turn, may set their dreams to music, to story or to pictures.

ROBIN HOOD'S COUNTRY

ONCE upon a time Americans went all the way to England to explore Sherwood Forest, to see a fair at Nottingham Town.

Then came a singing Quaker who dipped his gray goose quill in the magic he found in a spring forest above the Brandywine and set down for himself the adventures of Robin Hood and his merry men in a fine fair book, with many pictures of his own devising.

If a fresher, fairer, jollier book has been made since the making of "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood" some forty-odd years ago, then we know not the name of it. Every year, as surely as we welcome the fairies on May eve, do we reread Howard Pyle's "Robin Hood," and never has it been more rewarding than this year, when read in the place of its conception.

The Three Owls have been seeing Wilmington for the first time, all on a market day, and they have for the first time, all on a market day, and they have also been discovering for themselves the beauty of the spring woods along the road to Valley Forge—the dogwood and the Judas-trees are everywhere in bloom—and they have flown high over lovely gardens, and in and out of old Delaware houses, and all about the galleries of the fine new library where



From The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood. Written and illustrated by Howard Pyle. Copyright, 1883, by Charles Scribner's Sons; 1911 by Howard Pyle.

Howard Pyle's paintings and drawings and books find a resting place.

One must see this exhibition many times to appreciate all its value and significance in the development of bookmaking for children since the '80s.

In one of the bright, airy rooms of the Wilmington Institute Free Library we found a prodigious gathering of fairy books. Miss Eastman is revising her "Fairy Tale Index" for a new edition, she said.

We came away from the library bearing "The Scarlet Cockerel." We read it between long drafts of Howard Pyle's "brown October," and we regret to state that we enjoyed "The Scarlet Cockerel" more in anticipation than we did in reality. Blaise de Breault did not hold his own against Will Scarlet, for he never became quite real, not even in scarlet clothes. His conversations held no surprise. Since the story is a romantic novel with a persistent love element it may be regarded as outside the range of children's books. The book's appeal is to boys and girls of high school age on the score of historical associations and local color.

Writers adopting the English of an earlier century will do well to saturate themselves with the atmosphere of their new-old stories if they want to make them live for boys and girls. Such writers, like any good novelist, must identify themselves with the emotions of their characters, if they are to hold natural conversations in all circumstances.

Howard Pyle had both the gift and the power of holding himself to account for the exercise of it to

the extent of mastering a double medium of expression. He believed in uniting the arts. But not all artists have the impulse to write or the patience to exact double toll of themselves.

To N. C. Wyeth many books have come alive in vivid colors. The thrills he got from reading "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "The Black Arrow" and Robin Hood ballads he has been able to pass on to vast numbers of readers whose pictorial imagination lies dormant. Straight to the old ballads and to his own out-of-doors at Chadd's Ford went Wyeth, with the result that he virtually dramatized the Robin Hood story in a series of delightful pictures. The full vigor and color of lusty young life are in his paintings. No static book illustrations are these pictures of Robin Hood and Little John, Maid Marian and the Sheriff of Nottingham. They are gay companions of the artist himself.

Ever since the paintings were hung upon the walls of the children's room of the New York Public Library we have felt irresistibly drawn toward the place where they first came alive to the artist. We wanted to get the feel of the country about Chadd's Ford. We wanted to see Mr. Wyeth's studio on the hilltop, with the woodland stretching beyond it. Most of all we wanted to see and know his five children in their own environment.

Wyeth fell in love with Chadd's Ford while a pupil of Howard Pyle before he sensed it as his own Robin Hood country. He built his house and studio there because the region spoke to him of home. By

every natural right it seems to belong to him and his; and more radiantly happy children I've never seen.

Their playroom—an addition built straight across the back of the house—looked like early Christmas morning. There was a glow from the toys, even in May, and every kind of an interesting toy looked ready and waiting to be played with. On the way to the studio we stopped to visit a nest of eight tiny rabbits.

There were books in plenty and every one seemed to make pictures for fun. The zest with which these children enter into things must be the most powerful of incentives to an illustrator of children's books. More than ever after seeing them do we wish that the Robin Hood pictures had been associated with text of more enduring quality. People are invariably disappointed in the version by Creswick in which Mr. Wyeth's pictures appear. Our recommendation is to use his pictures in association with Robin Hood ballads and in bringing the Pyle version to a new audience to whom Robin Hood was unknown before Douglas Fairbanks came.

Mr. Wyeth made a vivid drama in pictures. Mr. Pyle a book that is a work of art. Both did their work in Robin Hood's country.

We regret that the limitations in reproduction of any work in color render it impossible to present one of Mr. Wyeth's pictures.

WHY NOT VIRGINIA?

FROM ROBIN HOOD'S country the Three Owls flew straight to Washington and in the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress they gravely surveyed 400 large volumes of state papers about George Washington.

"Washington's life has not yet been written" volunteered an Owl they chanced to meet on Capitol Hill. It seemed an amazing statement when they remembered how many titles of books about George Washington they had seen in the catalogues of the Library of Congress and the New York Public Library.

"What do you think about it?" the writing Owl asked of Louise Latimer, director of the Children's Department of the Public Library of the District of Columbia.

Miss Latimer shook her head, "It's quite true," said she, "we have nothing on Washington himself that places him truly in the spirit of a different period and setting of his life. The books we have are all about and about him. There's no thrill of life in them."

"How about Virginia? We are on our way to Fredericksburg for the Kenmore celebration and we

think of going on to Richmond, Norfolk and Yorktown. We'd like to get the real thrill of Virginia."

"You see I came from New England," said the writing Owl in a burst of confidence, "but I've never been to Plymouth. I don't quite like to go, I've heard so much about it, and I've always felt I ought to see Jamestown first. Will you write something for our page on the children's books about Virginia while we are seeing it for the first time?"

"I should be signing my name to a blank if I attempted to write about the children's books now available which give you a true sense of Virginia, but I will write about the books we have not, if you will promise to go to Williamsburg as well as Jamestown."

The compact was made and sealed and we quote Miss Latimer's letter in full:

"The Mayflower is on the tongue of every American child. How many know even the names of the Sarah Constant, the Godspeed and the Discovery? How many American children have sailed through the Virginia Capes with the companies of these three tiny ships. How many have landed with them at Cape Henry and planted a cross to the glory of God and in the name of King James? How many picture them weary with five months of tossing on a winter sea and rejoicing in the safe waters about that headland which they called Point Comfort?

What of that May day in 1607 when, between forest-lined banks abloom with dogwood and red bud, these first settlers sailed up the mighty James, "moored their ships to the trees in six fathom water" and

going ashore called the place Jamestown? What but the overworked Pocahontas incident do our children read of the wise and gallant John Smith? Have they heard of that first political assemblage in America held in the little Jamestown church or of the first popular American election? What have we to tell them the story? The colonists' grievous troubles on that tiny peninsula with Indians and with ever-ready death, the settling of Tidewater Virginia along the banks of those great rivers, the James, the York, the Rappahannock and the Potomac, and the gradual spreading out from the seaboard—what material for writers!

Our children should be stimulated by great literature to cross in imagination the Blue Ridge with the young surveyor George Washington and help to settle the fertile Shenandoah Valley. But what have we on Washington himself that places him truly in the spirit of the various periods and settings of his life? What of that brilliant patriotic group gathered in the house of Burgesses, Williamsburg, a spot now only picked out in the grass by the stones of the original foundation? Save for a line or two taught them in their histories, what do our children know of Patrick Henry and Madison and Jefferson? It is not only our literature for children, alas, that has missed a chance to honor these men. Think of the shades of Patrick Henry and Jefferson and Madison watching the planning of a great memorial in the nation's capital to a man so lately gone as Theodore Roosevelt and

seeing no promise even yet of a national appreciation of their epochal contributions. Will our children fully appreciate the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States unless in our hearts and our material tributes we honor the men who fathered them?

History has no sharper, more dramatic, contrasts than the decades between 1850 and 1870 in Virginia. The civilization of the South before the Civil War, the usual relations between the "great house" and the cabin, need to be written about with art and with veracity. Here is no place for the hackwriter, or for a partisan, or over-colored treatment which would change the dramatic into the sensational. The Civil War and the rudderless disorder of the reconstruction period make one of the great transitions of history. We write of the devastated regions of France, probably not more than one-fifth of the area of that country. What do our children know of the economic and social upheaval, of the utter prostration of our own South after four years of war and of the horrors of those reconstruction days which put off more than the war itself the reunion of the country. From Jamestown to Appomattox in Virginia is not sectional, it is not local history; it is American history. How much of this rich heritage can we now pass on to our children in books? Literature for children, so far, lacks the spirit and color of the Virginia that belongs to the whole nation. We borrow therefore from adult literature the work of Thomas Nelson

Page, Mary Johnston and Ellen Glasgow, and when that is said I fear the tale is done.

Sincerely yours,

LOUISE P. LATIMER.

If Miss Latimer's statements seem sweeping to any reader I can only say they are substantially the same as I have gathered in historic Virginia and elsewhere. The field is even richer than I had always thought it.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON

YOUR WASHINGTON AND MINE. *By* LOUISE
PAYSON LATIMER

EVERY great city has a life of its own. Yet strangely enough the story of the life of the capital city of the nation is an unfamiliar one to thousands of American boys and girls all over the land.

Books have been written about the city. They have even been called "stories," yet some of them have been standing unread on library shelves for thirty years and more, for the simple reason that they are not interesting.

"The story of Washington cannot be separated from that of the River Potomac," says Miss Latimer, and sets forth the beauties and triumphs of the "Great River," as the Five Nations called it, with clarity and true feeling for a region that she knows and loves. These fascinating chapters form Part V of her book, but I read them first and then turned back to discover

that from the opening chapter the Potomac River had right of way with the author. "They are coming by water" she tells us is one of the meanings of the Indian name "Pawtomack"; and one has the feeling in reading any one of the seven parts of her book, whether of the early history, of government buildings, memorials, streets, parks, city planning or municipal affairs, that "they are still coming by water"—the virgin forest seems very near because the feeling for natural beauty is never lost and the historical perspective is clear and well defined.

"Your Washington and Mine" holds no end of things every boy and girl should know about the people, the buildings, the monuments, the historic places associated with the city. Not only has the information been selected with discrimination from authentic sources and made accessible by an excellent index, the natural interests of boys and girls in the early teens have been taken into very careful account in the manner of presentation. Here is no writing down, or what may be even worse, writing up.

Louise Latimer lives in Washington and there is an intimacy of personal touch at the right moment about the events she has known at first hand which gives flavor to her brief comment or characterization and sets her book apart from guide books and books of civics in general.

Boys and girls who are adding to their personal libraries will want to own "Your Washington and Mine." Its place in the public library or in the school library is on the shelves for both children and

teachers as a contribution of distinct value to the American history of the 1920's.

The book is illustrated by excellent reproductions from genuinely interesting photographs. There is a cheaper school edition in less attractive form, but my personal experience with books of this character is that they need the full value of good make-up to attract the boy and girl readers of early high school age.



TESTS FOR CHILDREN'S BOOKS

FROM the enchantments of Williamsburg in time of roses, from a whole peninsula golden to the river's edge with Scotch broom, the Three Owls flew back to keep faith with a "library institute" at Goshen, Orange County, New York, in lilac time.

"I wanted to cross the York River and explore Gloucester County," said the Owl who makes pictures. "And I wanted to finish reading 'Audrey' in her own house on the old Palace Green," said the Owl who writes when there's anything to say.

"If you hadn't stopped midway to read 'The Three Little Confederates' and 'Diddie Dumps and Tot' for the hundredth time you might easily have finished 'Audrey,' " remarked the critic Owl. "You have no system about your reading."

"On the contrary," replied the writing Owl. "It was seeing the delightful children of the Norfolk libraries reading those very books that made me want to read them all over again. I call it a very good system for reading, and since we are all going back to Virginia some day I'll finish 'Audrey' then. There's no hurry."

"But what about that meeting of librarians at Goshen? Have you any ideas for it?"

"I have," volunteered the picture-making Owl. "Why not tell them about our Indian chief who motored a hundred miles to attend the Kenmore celebration for General Washington's sister?"

"But we were asked to give tests for selecting books for children," protested the critic Owl. "Nobody wants to hear our impressions of the Indians of Virginia."

"Quite so," observed the writing Owl, "but you know what famous listeners librarians are. I've always thought Frank Stockton should have made a librarian the heroine of his 'House of Martha' instead of hiring a listener. Anybody might listen to a true story of a bona fide Indian chief. I had no idea there were any real ones left in Virginia. I'll write down a few tests for you, and if there isn't time to read them at the Goshen Library we can print them on our page."

"A fine idea. I'll look for some of the pictures I remember in old 'St. Nicholas,'" volunteered the picture-making Owl.

So the critic Owl told the story of the chief descended from Powhatan, and then, after answering a few of their questions, it was time for the librarians of Orange County to go back to their own libraries. Two only of the tests set down by the writing Owl were mentioned in Goshen:

(1) Try reading books aloud. Do they bore or delight you, and why?

This test is recommended to writers of children's

books as well as to critical readers. It is virtually infallible.

(2) Insist on having books well produced. Printed in good, clear type. If illustrated, with significant pictures. Children remember just how their favorite books look—inside and outside.

The writing Owl continued to cover large sheets of paper with tests which kept popping into his head as fast as he wrote them down:

If the book contains fairy tales, new or old, are they written in beautiful or acceptable English?

Was the book conceived for children or for grown-ups?

Is it sophisticated in language and allusion, or is it simple?

Is the book true to the fact or the fancy it seeks to set forth?

Is it like any book you have ever read before? If so, compare the books.

If it is a book of plays, are theyactable?

Boys' books must be read in active association with boys, and girls' books with intimate knowledge of girls in order to appraise them fairly.

Sequels and serials are to be tolerated only when character and incident measure up to those of first books.

Know as much as possible about the writers of children's books.

Fidelity to life and essential atmosphere are as indispensable in histories, biographies, books of travel and adventure, and realistic stories for children as are

scientific accuracy and clear treatment to books of discovery and invention.

The critic Owl was about to apply some of these tests to the children's books published since the Christmas holidays, but on entering the children's room of the New York Public Library on the afternoon of May 23 a company of children was found



Picture by Bensell for The Magician's Daughter

listening with audible delight to a story which bore unmistakable signs of a birthday celebration.

"Why, that's the story that goes with the Bensel pictures!" exclaimed the picture-loving Owl. "I've never heard anybody tell it before, but how just right it is for a birthday—full of marvelous adventures and the funniest of people!" The storyteller had not learned the story to tell on this occasion—the fourteenth birthday of the New York Public Library—rather she seemed to have known it always by

heart and to be sharing an intimate personal delight in its re-creation.

"Among the fanciful tales of to-day there are none to compare with Frank Stockton's," said she. "I've put them all to the test, first and last, and I always come back to him, but how we need better editions of his stories for the children's own reading!"

Whereupon the Owl who had chosen the Bensen pictures prevailed upon Mary Gould Davis to write down one more test of a children's book—the story-teller's test of the story that stays alive.

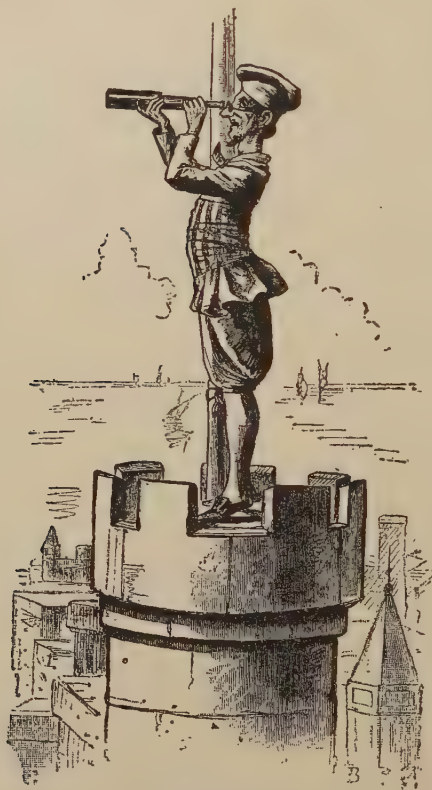
ARISTOCRATS AND GRIFFINS

FANCIFUL TALES OF FRANK R. STOCKTON
By MARY GOULD DAVIS

“**T**HAT will suit me very well,” said the Griffin. “I see you are a man of good sense. I am tired and I will take a nap here on this soft grass, while I cool my tail in the little stream that runs near me. The end of my tail gets red hot when I am angry or excited, and it is quite warm now. So you may go; but be sure and come early to-morrow morning and show me the way to the church.”

This first conversation between the Griffin and the Minor Canon in Stockton’s inimitable story filled me, as a child, with amusement and intense interest. What would happen, I wondered, if the Griffin entered *our* schoolroom and “climbed into the master’s seat, his wide wings spread on each side of him, because he could not lean back in his chair while they stuck out behind, and his great tail coiled around in front of the desk, the barbed end sticking up, ready to tap any boy or girl who might misbehave.” When I was very little, one of the youngest of a family of ten, my mother used to read aloud to us from the bound volumes of “St. Nicholas,” where many of Stockton’s stories were first published. “The Poor

Count's Christmas" is all mixed up in my mind with apples roasted before a wood fire, "How the Aristocrats



*Picture by Bensell for How the Aristocrats
Sailed Away*

crats sailed away" with the warm scent of syringa in a Maine garden.

His first book, "Ting-a-Ling Tales," was written in 1869, four years before he went to help Mary

Mapes Dodge edit "St. Nicholas," and was published in "The Riverside Magazine." More than fifty years later, when I told from it the story of that most fascinating monster in all "the land of faerie"—the Kyrofatalapynx—delighted chuckles soon made it evident that Stockton was a master of the kind of humor that appeals to a child, that his characters live for him and move for him actively and happily through the pages. To children, Stockton's people—his giants and fairies, his witches and magicians, his brave princes and tearful princesses, even the frightful but exceedingly human Griffin, are friends. They listen with indulgent amusement to the grave statement that "the Giant stood looking in at the window with such a broad grin on his face that one might almost have driven a horse and wagon down his throat," they sigh with relief when the bow in the hand of the fearful Kyrofatalapynx falls useless to the ground, the bowstring cut in two by the brave sword of little Ting-a-Ling, they nod with satisfaction when the good Giant Turilira saves the lovers from the wicked Mabracca's tower, and places them tenderly and carefully in the pockets of his great-coat. The occasional bits of pure nonsense, the solemn absurdities of the stories are nicely balanced by the realness of the characters and, while Stockton's country is not to be found in any known geography, it has in it all the things that children love—trees and flowers and butterflies, the feel of the wind and the sound of the sea.

No one of the published volumes, to my mind, collects the stories properly. It seems such a pity to separate "How the Aristocrats sailed away" from



Picture by Bensell for The Floating Prince

"The Fruit of the Fragile Palm" when they so obviously belong together. And the only way in which one may read "The Poor Count's Christmas" is to

turn back in the old red and gold volumes of "St. Nicholas." It is worth seeking the stories there, however, to get with them the pictures of E. B. Bensell. They have all the humor, the imagination, the careful thought for detail that Stockton has himself. Stockton fills a whole page with a lively account of what the Giant had for dinner—a menu that never fails to delight the children—and Bensell drew a Christmas tree that goes from the top to the bottom of one of "St. Nicholas's" generous pages, and carries on its laden branches a faithful likeness of every gift that the story mentions. And in the picture where the Aristocrats start off to seek their kingdom, led by the Floating Prince and the Giant and the Fairy, their very backs seem to express their joy at being taken from a dull schoolroom to such glorious adventure!

The gift that Frank Stockton had is a rare thing, because it is truly creative.

GIRLS AND THEIR BOOKS

CREATIVE writing with a special appeal to girls on the edge of the teens is one of the most delicate and difficult of all forms of fiction.

In its essential elements it has been the most neglected, and yet the field is as rich and varied as life itself and there are enlivening signs, at last, of a new sense of its importance and claim upon writers who have the power of understanding, interpreting and dramatizing the life of their own time.

Why should not books about girls be just as interesting as girls are? Why should they not be as varied, as colorful, as full of surprises, as are the girls we know?

Why should not another book, as significant to our time as was "Little Women" at the close of the Civil War, come out of America?

Louisa Alcott wrote out of New England life as she knew it, stories as real as veritable folk tales. Their human tenderness and simple courage have not only kept them alive in distant lands; it has sustained countless girls and women in our own country from one generation to another.

There will always be a place for the book with an appeal to the heart. The better it is written the more

enduring the place. Miss Alcott in her dedication of "Little Women" paid her own personal tribute to "Pilgrim's Progress." It struck fire in her, and no writer has ever brought it quite so near to girl readers. Susan Coolidge is another writer whose stories are dear to the girl who comes from a village in Russia or Poland to-day as to the American girl of the period in which they were written.

We have set too slight a value as folk literature on these genuine stories of an earlier time—"Nelly's Silver Mine," "Betty Leicester" and the like. Their value is to be heightened and their influence extended by the entrance of such a vivid character as the Little Princess Nina in the admirable translation of a young Czech.

LITTLE PRINCESS NINA. The Story of a Russian Girl. *By* L. A. CHARSKAYA

Translated by HANA MUSKOVA

Reviewed by HARRIET S. WRIGHT

GIRLS are fond of princesses, in or out of fairy tales.

Nina, in the Caucasus Mountains—a Russian nobleman, her father; Fatima, daughter of Hadji Mahomed, her mother—might be a fairy princess, but she happens to be a real one in a fairy-tale setting. She rides forth at Gori on her favorite horse, Blesk, sitting, as she says: erect and proud in my red velvet coat, with my high white cap pushed back. The Armenian merchants, the pretty Grusian women

and the Tartar girls all looked at me with their mouths open, surprised at my courage and skill.

Abreck, a skilled horseman, had taught her the tricks of the mountaineers. When, riding at full gallop, she was able to pick up a knife stuck in the ground, he shouted: "Bravo! Excellent! The princess will be a brave youth!"

Nina, as yet untamed and too conscious that she belongs to a famous family, is sent far from home to a school in Petrograd. There, among strange girls of her own age, she finds it not enough to say that she is a princess. She has to prove that she is real.

To be brought face to face with girls in their teens is a test for princesses and for writers. Nina succeeded, and so has her portrayer, who knows the secret of the girl's personality and reproduces her environment strikingly with a use of words expressive and picturesque. Girls who are reluctantly leaving their fairy lore will especially like the story of Princess Nina. It has marked fairy-tale qualities—dramatic action, poetic feeling and vivid character drawing. The spell of Old-World stories is in it. The book faces two ways—toward Mecca and the Arabian Nights; toward Russia and its wonder tales. One is reminded of "Wasilissa the Beautiful" and "Old Peter's Russian Tales."

More and more children in America "speak the same language" as Nina and her relatives. Some have migrated from her remote part of the world, but more, having saturated themselves with foreign fairv

tales, understand and love "golden words" and heroic deeds. They like the human tenderness and folk quality of village life on the borders of the Black and Caspian seas—a region where song, story and dance are a vital part of the culture of a people. These children will welcome "Little Princess Nina" as they did the story of Michael Pupin's boyhood. ("From Immigrant to Inventor," by Michael Pupin.) His Serbian village and the Tartar village that Nina knew have much in common.

A PRAIRIE ROSE. *By* BERTHA E. BUSH

Illustrated by HENRY PITZ

THE ROSE who moved on from Wisconsin to Iowa at the age of fifteen is a real character, and so is the nineteen-year-old brother who accompanied her.

Girls in the early teens who have enjoyed the book for its graphic and true account of the journey by prairie schooner and the making of a new home, with all its hardships and amusing incidents, will be grateful to Henry Pitz for pictures which add to their pleasure and which will appeal to a new audience of readers.

There is an atmosphere of reality about the book which gives it a place of its own and sends many a girl forward to an earlier reading of such books as Miss Cather's "My Antonia," Herbert Quick's "Vandermark's Folly" or Anna Howard Shaw's "Story of a Pioneer."



From A Prairie Rose

RECENT BOOKS FOR GIRLS

A GIRL OF THE PLAINS COUNTRY. *By* ALICE MACGOWAN. Boys as well as girls will be interested in this picture of Western life.

THE LITTLE HOUSE IN THE DESERT. *By* FORRESTINE C. HOOKER. The story of a little lame girl who lives in the desert.

PEGGY'S PLAYHOUSES. *By* CLARA WHITEHILL HUNT. The summer vacation of a little girl who goes on a round of visits.

THE SECRET OF HALLOWDENE FARM. *By* DORIS POCOCK. A mystery story with an English background. Girls will like it.

RED CAPS AND LILIES. *By* KATHARINE ADAMS. Illustrated by Jay Van Everen. A girl's story of the time of the French Revolution.

THE SILVER TARN. *By* KATHARINE ADAMS. Mehitabel appears again in this story by a favorite author of girl's books.

POETS AND LEPRACAUNS

“AND then the Lepracaun went back the way he had come. As he went he made little jumps and cracked his fingers, and sometimes he rubbed one leg against the other.

“ ‘That’s a nice Lepracaun,’ said Seumas Beg.

“ ‘I like him, too,’ said Brigid.

“ ‘Listen,’ said Seumas, ‘let me be the Lepracaun and you be the two children and I will ask you our names.’

“So they did that.” Lovers of James Stephens’s “Crock of God” will remember how when the Lepracaun came back next day, he sat down beside the children and was silent for a little time.

“ ‘Are you not going to ask us our names, sir?’ said Seumas.

“His sister smoothed out her dress shyly.

“ ‘My name is Brigid Beg,’ said she.

“ ‘Did you ever play jackstones?’ said the Lepracaun.

“ ‘No, sir,’ replied Seumas.

“ ‘I’ll teach you how to play jackstones,’ said the Lepracaun, and he picked up some pine cones and taught the children that game. And after that he taught them how to play leap frog, and a wonderful

game he makes of it, for the last jump takes them straight to Gort na Cloca Mora—the house of the Lepracauns in the hole at the foot of the tree.

“ ‘Sit down on that little root, child of my heart,’ said he, ‘and you can knit stockings for us.’ ”

“ ‘Yes, sir,’ said Brigid meekly.

“The Lepracaun took four knitting needles and a ball of green wool from the top of a high, horizontal root. He had to climb over one, go round three and climb up two roots to get at it, and he did this so easily that it did not seem a bit of trouble. He gave the needles and wool to Brigid Beg.

“ ‘Do you know how to turn the heel, Brigid Beg?’ said he.

“ ‘No, sir,’ said Brigid.

“ ‘Well, I’ll show you when you come to it.’ ”

If you have been thinking of James Stephens as belonging only to those grown-ups who wish never to grow old try sharing with children this circumstantially convincing description of lepracauns at work in their own room. He must have seen and known them for a long time to get it so clear.

I had been reading it all over again the day before Mr. Stephens came to read from his poems and stories to the fortunate girls and boys of the New York Public Library. I hoped he would read this bit about the leprecauns, but he didn’t.

“How shall I talk to them,” he asked, and then he quickly answered his own question by saying, “I will talk to them just as I would to you. Leave me here to walk up and down for a bit.”

A few minutes later he stepped into a candle-lighted, flower-decked room filled with boys and girls—250 of them from twelve years upward—and for nearly a half hour he talked to them about education—their own and their parents—talked to them with a saving grace of humor and an intellectual keenness rarely accorded to the young. And as they listened to the ideas of this rich stranger, greeting him with bursts of spontaneous laughter and delighted applause, they seemed to draw as near to the Poet as Seumas Beg and Brigid did to the Lepracaun.

"If you ever find a poem trying to teach you anything leave it alone, for it's not poetry," he said, and proceeded to recite to the children the same poems with which he has delighted so many audiences of grown-ups during the last few months. But upon no audience of grown-ups will his poetry ever cast the spell that held these boys and girls of many races through that happy evening—a spell that lingered as they passed out and away to their homes in all quarters of a great city.

"He makes you see just how easy it is to write poetry," said a boy from the Bronx. "I'm going to write some myself."

"He's a kind man—a very kind man, but just a little queer," said an East side boy. "I didn't want to go to the Big Library when I heard a Poet was coming. I never liked poetry reading before, but he made you interested. He shuts his eyes sometimes—to see what he is saying. I shut mine sometimes."

It was James Stephens's last lecture before sailing

home, and it came so close to Midsummer Eve (June 23) that the boys and girls begged him to read a story from his own "Irish Fairy Tales" at the end. To the poet this request may have seemed an anticlimax, but to the children it established his reality and close relationship to a book destined to be better loved as it becomes better known and familiarly associated with a living writer.

While Mr. Stephens himself says that his books were not written for children, just so long as children and their parents continue to defy his theories by learning to read before they are sixteen I believe that true dwellers in the Land of Faery may well join in



*From A Midsummer Night's Dream,
illustrated by Arthur Rackham*

an ageless quest for the nuts of wisdom and the power of wishing in which "In the Land of Youth" and "The Crock of Gold" are richer than tongue can tell.

MIDSUMMER SONGS AND TALES

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. *By* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
With illustrations by Arthur Rackham.

Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down;
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.

REWARDS AND FAIRIES. *By* RUDYARD KIPLING.

The young fern on a knoll rustled, and Puck walked out, chewing a green-topped rush.

"Good Midsummer Morning to you! Here's a happy meeting," said he. They shook hands all around and asked questions.

PUCK OF POOK'S HILL. *By* RUDYARD KIPLING.

"By Oak, Ash and Thorn!" cried Puck, taking off his blue cap. "I like you, too. Sprinkle a little salt on the biscuit, Dan, and I'll eat it with you. That'll show you the sort of person I am. Some of us"—he went on, with his mouth full—"couldn't abide Salt, or Horseshoes over a door, or Mountain Ash berries, or Running Water, or Cold Iron, or the sound of Church Bells. But I'm Puck!"

ROBIN GOODFELLOW. In *Fairy Gold*. Chosen by ERNEST RHYS.

Robin, my son, come quickly rise:
First stretch, then yawn, and rub your eyes;
For thou must go with me to-night
And taste of Fairy-land's delight.

ELPHIN, OUPH AND FAY. In *Come Hither*. Edited by WALTER DE LA MARE.

Round about, round about
 In a fair ring-a.
 Thus we dance, thus we dance,
 And thus we sing-a.
 Trip and go, to and fro
 Over this green-a,
 All about, in and out,
 For our brave Queen-a.

THE ENCHANTED ELM. In the Firelight Fairy Book. *By* HENRY
 BESTON.

Throw the axe down, harm not me.
 I am an enchanted tree.
 He who strikes shall breathe his last,
 Before Midsummer Eve hath passed.

THE MAGIC FLOWERS AT MIDSUMMER EVE. In Leaves from
 the Golden Bough. Culled by LADY FRASER.

The flower was yellow and shone like a lamp in the darkness
 of night. It never stood still, but kept hopping constantly to and
 fro. It was also afraid of men and fled before them, and no man
 ever yet plucked it unless he had been set apart by Providence for
 the task.

THE BOOK OF FAIRY POETRY. *Edited by* DORA OWEN. Illus-
 trated by WARWICK GOBLE.

PART I. FAIRY STORIES. .PART II. FAIRY SONGS, DANCES AND
 TALK.

We who are old, old and gay,
 O, so old!
 Thousands of years, thousands of years,
 If all were told.
 Give to these children, new from the world,
 Silence and love;
 And the long, dew-dropping hours of the night,
 And the stars above.

—W. B. Yeats.

THE FAIRIES. By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. In *This Singing World*. Edited by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap
And white owl's feather.

THE FAIRY TREE OF DOOROS. In *Golden Spears*. By EDMUND LEAMY.

The fairy took three berries from the pocket of his little green coat and gave them to the giant.

The giant looked at them for a second. He then swallowed the three together, and when he had done so he felt so happy that he began to shout and dance for joy.

THE LEPRACAUN. By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. In *Rainbow Gold: Poems Old and New*. Selected by SARA TEASDALE.

Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!
Scarlet leather, sewn together,
This will make a shoe.
Left, right, pull it tight;
Summer days are warm;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm!

I'D LOVE TO BE A FAIRY'S CHILD. By ROBERT GRAVES. In *This Singing World*. Edited by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Children born of fairy stock
Never need for shirt or frock,
Never want for food or fire,
Always get their heart's desire.

A CAPFUL OF MOONSHINE. In *Moonshine and Clover*. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

"How is it that one gets to see a fairy?" . . . The old man answered, "There are some to whom it comes by nature, but for

others three things are needed—a handful of courage, a mouthful of silence and a capful of moonshine.”

THE BLUE MOON. In *A Doorway in Fairyland*. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

“Are you coming to the blue moon?” called the fay, and his voice whistled and shrilled to them like the voice of a wind.

DOWN-ADOWN-DERRY. By WALTER DE LA MARE. In his *Songs of Childhood*.

THERE ARE FAIRIES IN THE BOTTOM OF OUR GARDEN. By ROSE FYLEMAN. In her *Fairies and Chimneys*.

THE BOOK OF ELVES AND FAIRIES. By FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT.

’Tis the hour of Fairy ban and spell;
 The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
 He has counted them all with click and stroke,
 Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
 And he has awakened the sentry Elve
 Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
 To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
 And call the Fays to their revelry;
 Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
 ’Twas made of the white snail’s pearly shell—
 “Midnight comes, and all is well!
 Hither, hither, wing your way!
 ’Tis the dawn of the Fairy day.”

—From *The Culprit Fay*, by JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW, A MIDSUMMER LEGEND. By MARY HOWITT. In *Child Life, a Collection of Poems*. Edited by J. G. Whittier.

LOB LIE-BY-THE-FIRE. By MRS. EWING. Illustrated by Randolph Caldecott.

It was Midsummer Eve. The long light of the north was pale and clear and the western sky shone luminous through the fir-wood that bordered the road. Under such dim lights colors deepen, and the great bushes of broom, that were each one mass of golden blossom, blazed like fairy watch-fires up the lane.

VACATION BOXES

By MARIAN CUTTER

NEXT to helping Santa fill his pack each year the Bookshop knows no greater joy than sending off the boxes of vacation reading. The first little friend who came to us this year was Wilder, who is eleven years old and who is going to be right in the same homestead in the Berkshires, where he has spent every one of his eleven summers. He said he wanted pirate stories, scouting stories and adventure in far off lands. Wilder had never read "Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates," so that went into the box and made an excellent foundation to build on. Then followed "The Black Buccaneer," a tale of pirates off the Maine coast, and Masefield's "Jim Davis," a story of Cornish pirates, so both sides of the Atlantic were represented. Wilder picked up "The Dark Frigate" by Charles Boardman Hawes and said he must have that because he had liked "The Mutineers." The "Boy Scouts in Glacier Park" by Walter Prichard Eaton and "Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol" served as two good scout stories.

For the adventure group we chose "The Lance of Kanana," a story of Arabia. "The Country of the Dwarfs" by Paul Du Chaillu, "Up the Mazaruni for Diamonds" by La Varre, who tells, to the reader's delight, his own thrilling experiences while on a dia-

mond hunting expedition in South America. These with "The Adventures of Billy Topsail," a story of Labrador, completed a box of ten books, the number Wilder's mother had allowed, and Wilder was particularly pleased because we had talked over each title when selecting it, and he could tell his father a good reason for wanting to read each one.

The telephone rang and Joan and Elizabeth, who both ride and own horses, wanted stories about horses and a few other good books to take with them to Canada. Down came another box and into it went "Horses Nine" and "Beyond Rope and Fence." "Black Beauty," "Star," the story of an Indian pony, and "The Trail of the Spanish Horse" they had read already. "The Horse Fair" by James Baldwin and "The Wonder Book of Horses," telling of famous horses in legend and history, would surely please, so into the box they went and filled all the space that could be given to horses.

Joan is fifteen and wanted books with European settings chiefly. Down from the shelves came "The Three Musketeers," "The Tale of Two Cities," "Short Stories" by Prosper Mèrimée and Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire." Elizabeth, two years younger, wanted stories of chivalry. She had read the Arthurian Legends. We chose Darton's "Seven Champions of Christendom," "When Knights Were Bold," "The Book of the Happy Warrior," and "Bayard" by Christopher Hare.

Then Philip, Frances and Gregory came as usual for a box of books to go with them to Nantucket.

Philip, who is fourteen, wanted books on how to build boats and just one or two stories about sailing boats, so into his box we put Yates's "Boys' Book of Model Boats" and Harper's "Boating Book for Boys," "Gus Harvey" for its good list of nautical terms and Kipling's "Captains Courageous."

Philip concentrates on one thing at a time. Last year it was dogs, this year it is boats.

Frances wanted books of plays and fairy tales. Last summer she enjoyed Lena Dalkeith's "Little Plays" and "Plays and Pantomimes and Tableaux for Children" by Nora Archibald Smith. This year Frances is twelve, and being more advanced than a year ago, quickly decided that she would take Montrose Moses's "Treasury of Plays" because "it had so many good things in it that it would last a long



From What Shall We Play?

time" and also because several of the stories dramatized were familiar favorites of hers. For quite an opposite reason "New Plays from Old Tales" by Harriet Wright was chosen, she knew none of the stories, but felt sure she would enjoy acting such delightful sounding tales as "Tamlane" and "The Birthday of the Infanta."

A year ago Frances was reading the children's stories of Louise de la Rame (Ouida), "The Pipes of Clovis," Anatole France's "Honey Bee" and "The Children's Blue Bird" of Madame Maeterlinck. This year she asked for "longer stories with pictures that stay in your mind." James Stephens's "Irish Fairy Tales" promised to meet her requirements, and that rare out-of-door fantasy, "The Treasure of the Isle of Mist," by W. W. Tarn, and then unexpectedly, for Frances had read many hero tales, the "Story of Rustem and Other Persian Heroes" was discovered.

Now it was Gregory's turn. Of course, he had listened with the older children to the reading of many of their books at the daily reading hour, but at seven years he had just mastered the art of reading easily to himself and was beginning to take great pride in his own growing library. "Alice in Wonderland," and "Little Boy Lost" by W. H. Hudson, were his immediate favorites. Gregory's mother added "The Arabian Nights," Rose Fyleman's "Fairies and Chimneys" and "David Blaize and the Blue Door" by E. F. Benson, "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils" by Selma Lagerlöf and "The Book of Nature Myths" completed their family box for Nantucket.

To Betty, who is just nine, and who makes ever so many things with her hands, as well as being able to swim and "almost to sail a boat," the Bookshop has been sending books of distinctive type for five years. She has read and re-read those she loves best.

This morning when Betty's mother came to the Bookshop there was a new development to prepare for. Betty's parents are going to Europe for several months and they have invited Cathleen, Betty's dearest friend, to go too. The children are to spend the time in Scotland and England. "Now," said Betty's mother, "give us a generous supply of books!" This was great fun for the Bookshop. It is not an easy matter to keep ahead of Betty to whom we have sent so many books and who enjoys and remembers them so well that when her mother comes for a fresh supply the Bookshop has to sharpen all its wits. So natural a reader must not be pushed on to stories which may be more fully understood a few years later. Marshall's "Story of Scotland" and "Stories from the Scottish Ballads" must surely go; also "The Laird of Glentyre" and "The Book of Edinburgh" and E. V. Lucas's "The Slowcoach," a delightful story of a caravan trip taken through England by a family of children, Howard Pyle's "Men of Iron," a story of the Black Prince; Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill," "Master Skylark," John Bennett's story of Shakespeare's times, Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper" they already knew. Betty's mother discovered Eleanor Farjeon's delightful London fantasy "Gypsy and Ginger," and for Betty she chose "Anne's

Terrible Good Nature" and "The Memoirs of a London Doll." Betty had already planned to re-read "Peter Pan" in Kensington Gardens. For the steamer we added "The Book of the Ship," a delightful picture book with authentic information; "Merrylips" and "The Old Tobacco Shop" for good stories, "The Magic Fishbone," a holiday romance by Charles Dickens, amusing by land or sea with its charming illustrations. "Put on the lid," said Betty's mother. "I am sure all those will keep them busy and happy."

Again the Bookshop door opens and in came Miss Whiting saying: "I'm off for France next week and I want books about Normandy for children under ten who stay with me while their parents are traveling." It was good to have the opportunity to send away in a vacation box the new edition of Marshall's "Story of France," which has been out of print for several years; "The Banner of the White Horse," a story of William the Conqueror; "Stories of Old France," "The Little Count of Normandy," which gives a simple picture of feudal times, and then we added two other titles by the same author, "Little Shepherd of Provence" and "Gabriel and the Hour Book."

And so, East, West, North and South, whirl the boxes by train, by steamer, and by motor to homes near by. But the Bookshop is happiest of all, for as Wilder once said, "You not only have the fun of telling us about the books, but you have had the fun of buying them all for the Bookshop beforehand."



WHAT SHALL WE PLAY? *By* EDNA GEISTER

Decorated by E. MACKINSTRY

MISS MACKINSTRY'S delightful decoration lend distinction to a book of games for little children quite unwarranted by its exceedingly commonplace text.

The illustrations for "What Shall We Play?" have the charm we associate with a book of old English singing games conceived in the American spirit and they cry aloud for simple, effective text to lend color and authenticity to each game.

Miss Geister, in stressing her large family idea in too informal a manner, lets the games go by the board, with the result that she achieves neither a convincing story of a dozen children playing games, nor yet

a clear presentation of the games themselves. Games, as she presents them, are not significant. Books of games are fascinating when they stimulate the imagination and the powers of invention, and the literature of the subject on this side of the Atlantic is at present too closely limited to books designed for organized play in schools and recreation centers.

E. V. Lucas was the pioneer in this field of individual play, as he was in the type of anthology (*Book of Verses for Children*), on which so many others have since built without acknowledgment of their debt.

His "What Shall We Do Now?" first published in 1900, for which F. D. Bedford made the cover design, remains the most attractive and suggestive general book



of games and amusements for children. In its third edition the title of this book was changed to "Three Hundred Games and Pastimes," and it still goes merrily on from one printing to another. Something akin to it, but not lifted bodily from it, more definitely American in plan and execution, would give such an artist as Miss MacKinstry a broader field in which to exercise her power of drawing children, animals and railway trains in motion. The spirit of spontaneous play in these drawings leaves one wondering why Miss MacKinstry has not been associated with the illustration of children's books before now. Her work will be followed with interest.

MINUTE MEN AND PIONEERS

EVER since the dear old Fourth of July became safe and sane we have been looking for something to light up the day and give back our childhood dream of a greater celebration in years to come.

None of the substitutes offered for our personal store of firecrackers, torpedoes and pin wheels has had the true flavor of the day we knew as a child in a New England village. For pure holiday, July 4 yielded to no other the joyous abandon of its bell-ringing, cannon-firing dawn, its bonfires and burst of rockets at night.

Nor was the day without meaning in our own bright recollection of it. Behind all the noise we felt that we were celebrating something stupendous.

Liberty came, not like Santa Claus in the night bearing gifts, but once a year with the dawn, bringing light, a great noise, and a sense of moving on.

We have done well to curb the danger to life and limb of children of the present day, but we must see to it that the day itself is not lost in a limbo of empty plays and exercises stamped patriotic.

We wish that every child from eight to eighteen and every adult of any age at all might have seen "Lexington" at Lexington, as we saw it one starry

night. There have been pageants and pageants and we have looked on at many of them, but we have seen none that came quite so near to our childhood dream of a "bigger Fourth of July." We always saw it taking place in a village and that visionary village with Washington riding toward it we now know to have been Lexington, although we did not actually see Lexington Common until we had left our school days behind.

We were so singularly fortunate in seeing it for the first time with those who love its beauty and quietude above everything else that we might have hesitated to risk seeing a pageant there had we not first read Sidney Howard's book. Here is no commonplace rendering of local events for the glory of Lexington, but a chronicle of epic quality of great events in America's struggle for freedom in the living words of leaders and prophets.

The influence of such text as Mr. Howard has chosen upon the boys and girls, the men and women who have taken part in the pageant, is incalculable.

Already Lexington is circulating, with a new freedom, golden words of Whitman and Sandburg, as well as the new silver coins and postage stamps which mark the anniversary.

The setting of the pageant and the perfection of the lighting left pictures of unforgettable beauty upon the mind. The utter simplicity and sincerity of the acting of the first episode—"The Glorious Morning" and the delightful pantomime, which takes place at twilight on the village green, preceding it—is con-

vincing proof that Lexington still carries the story of American liberty deep in her own heart.

We who looked upon the lighted statue of the Minute Man guarding the old Common on the night of April 19, who saw the living soldiers guarding it all that day as sacred ground, believe that the recreation of the Common in the pageant would not have been possible had not the old Green been held consecrated ground these hundred and fifty years.

There was much to give us joy at this pageant, but the Minute Men and the Pioneers bid fair to stay with us after all others are forgotten.

Mr. Howard's book "Lexington" is an outstanding contribution to the literature of the 150th anniversary. It is published by the Lexington Historical Society and should be added to the limited drama dealing with American history in literary form.

Out of the east,
Into the west,
A vision of empire, my people,
A vision of rivers and prairies,
Of western mountains and a western ocean.
And of a wider Freedom!
New cities sleep unborn
On the shores of the lakes and the rivers,
Cities to be erected
In a loftier image of Freedom,
Cities, whence new generations,
Forgetful of all save courage,
Shall in their turn set out
Into further western regions,

Building cities and cities,
Building always for Freedom,
Building, renewing, creating . . .
Westward, westward, and westward,
Over the walls of the mountains,
Over the blight of the desert,
To the urgent, star-scattered horizon,
Where the stars and the sun and the moon
Rise into the wind and the heavens,
Out of the western ocean,
Out of the west and the east,
People, my people, set forward,
For Freedom! For Freedom! For Freedom!

From WHITMAN'S "PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!" *in* "LEXINGTON"
By SIDNEY HOWARD

THE AGELESS CHILD

FROM the Lexington Pageant the Three Owls flew down along the North Shore to assist in a Midsummer Eve celebration of the golden anniversary of Caroline Hewins as librarian of the Hartford Public Library.

New England verities and Old England's fairies mixed and mingled without a qualm in this memorable tribute of the librarians of New England to a pioneer in the art of helping the children of America to form natural and lasting associations with books to suit their own tastes.

Reading for friendship and to widen the world have been Miss Hewins' objectives for children as for herself during fifty years of librarianship in the State of Connecticut. Reading for credit or reward has held no place in her plan. Clearly recognizing children as people—as part of her public—she has met them at all times on their own ground, and whether in her delightful introductions to books in public schools or in her vacation reading clubs in the Hartford Library she has ever been as quick to share her appreciation of a new book of definite quality as to introduce an old one to a new reader.

A notable instance of Miss Hewins's prompt recog-

nition of a genuine boys' book and of the right of the boy to his own is the appearance of "Tom Sawyer" on the first of the well selected and annotated lists of children's books published under her name in 1882.

Most librarians of the time shared the feeling of many parents and teachers that Tom Sawyer was not a "suitable companion" for boys and girls. "They might imitate his ways," they said, for the idea that characters in children's books were to serve primarily as models of deportment still prevailed in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and even into the twentieth.

Miss Hewins's unabashed friendship for Tom Sawyer, her discriminating comment on individual Henty books at a time when wholesale condemnation or praise of them was the rule, her inexhaustible store of delicious nonsense to which she imparts a flavor of her own, even to the verses of Edward Lear; her intolerance of prigs, among whom Elsie Dinsmore reigned supreme; her love of dolls, of dogs and all other animals, of acting plays, of painting and sculpture, of Shakespeare, Dickens and Sir Walter Scott; her intimate recollection of the books of her own childhood and the readiness with which she could muster her resources for children of any age and give them a good time, these were the things that set her work apart and gave it peculiar value in an era of first acquaintance with new Americans in public libraries and social settlements.

Wilbur F. Gordy, former principal of an elementary school to which Miss Hewins was a frequent vis-



L.L.B.

*Even the Duckling
Couldn't help chuckling
In Johnny Crow's Garden
From Johnny Crow's Party*

itor, characterized her influence as second to none in his long experience in the education of boys and girls. In countless ways she made such visits memorable and her office in the library a familiar place to these same boys and girls as they passed on into high school and college or out into the world to earn a living.

Whenever Miss Hewins went abroad she wrote letters back to the Hartford children, letters which have opened the eyes of many a father, mother or teacher to new-old delights of travel. "A Traveler's Letters to Boys and Girls" is a book of golden lore for a summer in England and Scotland or a spring-time in Italy—the country Miss Hewins herself loves best of all.

There is a touch of Salem in this vacation book of hers, and a day or two after the birthday celebration in her honor I found myself climbing the secret staircase of the House of the Seven Gables, with a fresh sense of discovery because Miss Hewins was leading the way, exclaiming when she reached the top: "What a place for a Hallowe'en party!"

I had often visited the quaint old house, but never before had I felt so near to Hawthorne and the mid-century children for whom he wrote. Suddenly I realized for the first time that Miss Hewins was one of those children, that she had spent her happy childhood close to Brook Farm, loving his "Wonder Book" as the great event of her seventh birthday.

Why were we never told in childhood that Hawthorne was born on the Fourth of July? It may be that Salem children are told this interesting fact, but

I discovered it only a day or two before our visit to Seven Gables, and it made Hawthorne seem a living presence there.

A few days later I visited his publishers to find a new edition of "Grandfather's Chair" and to every one who does not own the book I would say buy it and read it, and write on the flyleaf in red ink: "The Fourth of July is Hawthorne's Birthday. Let's keep it forever!"

"Poor type and age tags are the hardest things we have to contend with in selling children's books," volunteered the head of a large children's department in the Boston book store which I visited for the first time that day. "If publishers would only stop tagging the cover jackets with different ages it would be far easier to make satisfactory sales and much fairer to both books and children," she continued.

Since we have always stood firm for the ageless child in the matter of reading and have steadily refused to tag his books in or out of a library, it is a joy to find staunch advocates of the ageless among those who have spent many years in selling children's books in Boston.

Some concession to the demand for short lists of books to suit children of different ages is made in the short vacation lists printed in "The Horn Book." Visitors to the Bookshop for Boys and Girls will soon discover, however, that the ageless child is here met with generous provision for his varied tastes. The first list printed by this pioneer bookshop for children in 1916 bore a bon voyage from Caroline Hew-

ins in the form of an interesting sketch of John Newbery's shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, and its well selected stock of children's books reflected the sound literary judgment and clear-cut classification of children's interests of Alice Jordan, of the Boston Public Library.

The Horn Book for March 1925 contains an article on Leslie Brooke, by Anne Carroll Moore.



SINGING GAMES OF AMERICAN CHILDREN

By LEONORE ST. JOHN POWER

ON A SUMMER evening down under the Williamsburg Bridge, where the fish markets show glittering tubs of flounders, weakfish, halibut and porgies to the housewives of the lower East side, the children take advantage of the cleared space to play. It does very well as a village green for these children to whom the stalls of fish, the vendors arguing in all the languages of the earth, the women with the capacious black oil-cloth bags stuffed to grotesque shapes with provisions bought from the pushcarts along the curb, are as dearly familiar as were the village fiddlers tuning up in the market place to their fathers and mothers in the "old country." There is no grass under the bridge for the children to dance upon, but there is protection in its huge arches, it is cool under there, and the shrill whistles of the tugs and freighters loading and unloading come up from the water-front with a cheerful insistence upon having it known that not so far away is a busy river. And here they are, these children under the bridge, singing of another bridge whose fame went down into nursery lore in the thirteenth century. Two children with uplifted

arms form an arch under which passes a train of children, each clinging to the garments of the one before, while all sing:

London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady!

Here is something for the misanthrope who sees nothing ahead but the crash of civilization, the annihilation of this and that! London Bridge has been built up by the children of England and America for centuries and is likely to survive the misanthropes. The tenacity of children in keeping alive the things they love seems to be without measure. True, in Massachusetts, London Bridge became "Charlestown Bridge" in 1786 when the rustic population turned out in great numbers to witness the celebration which opened the bridge over the Charles River connecting Boston with Cambridge. That bridge cost fifteen thousand pounds and it took the city fathers sixty years to sanction its erection. Of course chap-book publishers and children appropriated the English verses and sang about their own bridge. The lower East side, however, keeps to the traditional London



Bridge, singing all the verses, asking the captives their choice of "a diamond necklace or a gold pin" and ending in a lively tug of war.

Of ancient and accredited ancestry, too, are such old favorites of the New York streets as "Go Round and Round the Valley," "The Farmer in the Dell" and "Lazy Mary Will You Get Up," sung, too, under the bridge. When the fish stalls close up the children go home and a "white wings" with his broom and little cart begins to sweep up the rubbish.

The games that the children from crowded tenements sing in the streets, the games that the old mamies played with the children on the plantations of the South, the games that the "Crackers" in Florida played in front of the village store, and the games that to this day are sung by the mountaineers of the Southern Appalachians are survivals of ancient customs and festivals which were brought over by the colonists. Most of them are of English origin, though here and there are remnants of the customs of other countries. The New World took up these games, and through usage has made them American. Words became lost in the transition, new ones, closer to the hearts of the new players, were substituted, situations were changed, but, nevertheless, enough of the old flavor remains to make them rare bits of insight into the days when they were played upon the village green by country lads and lassies as well as by ladies of the court in stately castles.

Many of these games have acquired in America a typical and distinctly individual character. Take,

for instance, the fate of that ancient game, "Knights of Spain." It was popular under a score of versions all over Europe. Its theme is courtship and it retains all the grace and courtesy of a medieval ballad. Venturing into New England these Spanish Knights became "Three Brethren From Spain," while in West Virginia the ancient form was changed to, "Here Come Three Soldiers," and in other parts of the United States the three knights lose their identity in "Here Comes a Duke a-Roving," finally ending on the New York streets as "Forty Ducks Are Riding." Ducks or Knights, they had the same purpose—that of getting themselves a bride out of a row of pretty maidens who waited for their favor on the opposite side of the ring.

Fortunately the interest in preserving the old



games is keen both in England and in America and there are books which give admirable selections to use with children or to study as interesting bits of folk history. In "Games and Songs of American Children," by William Wells Newell, the subject is treated authoritatively and offers hours of enjoyment to the adult reader. All the delights of tragedy are to be found in the histories of "The Widow With Daughters to Marry," "There She Stands, a Lovely Creature," and in the plight of "Miss Jennia Jones," and the "Queen of England"—she who "lost the true love that she had last year." Rich in humor are such games as "Whistle, Daughter, Whistle," "Soldier, Soldier, Will You Marry Me?", and old as the hills are the forfeits and the rhymes that go with some of the guessing games. The book is out of print, but can probably be found in the collections of most large libraries.

Mr. Cecil Sharp, who did so much to preserve the traditions of "Merrie Old England," discovered that the mountaineers living in remote regions in the southern Appalachians were still singing some of the most ancient rhymes long since lost to memory in England. Here in America, Anglo-Saxon tradition survived in the speech, the way of life and, most of all, in the way of play among these descendants of the early settlers. Mr. Sharp found old folk who knew games as characteristically English as any of those given by the Morris dancers. Moreover, he found that a new vigor and liveliness had been acquired by the tunes at the hands of these mountain

people. Grandmothers, neighbors, children, everybody, contributed verses to make complete the tale of "Sally Buck," "Gold Old Man," "Charlie's Sweet," and others in Mr. Sharp's fascinating collection "Nursery Songs From the Appalachian Mountains."

The Southern plantations before the Civil War were a rich storehouse of old singing games, and the changes that they went through have transformed them into local treasures of much charm as "I Los' Mah Mistis' Dairy Key," and "Go Roun' de 'Sembly." There is an interesting collection of these in "Negro Folk Singing Games and Folk Games of the Habitants," by Grace Cleveland Porter and Harvey Worthington Loomis. The tunes are given, too, and are lively examples of what the old folk melodies were like, recalling a picture of children and grown-ups paying forfeits and kissing their true loves in a way that is enviable to those of us who have neither bridge nor plantation to shelter our games. However, the games do lend themselves to back yards, front yards, and even to stone-paved playgrounds. To meet this need there is "Old English and American Games for School and Playground," by Florence Warren Brown and Neva L. Boyd. In this are directions for playing, diagrams and music. Other collections of practical value in teaching children old games are "The Song Play Book," compiled by Mary A. Wollaston, and "Folk Dances and Singing Games," arranged and edited by Elizabeth Burchenal. Children who have played these old singing games will naturally grow into older children who, if they are

lucky enough to have access to a barn or an attic, will find no end of fun and jollity in some of the country dances like "Maid in the Pump Room," "Old Zip Coon," "Staten Island" and the "Portland Fancy," given with music and directions in "American Country Dances," edited by Elizabeth Burchenal.

ROVING SAILOR

Come, my little roving sailor,
Come, my little roving bee,
Come, my little roving sailor,
Come, sailor boy, won't you marry me?

Madam, I have gold and silver,
Madam, I have house and land,
Madam, I have a world of treasure,
All shall be at your command,

What care I for your gold and silver?
What care I for your house and land?
What care I for a world of treasure?
All I want is a handsome man.

Madam, do not stand on beauty,
Beauty is a fading flower;
The reddest rose in yonder garden
Will fade away in half an hour.



PLAYS TO READ AND PLAYS TO ACT

HARRIET SABRA WRIGHT

"Will you come to the wildwood with me, busy lass,
Will you come to the wildwood with me?
And there we'll dance Morris on the green grass
And we'll sing in the shade of a tree, busy lass,
If you'll come to the wildwood with me."

—The Busy Lass.

ELEANOR FARJEON'S "Singing Games for Children" has all the virtues. The children have proved them. They have had for stages library roofs and reading rooms, settlements and city parks. On long summer evenings in Adversane, they play *The Spring Green Lady*; *Bertha Gentle Lady*; *The Busy Lass*; *Gypsy, Gypsy, Raggetty Loon*; or *The Crock of Gold* until mothers or nurses call "Bed-time, children!" It would be good to hear the voices of American country children on village greens singing:

"Wings, children, wings!

Some are for one thing, some are for another,
For dreams and for visions and for all sorts of things."

The beauty and meaning of the ancient games have their own subtle influence, which has entered into the

consciousness of many East side children in New York City. On successive May Days, foreign mothers, listening to the cadence of the poet's words, watching the children's grace of interpretation, must have held the hope of establishing traditions of Truth and Beauty in the New World.

English plays often read aloud better than American ones do. We do not clothe ours well enough to make them charming. Their bare purpose is too evident.

...
The English write in a more leisurely, ruminating way, play with an idea and then dress it suitably for a public appearance. It is that, for one thing, that makes a play like "Crossings" equally effective, whether read or acted. Both the instrumental and the word music of "Crossings" linger in the memory. When Walter de la Mare read from this play to a large group of New York children, one of them said: "He has so much fun in his voice." That fun has come out of his own childhood, where his liking for plays developed as he made and manipulated his toy theater with its little colored figures cut from cardboard. He has said that the toy theater of his boyhood was more real than any theater has been since. Stevenson, Andersen, Goethe and Anatole France all played with toy theaters, which may prove a hint to us to let children's dramatic instincts develop in similar fashion.

A recent American book of plays, "Old King Cole" by Josephine Elliott Krohn, is a happy product of our nursery traditions, for they are jolly variations on

Mother Goose themes, never violating the original rhymes, but realizing new situations for such interesting characters as King Cole, The Knave of Hearts and Simple Simon.

Many children like to include a book of plays in their vacation kits. A let-out-of-school feeling sends them on a quest for fun, which they expect to find in "acting books." Some settle down contentedly in a library to read them, others copy out "parts" of favorite characters, and a few even think of writing their own plays. If their own spontaneous ideas could be got into plays yet unpublished, how fortunate child readers would be.

A child often goes directly to the thing in a book that appeals to him but the secret of a book's appeal to a child is a subtle thing. The make-up has much to do with it and the book's own individuality does the rest.

Montrose Moses has done great service to the cause of play writing in his "Treasury of Children's Plays," which brought together the best material available in 1921, and the book is still the most satisfactory collection from every point of view. It established a standard of excellence and undoubtedly has influenced recent dramatic writing for children. Mr. Moses encourages an author to live up to his own judgment of good work. The variety of plays, grave, gay and fanciful, is suggestive and the compiler's notes furnish some of the best reading in the Treasury. Its make-up is attractive with pictures and cover design by Tony Sarg.

Bookshops and libraries are turning their attention more and more to books of plays and are asking what constitutes a good play and which are most enjoyable at a given season.

Can we judge books of plays by their prefaces? Looking over a few at random one is tempted to hope not, because often the prefaces indicate such ulterior purpose for the book as to make it seem tedious for summer reading. Books with unseasonable prefaces are therefore omitted here. On the other hand, a few books with unusually delightful prefaces are included—"Wappin' Wharf" in "Frightful Plays," by Charles S. Brooks, has drama in its preface wherein an actor manager turns a somersault in his pleasure over the play.

Certainly the children are entitled to a holiday from plays heavily loaded with instruction and propaganda. One publisher characterizes a series of citizenship, democracy and patriotic plays as having been written and worked over as carefully as if they were the product of a laboratory. The laboratory stamp is unmistakably on them. Such plays may as well be put in cold storage during the heated term. They will be safe until they have to go back to school. No discriminating bookworm will touch them.

It occurs now and then to people who are concerned for children and patriotism to wonder whether the so-called patriotic plays accomplish their noble purpose. A child's love of country is a sensitive



W. McCUNE FLORY.

From Charles S. Brooks' Frightful Plays

plant of natural growth, not to be forced to fruition by mechanical effort.

Often the plot formed by propagandists against the children interferes with the dramatic plot which is after all the important part of a real play. And it interferes with artistic and literary values but most of all with the joy and spontaneity that the word play suggests.

Some like one play, some like another. One young person likes to go into the deep woods and read Milton, with a sense of his feeling for Beauty and Duty in mysterious guise!

There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure,
Whilom she was the daughter of Loqrine,
That had the Scepter from his father Brute.

Sabrina fair

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.

"Comus," indeed, would seem a fitting play for her, or "The Midsummer Night's Dream," or, if she happens to be in fact or fancy where the waves come dashing over rocks and unto these yellow sands, "The Tempest."

Many boys and girls waiting to discover Shakespeare and Milton owe a debt of gratitude to Arthur Rackham. His pictures for "Comus" restore the breath of life to a thing of beauty which has too long been associated with the atmosphere of required reading.



*Head and tailpiece from Comus, illustrated
by Arthur Rackham*

UNWRITTEN PLAYS FOR CHILDREN

“I WOULD be glad if I was as old as you,” began the uncensored birthday letter of a little girl of eight to a great-aunt who lives in a distant city of wonders and enchantments.

The bigger the birthday, the more fun for everybody, is this child's idea of growing older, as it should be of all who would write plays for children. Those who carry vivid memories of their dramatic interests in childhood and have shared the confidence of many children do not need to be told how often in their own free play they chose the parts of interesting grown-ups rather than those of children.

Why, then, do not the writers of children's plays write for the real interests of children, rather than for the make-believe ones of childish grown-ups?

The verses of "When We Were Very Young" are of such stuff as children like their plays made of. The proof of it lies in their spontaneous desire to act out the rhymes as soon as they know them by heart.

Fourteen Songs from Mr. Milne's delightful verses have been set to music, and we now eagerly wait the play for children we are sure he can write when the spirit of "Hoo" is upon him.

Mindful of all that has gone before, I think the secret of writing good plays for children is revealed only to those who have carried old and new rhymes and ballads and old and new folk-stuff next their hearts and have played the "let's pretend game" until it comes clear as crystal from their minds. It is the crystal clearness that is lacking in most plays as well as in stories and poems for children. The writer, not being quite sure of characters, scenery or circumstance, substitutes make-shift or sentimentality for genuine action and sentiment.

In her "New Plays from Old Tales," Harriet Wright has kept the style and charm of such storytellers as Hawthorne, Poe, John Bunyan and Oscar Wilde, whose story of "The Birthday of the Infanta" is made fascinating to any reader by its informing notes on costumes and stage sets and its definite association of books which put the players into the true atmosphere of the story.

Of the story of Aucassin and Nicolette, first told

by an unknown minstrel, Miss Wright says in her brief note:

"It is most important for amateur actors who present the play to steep themselves in the spirit of the Middle Ages and of France. Let them read again the old fairy tales, stories of old romance, and all the medieval lore and legend possible."

There is throughout this little book a suggestion of that "leisure to grow wise" and regard for the essential atmosphere to be created by the characters in any play that makes "New Plays from Old Tales" something more than a book of well-selected adaptation of good stories. The writer of unwritten plays for children may find in it something very much to his profit—a certain true and tried relationship to the children whose spontaneous acting of the plays directly influenced the dramatic form in which they appear in a book which has quickly found a place on both sides of the Atlantic.

CZECH CHILDREN AT THE THEATRE

By HANA MUSKOVA SHAW

THAT stage must enjoy unique distinction which has served to rescue a mother tongue, maintained its purity and helped to awaken and keep alive a national spirit threatened with complete extinction.

For this reason rather more than for the obvious gilded crown the National Theater at Prague is known as the Golden Chapel, dear to the heart of a people who in time of their own great need freely gave their kreutzers for its re-establishment when fire had demolished the first structure.

Altogether, it is a national institution imbued with a very serious purpose in life. Its members, once proved and accepted, are retained for lifelong service and enjoy a very definite social position in the capital and country.

For the most part they are authors, translators and playwrights, as well as competent actors and directors. Their code both on stage and off is traditional. In a word, their stage is a well qualified educational medium along with its accepted *metier* to amuse.

Now gone forever are those days of the not so very long ago when the Austrian Emperor Franz Josef coming to Prague invariably visited the National

Theater, and the gala evenings, with all their etiquette, began with the Austrian national hymn and concluded with a grand reception in the richly decorated suits of rooms behind the imperial box.

Many a time during the war it was the scene of patriotic outbursts. In Smetana's opera "Libuse," when the Princess sang her "Bohemian Nation Shall Never Die," the audience frequently interrupted the performance to break spontaneously into their national hymn, in which even the actors on the stage joined. Then the Bohemians feared their Golden Chapel would be closed for "political reasons," as was often threatened. The plays were closely watched, and it sometimes happened that the imperial censor, weak in the language of the Czechs and perhaps not too subtle, would fail to delete the most flagrantly suggestive lines, much to the secret amusement of actors and public alike.

Since the war it is, of course, free in its interpretation of the Bohemian national culture, as well as drawing from the best of foreign music and drama.

All this seeks to establish a reason why the National Theater takes so seriously the question of children's entertainment. It opens its doors regularly to give the little ones a real treat of folk and fairy tales, through drama, opera and pantomime, interpreted by the same cast that has brought fame to this institution throughout Europe.

Kvapil has written two dramatic stories just for children. "Dandelion" recites the adventures and vicissitudes of a frail little princess who has left the



From Hloupý Honza by Ladislav Quis, illustrated by Mikuláš Aleš

protection of her royal home, and, with the advancing time, changes like the flower whose down is finally blown away by the autumn wind. This play is given in beautiful, metaphorical verse. "The Orphan" is one of those touching step-sister stories.

Tyl's "George's Vision" and "The Bagpiper of Strakonice" are quite as entertaining to grown-ups as they are to children, especially the latter, which employs a large ballet and most excellent music, interspersed with national songs, and, together with the fairy-like settings, just takes the child's breath away.

Alois Jirasek, the popular writer of historical romances, has contributed "Pan Johanes," in which the main character is the disguised, fabled King of the Mountains, and "Lucerna"—"The Lantern"—where the two water sprites afford infinite delight to the small folk, and the story itself tells much of the lore of the country. In foreign drama, the children greatly favor Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," most probably because the two chief parts are taken by little actors—for what child can comprehend this delicate philosophy?

Dvorak's "Water Nymph" and "The Devil and Catherine," Rozkosny's "Cinderella" and, in foreign opera, Humperdinck's "Hansel und Gretel" all tend to foster the love and sympathy for music with which every Bohemian child seems to be born.

Bozena Nemcova's "Grandmother," usually the first work in every youthful Bohemian library, was produced as an opera under the title of "The Bleaching Ground" with music by Kovarovic.

For the very little ones there are pantomimes, such as "Princess Hyacinth," "Stupid Jack," "From One Fairy Tale to Another" set to Bohemian music, and "Goppelia" and "The Queen of the Dolls" with foreign scores.

All of these children's plays are published in book form, many in simplified editions, so that the children themselves often act them. Thus I have passed many of my summer days, the only one of a family of three to whom this occupation appeared to give genuine pleasure.

My mother fretted that I should spend the glorious country time indoors; my father, lest I should come to like the acting too well.

You see, my father, himself a life-long member of the National Theater, created many a fairy-tale character "just for his little daughter alone."

WHAT AMERICAN CHILDREN ARE MISSING

THE delightful account of what goes on inside the Golden Chapel of Prague was called out by the Three Owls discussion of children's plays—a discussion we hope to keep up until the best American actors, playwrights and producers do something worth while for children.

Why should the children of our own country be deprived of a fair share of consideration as part of the audience for plays of superior quality and notable excellence of production?

True, we haven't a National Theater in our midst, but why should it not be possible at least twice a year in New York during the Christmas holidays and during the session of summer schools, attended by thousands of young teachers from all parts of the country, to put on plays of such merit and popular appeal as to have national significance?

Educational dramatics, however good, will not carry us far. We have abundant evidence of that. So-called children's theaters have been ineffective

because founded on theoretical ideas of special appeal to children under more or less artificial conditions. Children in general do not like things done on purpose for children.

The theater may well look to the circus for light and leading concerning genuine entertainment for American children while seeking plays and pantomimes so universal in character as to delight audiences of any age when competently acted. The circus makes its appeal not to children per se, but to the child in everybody. Therein lies the perennial freshness of its appeal. Moreover, it lives up to what the children expect of it in the quality and variety of each yearly performance.

WIDOWS'-WALKS AND CHOCK-PINS

BOOKS OF SHIPS AND SAILORS

By LEONORE ST. JOHN POWER

A STREET fair in Nantucket started the idea. The stately old houses built by the whaling captains in the days when the wharves were lined with sail-lofts and warehouses, when boys practiced the use of the harpoon, dreaming of the day when a "chock-pin" thrust through the upper buttonhole would label them as men who had taken their first whales, were on this day of the fair open to visitors. On the walls were the portraits of the seafaring men whose labors the stormy waters of the Horn had brought wealth and the flavor of romance to the little island off the New England coast. A bit of whale-bone exquisitely carved told of long voyages with whales scarce and time hanging heavy on a sailor's hands; a bright shawl, a set of blue dishes told of sailormen ashore in China. On the roofs of the houses were the little white-railed platforms—"widows'-walks"—from which the wives looked out to sea for incoming vessels, and rich ship owners with spyglasses counted the square top-sails of their ships in the harbor. Nautical instruments, maps and log-

books told the story of the ocean enterprises of a century ago. Boys went to sea very young then; it was not uncommon to find, in Nantucket and New Bedford, family records of grandfathers which ran much in this wise: "I went to sea as cabin boy at ten years of age; at fourteen I steered a boat and struck my first whale; at sixteen I was second mate. At twenty-two I was master, and in twenty voyages I have followed the right whale from ground to ground, from the banks of the South Atlantic around the East Cape to the Pacific . . . most everywhere a whale could be found." Nobody who loves a ship could long stand inactivity in the face of such romance and adventure. Then and there the idea for a marine exhibit in the children's room of the New York Public Library was born.

The sea fever in a landlubber is a mighty thing, driving the victim on and on in his quest for information. Fortunately people interested in things nautical yield up their treasures, just as does the sea, and when the marine exhibit started in the children's room, the first thing we did was to enlist the interest of Mr. John Robinson, Curator of the Marine Department of the Peabody Museum, Salem. The treasure poured upon us and we soon found ourselves engaged in finding books and pictures that would carry out Mr. Robinson's outline of a plan for such an exhibit. "Point out the single and double topsail rigs," said the Marine Curator, "call attention to the strange sorts of sails on old ships and the change from the lateen sail to the 'spanker' or trysail now seen on



Drawn by Charles E. Cartwright for his own book, The Tale of Our Merchant Ships

barks. Try to find the sail shown at the bow of old ships with two holes in it to let the water drain out when it went under and filled as the ship dipped in a sea. If you have a cut with the sails numbered and the names attached and another with the masts and spars and the third with the ropes explained, that will interest boys. Sailors' knots are interesting and so are nautical instruments."

Soon all the staff in the children's room were engaged in studying ships of different rigs, the Peabody Museum having furnished photographs and diagrams, and the reference department of the library having yielded such treasures as "Old Time Ships," a beautiful collection of colored plates published by the Essex Museum; "Sailing Ship Models," by R. Morton Nance; Lubbock's "Tea Clippers"; Blackwall's "Frigates"; and Arthur H. Clark's "The Clipper Ship Era." In this latter book are found the records of the fast passages made from New York to San Francisco during the gold rush, beginning in 1849, together with thrilling accounts of these ships getting under way from Battery Park with crowds lining the water front, ensigns flying and sailors hoisting sail to the command of "Run her up, lads. Up! Up!" The 'Oriental' went out from the port of New York, so did the 'Flying Cloud,' the 'Celestial' and the 'Surprise' with many another famous clipper.

The exhibit progressed; boys and girls, men and women, came in from the perils of crossing Forty-second Street to find themselves caught in the grip of

the sea. The exhibit made no pretense at completeness, but was rather a flavor of ships and men as they were in early days and as they are to-day. Books and pictures were arranged under such headings as Ships of the Post; Sailing Ships of New England; Old Whaling Days; Ships of To-day; Sea Yarns; In Dry Dock; Privates and Buccaneers; Sea Ballads and Chanties. Never was so popular a collection of books assembled in this room. Charts and maps were studied by the hour, "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "Two Years Before the Mast," "The Cruise of the Cachalot," rubbed elbows with the latest books on power boats and the latest accounts of submarine chasers. The sea had cast its spell on the children's room.

An interest in things nautical seems to be general now and the number of new books of fact and fancy which come out yearly adds still more glamour to the lure of ships. Captain Riesenbergh in "Under Sail" says that America is again turning her face to the sea after a lull in maritime pursuits. He writes, "the ancient thrill of the wide salt spaces, of the broad horizon beyond which adventure beckons us, appeals once more to the youth of America." Captain Riesenbergh sailed round the Horn in a sailing vessel when he was a boy and is now in command of one of the great ocean-going ships of to-day. That the interest is keenly alive is shown in the publication of such beautiful and expensive books as "Deep Sea Chanties," edited by Frank Shay, and illustrated with fascinating wood-cuts by Edward A. Wilson, and in



From The Tale of Our Merchant Ships

“Wooden Ships and Iron Men,” by Frederick W. Wallace.

Books on the history of navigation and shipbuilding are coming out in popular, illustrated editions. A new one of these is “Ships of the Seven Seas,” by Hawthorne Daniel. Mr. Daniel gives a readable account of the development of ships, the science of

navigation and ship design, and adds a useful dictionary of nautical words and expressions. Captain David W. Bone gives in "The Lookout-man," a shorter, easier cut to understanding the inside as well as the outside, of a ship, "The Boy's Book of Ships," by Charles E. Cartwright; is an illustrated and anecdotal narrative that gives a good picture of the days when gathering at the wharves of New Bedford and New York meant meeting all one's relations and neighbors. There is a new edition of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," by Frank Bullen, illustrated by Henry Reuterdaahl and Anton Fischer. This detailed account of the young English lad who hung about the New Bedford wharves looking for a berth with its vivid picture of life in the fo'cstle would turn any boy from being a sailor if it were not for the thrilling adventure that follows the "Cachalot" on her cruise round the Horn to Frisco and Honolulu. The old sea yarns of Herman Melville, "Moby Dick" and "Typee," find themselves newly dressed in pictures by Mead Shaeffer. The sea is yielding up its romance.

The glamour and mystery of the sea has for centuries made boys run away; it has caused scenes between fathers and sons; remember the impudent Jack Easy telling his father, "I swear by the rights of man I will not go to school, and that I will go to sea"; remember the innumerable New England boys who interviewed stern fathers in counting houses, and who in the end were provided with stout chests covered with leather (the hair left on and trimmed with

brass nails) and packed off under the care of bronzed captains. Imagination embellished the stories that came back with these boys, stories of silver, gold and precious stones that lay scattered along the beaches of the mythical island Auroras in glittering profusion, the treasure of some huge galleon, wrecked centuries ago. Other boys to-day are willing to be thrilled by such tales of hardship and danger, invariably ending in "we had gold, though, twenty leather bags of it." Boys to-day are willing, too, to be thrilled by awakening in the early dawn to find themselves in strange magical places, places such as Conrad knew youth dreamed about when he described in "Youth," the awakening of the castaways from an English barque on the shores of the East. The sea washes away the barriers between what is written for men and what is written for boys—a good tale is a good tale. Nothing is passed up by the boy who is riding the high seas of adventure.



FAR AND NEAR STORIES

THE Three Owls have been taking turns listening in to a series of radio talks on children's books and reading during August, and they are now fairly convinced that the major test of the vitality of a children's book may be set by the loud speaker.

The first book entered in this summer contest held at 11:35 a. m., an hour usually given over to mouth-watering recipes, was "Miss Muffet's Christmas Party."

"Why do I invite you to a Christmas party on a hot, muggy morning in August?" asked the Loud Speaker. "I think I know," murmured the critic Owl from the invisible audience. Curiously enough, such murmurs as this nearly always register in distant studios.

"What kind of a book is 'Miss Muffet's Christmas Party?'" the Loud Speaker persisted. "It's a wise, a witty and a very tender book written by a man who loves books and naturally reads them with his children. Margery Crothers was about eight years old when the book was published and her father, Samuel McChord Crothers, dedicated it to her in these

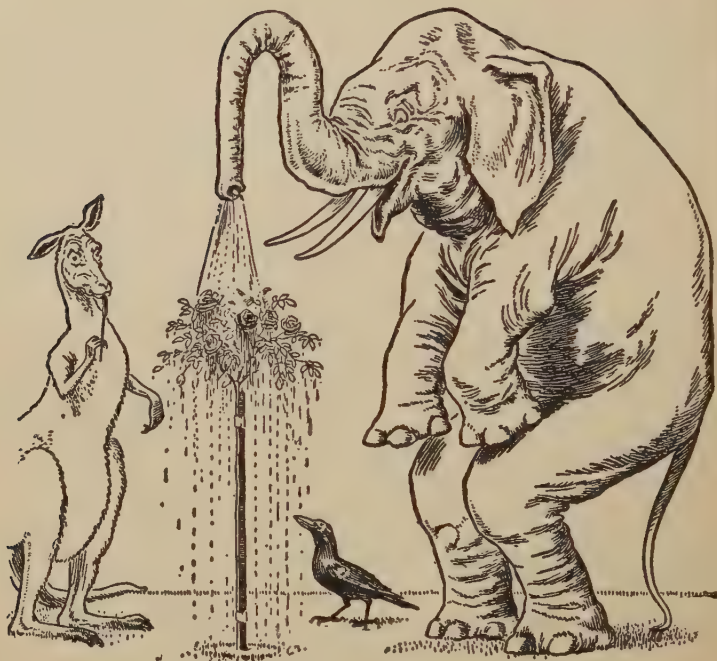
words: 'Because, among other things, we like the same people.' "

"Many children's books come out of empty minds, or out of minds crammed with theories," the Loud Speaker went on; " 'Miss Muffet's Christmas Party' came out of a very full and sparkling one. It's the best book on the subject of children's reading that I've ever seen and proof of it lies in the reality of the characters who come to the party."

There was a brief struggle with static and then "They're coming to the party," proclaimed the Loud Speaker. "There's Cinderella in her coach with the Prince sitting by her side and Tom Sawyer trying to hitch on behind, Alice with the March Hare, the Cheshire Cat, and the Duchess, and there's Robinson Crusoe following on behind. 'He looks so solid and respectable, so English, you know,' said Miss Muffet."

Then came a scene from the main caravan road to Bagdad, the frosty woods of the North Country People, a glimpse of the Peterkins with a map showing the way to the palace, and, finally Rollo and Jonas at the Serious Symposium on child study.

"Haven't I always told you Miss Muffet would come into her own some day?" remarked the critic Owl to his invisible friends. "That book is nearly twenty-five years old, but it hits the nail right on the head to-day. I hope Dr. Crothers was listening, but he probably wasn't, Chocorua holds too many



, L.B.

From Johnny Crow's Party by Leslie Brooke

natural attractions on a hot summer morning.

"What next, I wonder."

It was the Owl who makes pictures who suggested entering Caldecott's "Farmer's Boy," Leslie Brooke's "Johnny Crow's Garden" and Beatrix Potter's "Peter Rabbit and Benjamin Bunny" when requests came in to the radio station to put on books for a "bright New Jersey baby of twenty months" and for wise four and five year olds in other states.

Impossible to create interest in pictures by radio? Not a bit of it, if you have faith in the unseen and the Loud Speaker.

"The Farmer's Boy" landed in the office of a busy doctor in the Bronx who says he is always being asked to prescribe children's books in his practice. "Puppy and I," with Ernest Shepard's drawings, carried Christopher Robin to a distant Vermont village.

"There are none so wise as the four-year-olds," proclaimed the Loud Speaker, "but the six and seven-year-olds must have their turn," and "Perez the Mouse," the inimitable tale of the little King of Spain and the loss of his first tooth, slipped over the borders of half a dozen states, followed by Walter de la Mare's blackberry picking poem, "The Little Green Orchard," "The Fish That Talks" in "Peacock Pie," Ann as far as the bath in "A Child's Day" and a scene from Eliza Orne White's "When Molly Was Six."

In response to insistent calls from invisible eight and nine year olds and their mothers three strange boys, Nils Holgersson, Boots of the Wonder Clock and Nicholas of Manhattan took to the air like ducks to water.

The Three Owls have learned something greatly to their advantage from listening in and the writing Owl has made note of it. Their problem is the same as the Loud Speaker's. It's getting rid of static.



A STORY OF THE DESERT

CHI-WEE, THE ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE
INDIAN GIRL. By GRACE MOON

Illustrated by CARL MOON

MRS. MOON has written a very charming and vivid story of life in the desert, for which her husband has made pictures and end papers that fully confirm its reality.

Way up on a mesa high,
Near the sunny desert sky,
Lies a little Indian town,
Built of houses gray and brown.

Here lives Chi-Wee, with her mother, who makes pottery jars to sell, and a very much alive little Pueblo girl she is.

Mrs. Moon knows Chi-Wee and her mother intimately and she knows the desert. Moreover, she is a good story teller. Chi-Wee has plenty of adventures for a seven-year-old, but one feels she really had them, and not that Mrs. Moon made them up to give children her impressions of the desert. The book has color, atmosphere and authenticity. Chi-Wee is a real character and puts through her undertakings whether she is bargaining for a bright warm shawl for her mother at the trader's store or searching all alone for her baby brother in the desert.

The story is so simply and clearly told that children will see what Chi-Wee sees and hear what she hears and feel all the charm of her companionship with Baba, the little white goat, and Loki, the Navajo sheep boy, who leads her forth on a great adventure.

The space of the desert, its blue skies and sunshine, the flowers and birds and animals, little and big, are here for any reader. Both artist and author have lived in the Pueblo country, and this book, as well as an earlier one, "Lost Indian Magic," is a welcome addition to the literature of the region. "Lost Indian Magic" has been much liked by boys and girls of twelve and older. Chi-Wee will appeal strongly to children under ten.

READING PARKMAN

THE OREGON TRAIL. *By* FRANCIS PARKMAN

With illustrations in color by N. C. WYETH

“IF THE boys like my books, tell them to read the history behind them—above all to read Parkman; he has been my great inspiration; Parkman has meant more to me than any other writer.”

Joseph Altsheler was at the height of his popularity as a writer for boys when he sent this message to the boys of New York. It was in the autumn of 1918.

For an hour we had been talking together in his office high up in the tower of the World Building—talking about boys and their reading of American history in war time. Mr. Altsheler had been telling me of his own boyhood in Kentucky, of the books passed about from one family to another. “Books were scarce, but greatly loved,” he said; “we had the Waverly novels, Dickens, Thackeray and Cooper, of course, with thrilling tales of Indians and pioneers handed down by word of mouth.”

His instinctive desire to get back to first sources to verify whatever he read or was told led him early to Parkman, and the discovery of Parkman was to him an inexhaustible well of living truth.

Beadle's dime novels were doubtless an incidental aid to the development of Mr. Altsheler's natural powers as a story-teller for boys and men, but Parkman's vivid, authentic pictures of Indians, Canadians, frontiersmen, the forest itself drew him like a magnet and he left the way open behind him.

The pity is that the form in which Parkman's writings have been issued has not been made attractive to boys and girls. Selections have been made for school texts, it is true, yielding Parkman in varying doses, but a book of selections is but a poor substitute for a well-illustrated book of history, biography or travel.

No one has made us more conscious in recent years of what it means to rouse readers by pictorial suggestion than N. C. Wyeth, and when we were told that Mr. Wyeth was illustrating "The Oregon Trail" we felt sure that a new lease of life would be given to the book.

It would be interesting to place in contrast the Darley frontispiece and title page showing "Mad Wolf drawing his bow to the utmost tension," Tall Bear, the fallen horse, and a group of traditional Indians for the original edition of 1849, with Wyeth's dramatic and colorful pictures of young Parkman himself (he was twenty-three when he made the trip), the thirsty buffaloes, the trappers, the Indian war party, and the six-foot guide and hunter. Henry Chatillon—the man of whom Parkman wrote: "The prairies had been his school; he could

neither read nor write, but he had natural refinement and delicacy of mind, such as is rare even in women.

I have never, in the city or in the wilderness, met a better man than my true-hearted friend, Henry Chatillon."

Mountain, cloud and water, as well as living man and beast, speak, in these pictures, to the reader of the wonder and beauty Francis Parkman went out into the wilderness to find for himself. Mr. Wyeth should have had more space than the measurements of the Beacon Hill Bookshelf permit. His conceptions need free handling and broad margins. But we may well be grateful for his quickening touch upon "The Oregon Trail" with its promise of bringing other volumes closer to present-day readers, not as required reading, but as part of their inheritance.

Parkman's life as seen in his works is fascinating to boys and girls who like to discover things for themselves. His first contact with the Indian is described in his "Half Century." A party of the Sacs and Foxes visited Boston when he was about twelve years old, he says, and "danced a war dance on the Common in full costume, to the delight of the boy spectators, of whom I was one." Soon after he had seen them he began to read Cooper and he identified himself so completely with the characters of his red heroes that he dreamed of them, talked of them more than anything else, tried out their woodcraft, and went whooping and jumping about in his vacations imitating the calls of wild animals. A few years later, and before he set forth on the Oregon Trail, he

was telling inimitable stories of Indian life out of his own imagination and experience to the landlord of the little Italian inn where he was staying. One of his friends of these days says: "His tales of border life were unsurpassed by anything in Cooper."

MODERN POETRY FOR MODERN CHILDREN

By LOUIS UNTERMAYER

WHY, it has been asked more times than it has even been answered, modern poetry at all. Isn't the literature of the past rich enough to satisfy every taste? Haven't all the songs been sung, all the stories told, all the birds, beasts and flowers set to words and music a hundred times? Why, then, should children have to turn to this, the worst of all possible times, and pay attention to the freakish ideas of a lot of perverted poets? Seizing the last phrase by the forelock, I would, in all temerity, reply that children, like 95 per cent of the rest of the human race, are so perverse that what may seem freakish to the academic mind is a perfectly natural phenomenon to them. Far from realizing that this is a world given over to ruin and revolution, blithely ignorant of tendencies and "movements," the child has a clarity of instinct (I might almost say "taste") which prevents him from confusing fantasy and—well, propaganda. This is, I add *sotto voce*, more than one can say of most critics.

A particularly telling instance lies at hand. About eight years ago there appeared a tiny poem of ten

lines entitled, innocuously enough, "The Tree." It was a miniature witty fable, a scrap of philosophy in foolscap. But it was published during the free-verse furore, when the literary air was thick with cults and controversies, and its author was the leader of a group of experimentalists which called itself "Others." For months this unassuming fancy was made the butt of wholesale ridicule; reputable professors and penny-a-line journalists jeered at it, parodied its syllables, exposed its "anarchy," quoted its phrases as examples of "insane raving." It became the red flag waved as a "Stop! Look! Listen!" warning to a whole generation. I quote in its entirety Alfred Kreymborg's famous humoresque:

I am four monkeys.
One hangs from a limb,
Tail-wise,
chattering at the earth;
another is cramming his belly with cocoanut;
The third is up in the top branches,
quizzing the sky;
and the fourth—
he's chasing another monkey.
How many monkeys are you?

And the children? These lines, cheek by jowl with more orthodox ones, were reprinted without comment in "This Singng World," and not only has the editor failed to receive a single expostulation (and he has, incidentally, been called to account for other lapses by his volunteer junior guides), but shouts of appreciative laughter greet "The Tree" whenever he

reads it to young audiences. Which proves, it seems, that the mind of the untrained readers responds to the essential spirit of a direct whimscality far more quickly than any body of technicians would believe. And it is because modern poetry (or, at least, a great part of it) establishes a *direct* contact with young interests that the growing child, intent on here and now, turns to it so readily. One reason for this *rapport* is the subject matter of most contemporary verse. So much of it is concerned with the child's own world, with things of every day, that it is no longer difficult to make a selection of verse (serious, light or downright frivolous) which will elicit instant appreciation from any group.

The publishers of "The Listening Child" recognized how necessary the present day has become when they added to Lucy Thacher's original collection a third section devoted entirely to work by living poets. In fact, there is scarcely a poet on either side of the Atlantic to-day who does not, in some of his work, claim part of childhood's heart. Robert Frost may continue to be miscalled by his reviewers the gray commentator who knows "what to make of a diminished thing," the diminished thing being, presumably (and mistakenly), either New England or Frost's own poetry. But children know Frost as anything but a "futilitarian"; to them he is the whimsical recorder of "The Cow in Apple-Time," "Brown's Descent," "The Runaway," and half a dozen other bright bucolics. To the pedants John Masfield may be "the most uncompromising of mod-



A drawing by Florence Wyman Ivins for This Singing World

ern realists." To the children, however, Masfield is not the brutal Daffodil murderer, but the tuneful singer of ships and cargoes, John Silver and the west wind, sea fever and the lilting Tewkesbury Road.

Reputations neither impress nor intimidate children. Do they like Walter de la Mare's "Peacock Pie" any more because its author is one of the most expert of verbal magicians, or Alfred Noyes's "The Highwayman" any less because the British balladist's repute among the *cognoscenti* is only a trifle higher than Robert W. Service's? Not a whit of it. Carl Sandburg's rank as "a gnomie interpreter of steel, slaughter houses, smoke and sunburnt slabs" does not prevent them from enjoying his delicate confidences, to say nothing of the enjoyment caused by the two Rootabaga volumes, which contain stories composed of more poetry than fiction. The smiling *patois* of T. A. Daly, the grave sonorities of Whitman, the "ripping, roaring rhythms" of Vachel Lindsay, the unaffectedly straightforward lyrics of Edna Millay, the boisterous and heroic ballads of Rudyard Kipling—all of these hold a secure place in the child's affections, for their integrity of thought as well as for their honesty of expression. We may deceive ourselves with fine words and intricate nuances; we do not deceive the thirteen-year-old reader with technique. He is as quick to detect literary insincerity ("fake" is the less pleasant term) as he is to resent "talking down."

And this brings me to another reason for the popularity of modern verse among young people—its

language. No longer dependent on archaic expressions or involved constructions, recent poetry talks not only in the tongue of the child's times, but in his very speech. There are no obscure references to be looked up, no obsolete words (classified as "rare" or "poetic") to be mastered, no list of demi-gods and half goddesses to plague him. It is in general a simple English or (to please the chauvinists!) a familiar American which greets him in the present-day anthologies. I felt, after examining some of the collections of the past, that no child could possibly enjoy them. Nor, I suspected, was enjoyment the object of these estimable compilations. The objects were evidently educative, improving, moral.

Not that the eager, pleasure-loving boy and girl resents "moral" poetry. It is a distinct surprise to the liberal educators to learn how fond many, in fact most, youngsters are of the "Golden Tablet" variety of verse. But, it should be added hastily, the didacticism must be as distinct as the form which holds it; the young enthusiast, hot for certainties, wants his sermons "straight." He objects—and rightly—to being lured into the gospel tent under the impression that he is being invited in to witness a sideshow. He ceases to look at a village blacksmith or a chambered nautilus when he feels it is being exhibited merely to improve his mind and manners.

He will, nevertheless, swallow any uplifting pill if it is sufficiently coated with humor. Boys and girls who have honored me with their confidence have told me that the two sections of "This Singing World"

which they turn to most often are "Laughing Legends" and "Fables in Foolscap." They do not mind being "taught" when the lecture happens to be the mocking adaptations of Aesop by Guy Wetmore Carryl, the chuckling lesson of "The Enchanted Shirt" by John Hay, the sly but not too subtle sermonizing of "The Cap That Fits" by Austin Dobson.

In short, the chief test of the modern child's appetite for poetry is nothing more definite than personal taste. Any effort to establish a norm to write "down" to is doomed to deserved failure. The "average" child is as mythical a creation as the average reader—a fact that most arrangers of juvenile poetry are not yet ready to concede. It is significant that the poems of James Stephens and Walter de la Mare which most delighted the young listeners at the New York Public Library were the very ones which appealed to the majority of these poets' audiences. It is true that when preparing a collection for young people one should determine on the age of the reader he has in mind. But the compiler usually aims too low. I have, after many experiments, evolved the following successful scheme: I double the age of my problematical "child." If my book is supposed to be for the girl or boy of fifteen, I try out the selections on my friends of thirty. Those which are enjoyed without reservation by the oldsters are retained; the rest are omitted. The result is truly representative of the best of adolescence—the part which, found at fifteen, persists long past fifty.



*From Many Children, illustrated by
Florence Wyman Ivins*

READING POETRY WITH CHILDREN

I KNOW of no more potent antidote for the saccharine or the commonplace bedtime story than intimate daily reading of poetry and verse with children. The younger the child the richer and more varied the opportunity. Singing words are the birthright of children, as of poets, and strangeness is no barrier to their enjoyment. Magic and mystery, beauty, romance, and reverence are felt long before they are known for what they are. I have never hesitated to share genuine poetry if time and place, and mood seemed right.

How can one tell? Easily enough if you care too much for children and for poetry to risk boring one or spoiling the other. Associative memory, intuition,

the quality of the speaking voice, all play their part in any intelligent sharing of poetry.

What to read first? Who shall say? Mother Goose rhymes, William Blake's "Tiger, tiger burning bright," "Little Lamb, who made thee," or the songs of Shakespeare, the "Psalms of David" or Allingham's "Fairies," Longfellow's poems of the supernatural or Walter de la Mare's?

It is usually a case of feeling one's way in and out of several anthologies—feeling one's way in and out of the minds of children who now are and the child you once were yourself.

Modern children do not exist until after they are ten years old. Mr. Untermeyer admits as much by his age limits. Possibly most modern children are in the thirties.

"A boy may be as lonely as God," says Barrie, writing of an incomparable nine-year-old at public school.

For the vague, deep trouble of childhood, for the unspoken utterly perfect communion with nature—sun, moon and stars, the wind, the river, and the sea, the earth and all that lives on it. What dare we offer save the purest of lyrics wherever they may be found:

Tall chestnut-candles flare,
Hawthorne makes rich the air,
And tireless cuckoo—hark!
Calleth from dawn to dark.

No, these lines were not taken from any of the recent anthologies, although I think Sara Teasdale might have chosen them for "Rainbow Gold" had she seen them in time. No more are those which follow to be found in any child's book of verse:

By Dover's Hill are orchards fine
With golden apples gleaming,
And there was crusht the juice divine
That sets us all a-dreaming

.
And Captain Dover, admired of all,
With ruff and yellow favour,
His white horse rode majestic
Not the Persian Sophy graver.

Whence came this Captain Dover, who presided so magnificently over the Cotswold Games? His story is told in the most invigorating English in a little book of poems called "Weeping-Cross," by A. H. Bullen, a modern poet steeped in the lyrics of the Elizabethans whose anthologist he was—a poet who never lost the boy's sense of wonder and adventure, a poet who loved England with the passion of the Elizabethans. Captain Dover may find his way into an anthology some day, but to me there is and always has been, since the day of my childish discovery of "The Diver" in an old volume *The Democratic Review*, a peculiar fascination about a poem that hasn't been collected or compiled.

SOME RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY AND VERSE

THE BOOK OF STORY POEMS. *Compiled by* WALTER JERROLD.
An attractive, well selected anthology.

THE LISTENING CHILD. *Compiled by* LUCY W. THACHER.
Illustrated by Nancy Barnhart with a new section of modern verse
chosen by Marguerite Wilkinson.

THE JANITOR'S BOY. *By* NATHALIA CRANE.

These spontaneous and delightful poems by a child will be especially enjoyed by girls in the early 'teens.

THE POINTED PEOPLE. *By* RACHEL LYMAN FIELD.

Verses for children, illustrated with silhouettes.

SILVERHORN. *By* HILDA CONKLING. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop.

A selection for other children from "Poems by a Little Girl" and "Shoes of the Wind."

THE TORCH. *Compiled by* LOUISE COLLIER WILCOX.

An anthology of poetry made for a little boy under ten years old.

FIFTY NEW POEMS FOR CHILDREN. An anthology first published by BASIL BLACKWELL.

THE SCHOOL OF POETRY. *Compiled by* ALICE MEYNELL.

Mrs. Meynell's discriminating selection and notes give this anthology special value for the study of poetry.



PINOCCHIO IN PICTURES

THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO

By C. COLLodi

Illustrations in color by ATTILIO MUSSINO

Translated by CAROL DELLA CHIESA

Reviewed by LEONORE ST. JOHN POWER

HE IS here at last, this Pinocchio, and in a form truly resplendent, truly worthy of a character who, though a creation of this century, holds a place in Italian households that bids fair to become as traditional as that of the beloved Arlecchinos, Pedrolinos, Pantaloni and Scaramucci. He is of this company, though his stage is not a little castello set up in a marketplace, nor has he a merry buffo to work his strings and give him voice. Instead, he laughs and cries through the pages of a book, his buffi are two—the author and the illustrator. The one, C. Collodi, pseudonym for Carlo Lorenzini (1827-'90), a gen-

tleman of Florence employed for years in the Ministero dell' Interna, and a brilliant contributor to the famous journal "Fanfulla," upon his retirement from public life dedicated himself to the writing of stories for children. His "Le Avventure di Pinocchi," written in what was described then as "very eminent language," won for him a fame that carried his name far beyond the prefettura di Firenze. The same crowds that gathered around the puppet shows to watch the little wooden figures poking fun at weaknesses, leveling shafts of satire against the frauds and abuses of the age, recognized in this new puppet Pinocchio a hero true to the traditions of their land. They hailed him for their children and took him into their homes. They knew at once that this Pinocchio grew out of the same soil that produced the Commedia dell' Arte, and that he had in him the essence of the famous characters who stalked the stage as princes, brigands, lovers, assassins and tyrants.

And so it was that Carlo Lorenzini, government official and journalist, created a puppet whose adventures have become a classic, beloved of children in Italy, beloved of children in America, beloved of artists and publishers. Beloved, too, of imitators, for a trail of spurious Pinocchios appeared in Italy, occasionally even crossing the seas to America, with their ballast of educational propaganda in place of the wit and loveableness of the original, with mediocrity in place of the "very eminent language" of Carlo Lorenzini. Following Pinocchio's spurious adventures under the sea, in Africa and in other unlikely

places, it would seem that Italian publishers rubbed their heads, as did Geppetto, and said after him: "What shall I call him? I think I will call him Pinocchio. This name will make his fortune."

Though American children have been long familiar with the original Pinocchio in several editions, and with translations that carried the original flavor to more or less degree, never has anything appeared in English that equaled the Italian edition with illustrations by Attilio Mussino. Here indeed is Pinocchio eating, drinking, laughing, crying; here is Italy crowding into the streets for a bit of fun; here is the Field of Wonders, the Fire Eater, gorgeously cloaked carabinieri and a merry company who dance and sing till dawn.

In the preface the artist tells how he gave all his time and devotion for a whole year to making pictures for Pinocchio. "He came to live in my study," says Senor Mussino, "and after that he never left me a moment. He literally dogged my footsteps, following me everywhere—along the street, into the theaters, to my luncheon. I saw him near me always." Who in the world could have fashioned Geppetto in his wig the color of yellow corn, taking a pinch of snuff with a look of exquisite satisfaction, but a man who had lived with Pinocchio?

Who but an Italian could have conceived such colorful street scenes, such crowds of people, such affection, such pathos as follow in the wake of the light-footed Pinocchio? The illustration for the Great Theater of Puppets shows the artist a man at once

tender and humorous. Pinocchio, slim and graceful in his bearing, hopefully, eagerly offering his precious A. B. C. book to the stolid boy in the red muffler, whose expression shows him untempted by generosity of any sort—much less the kind that cost four pennies—is full of the atmosphere of the story. The scenes showing the Inn of the Red Lobster, with those arch villains, the Cat and the Fox, dining on “some partridges, a few pheasants, a couple of rabbits,” recall vividly everything that belongs to Italy. The chef sending out upon the air dish after dish for his illustrious guests is bound to capture the hearts of all who behold him.

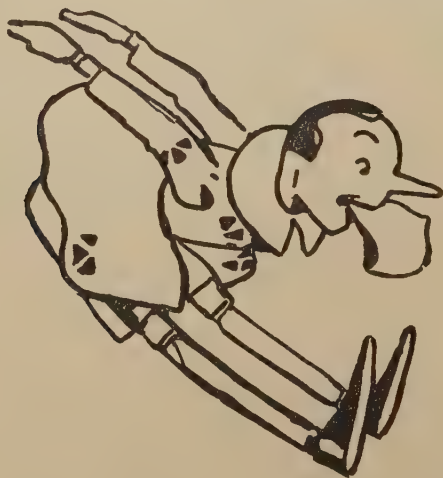
The imaginative parts of the story fare just as intuitively and understandingly at the hands of the artist. What a coach is that made of glass, with lining as soft as whipped cream and chocolate pudding, driven by a hundred pairs of white mice with a magnificent poodle dressed in court livery cracking his whip on the high front seat! Attilio Mussino, the artist, like Carlo Lorenzini, the author, combined in himself all the arts that the clever *maschere* used to enthrall the audience sitting on hard benches munching and cracking pistachio nuts while the play went on.

The illustrations alone made this Italian edition a favorite picture book. Now comes a translation into English of this very book, with the same inimitable illustrations, printed in Italy by the same publisher who brought out the Italian edition. The translation was made by Carol Della Chiesa, who lives in



From Pinocchio, illustrated by Attilio Mussino

New York City. Her familiarity with American children adds pithiness to some of the humorous situations. It is no easy matter to get from one language into another the witticisms of the man of the street, the proverbs of the old cronies, and the smart repartee of such learned Signori as the Owl, the Crow and the Talking Cricket. Pinocchio requires great elasticity of language for his various roles. Scenes change, moods change with a fine disregard of trouble for the translator. All this Miss Della Chiesa considers in her translation, and the story emerges with an ease and swing too often lacking in transition from one language to another. There is in the translation a contagious sense of the author, with his tongue in his cheek pausing in the midst of his breathless narrative to say: "On and on he walked till he finally found—I give you a thousand guesses, my dear children!"



APPENDIX

INFORMATIONAL BOOKS

Compiled by MABEL WILLIAMS

ENCYCLOPEDIAS

THE NEW CHAMPLIN CYCLOPEDIA FOR YOUNG FOLKS: Persons.
Edited by LINCOLN MACVEAGH. 1925.

A new and revised edition of this popular reference book. The information is very brief and concise.

THE WORLD BOOK. *Edited by* M. V. O'SHEA. 10 vols. 1922.

An encyclopedia for boys and girls arranged alphabetically by subject with simple text and numerous good illustrations. The World Book adequately fills a long felt need in the library, the school and the home.

COMPTON'S PICTURED ENCYCLOPEDIA. *Edited by* GUY S. FORD. 8 vols. 1922.

The subject matter is built up to meet the reference needs of a school curriculum.

HISTORY

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD. *By* V. M. HILLYER. 1924.

One of the few informational books written for children that the children themselves heartily enjoy. The print is clear, the sentences, paragraphs and chapters short, and the pictures have touches of humor.

Mr. Hillyer, Head Master of The Calvert School, has given us authentic history without losing sight of the child's point of view.

THE STORY OF MANKIND. *By* HENDRIK VAN LOON. 1921.

A book read by older boys and girls much as "A Child's History of the World" is read by younger children. The illustrations are exceptionally fine.

A SHORT HISTORY OF MANKIND. *Adapted for school use by* E. H. CARTER from "A Short History of the World," by H. G. Wells. 1925.

An excellent reference book with good print and pictures.

A BOOK OF THE ANCIENT WORLD FOR YOUNGER READERS; An account of our common heritage from the dawn of civilization to the coming of the Greeks. By DOROTHY MILLS. 1923.

This history is the result of actual work with pupils in the classroom of The Brearley School. The book is for pupils of junior and senior high school age. It is a straightforward account, but has the holding quality of a romance.

"The Book of the Ancient Greeks," just published, is a companion book to "The Book of the Ancient World."

EVERYDAY LIFE IN ROMAN BRITAIN. By MARJORIE AND H. B. QUENNELL. 1924.

An indispensable reference aid in history and art. The pictures are excellent, the text scholarly and readable. This volume is one of a series consisting of: "Everyday Life in Prehistoric Times," "Everyday Life in Roman Britain" and "Everyday Things in England. 1066-1799."

BIBLE STORIES

THE LITTLE CHILDREN'S BIBLE.

Selections from the Bible based on a syllabus for Religious Teaching prescribed for children of from five to seven years by the Cambridgeshire Education Committee. The print is large and the selections brief, each with a distinctive title.

THE OLDER CHILDREN'S BIBLE.

A second volume of selections designed for older children.

THE BIBLE STORY. By WILLIAM CANTON. *Illustrated by* HAROLD COPPING.

A new edition of these Bible stories first published in England in 1915. "Old, Old Tales from the Old, Old Book," retold by Nora A. Smith and "Bible Stories to Read and Tell," selected and arranged by Frances J. Olcott, are also useful books in this field.

HISTORY IN FOLK-LORE AND STORY

TALES FROM TIMBUKTU. *Collected and retold by* CONSTANCE SMEDLEY with pictures by Maxwell Armfield.

A Prince of Persia is entertained by the tales of the merchants from all parts of the world, who sell their wares in the market square of Timbuktu. A delightful book, giving life, color and humor to

the mental pictures formed during the study of history and geography. "Tales from Silver Lands," reviewed in this volume, has a similar value in relation to the study of South America.

EGYPTIAN TALES OF MAGIC. *By* ELEANORE M. JEWETT.

Scenes and happenings in the everyday life of the Ancient Egyptians are mixed with the mystery and magic of these tales.

TIBETAN FOLK TALES. *Translated by* A. L. SHELTON.

Through these quaint folk-tales come glimpses of "that far away land of Tibet," that no book of facts can possibly give.

THERAS AND HIS TOWN. *By* CAROLINE D. SNEDEKER.

Ancient Athens and Sparta seen through the eyes of a school boy.

HARI, THE JUNGLE LAD. *By* DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI.

A story told so convincingly that it seems true. The author, a native of India, tells a thrilling tale filled with pictures of life in the jungle.

SCIENCE

KEEPING UP WITH SCIENCE, notes on recent progress in the various sciences for unscientific readers. *By* EDWIN S. SLOSSON. 1924.

Mr. Slosson has the rare faculty of presenting real science in unscientific language.

COMMON SCIENCE. *By* CARLETON W. WASHBURNE. 1920.

This book has been very popular with boys and girls. They like to try the experiments suggested, and they enjoy the many illustrations of youthful students at work in the laboratory.

THE BOYS BOOK OF THE EARTH. *By* S. A. SMALL. 1924.

A popular book of science describing the history of the earth's growth from the beginning through the various scientific eras, to the age of man. The style is informal and the language colloquial.

HIGH LIGHTS OF GEOGRAPHY. North America. *By* DAVID S. JORDON AND K. D. CATHER. 1925.

A well arranged and indexed text-book, with a surprising amount of interesting information about the natural wonders of our country.

TALES FROM NATURE'S WONDERLAND. *By* WILLIAM T. HORN-ADAY.

The author, from his abundant knowledge and extensive travels, has written absorbing stories of animals of the past and tales of travel in unusual parts of the world.

MORE WILD FOLK. *By* SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Stories of wild life, vivid with color and atmosphere.

LIONS 'N' TIGERS 'N' EVERYTHING. *By* COURTNEY R. COOPER.

A book about circus animals. "Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles," by Charles Mayer is also a popular book of this type.

WORK AND PLAY

YOURSELF AND YOUR BODY. *By* WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

A unique attempt to explain the machinery and care of our bodies. It is simply told with a multitude of clever and amusing drawings.

THE WORKSHOP OF THE MIND. *By* HALLAM HAWKSWORTH.

An entertaining book of simple psychology. The science is linked up with the everyday happenings in the lives of boys and girls, making it all very real.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE? Little talks on Vocations. *By* HALLAM HAWKSWORTH.

This book is planned to supplement "The Workshop of the Mind," by helping in the choice of the field in which our minds shall work.

YOUTH POINTS THE WAY. *By* DOUGLASS FAIRBANKS.

The kind of ethics boys will read, not only because "Doug" wrote it, but because there is something to take hold of and do.

THE DIVING AND SWIMMING BOOK. *By* GEORGE H. CORSAN.

The latest and best book on swimming. The illustrations of the various strokes and methods of life saving are remarkably clear.

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER'S HANDBOOK. *By* A. FREDERICK COLLINS.

The most recent and practical book on the subject for young people.

COSTUME BOOKS FOR PLAYS AND PARTIES

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF CHILDREN'S COSTUMES FROM THE GREAT MASTERS. 15th through early 19th Centuries. *By* PERCY MACQUOID. 3 vols.

Well colored reproductions of famous paintings of children, with a brief descriptive text for each picture.

COSTUMING A PLAY. *By* ELIZABETH GRIMBALL AND RHEA WELLS.

A practical inexpensive costume book, following the conventional periods of history from Ancient Times to the Civil War. Each chapter includes a bibliography for more exhaustive research.

THE BANKSIDE COSTUME BOOK. *By* MELICENT STONE.

A smaller and less modern book than "Costuming a Play," but one that has been much used in Children's Libraries.

COSTUMES AND SCENERY FOR AMATEURS. *By* CONSTANCE MACKAY.

Less professional and accurate than "Costuming a Play," but popular with inexperienced teachers and grown-ups, and with the children themselves.

NATIONAL COSTUMES OF THE SLAVIC PEOPLES. *Drawings by* MARGARET HUBBARD, *descriptive notes by* ESTHER PECK.

The only inexpensive book giving Russian, Czech and other picturesque peasant and festival costumes.

PLAYS FOR SUMMER DAYS

Compiled by HARRIET SABRA WRIGHT

THE DAISY FIELD. In *Singing Games for Children*. By ELEANOR FARJEON.

ORANGES AND LEMONS. In the *Cat and Fiddle Book*. By LADY BELL AND MRS. HERBERT RICHMOND.

Capital fun for little children. Each of the eight plays is accompanied by the music of the rhyme, for singing.

MARKET SQUARE. In *Fourteen Songs from When We Were Very Young*. Words by A. A. Milne. Music by H. Fraser-Simonson. Decorations by E. H. Shepard.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES. In *Fairy Tale Plays*. By LADY BELL.

This book calls to mind English drawing rooms and nurseries where children would naturally give such plays as Lady Bell has made for them with spontaneous delight.

THE FROG PRINCE. In *Seven Plays of Fairy Days*. By MARGARET BEATRICE LODGE.

Simple adaptations following accepted versions of the old fairy tales. American children will like this book. It looks summery, has pictures and suggestions for songs.

THE CHRISTENING OF ROSALYS. In the *Fairy Doll*, by NETTA SYRETT.

Choice summer idylls are to be found in other books of plays by this author. The children like "Robin Goodfellow" and "Six Fairy Plays."

THE GARDEN AT THE ZOO. By JOHN FARRAR. In *One Act Plays for Young People*. Edited by M. A. Jagendorf.

The contributors to this book have written a baker's dozen of plays in the spirit of fun, with no axes to grind. The whole book is frolicsome and free but lacks distinction. Its preface is readable and helpful. The Garden at the Zoo is for little children.

PLAYS FOR CHILDREN IN FRENCH AND ENGLISH. By CAROLINE W. THOMASON.

Gives the English, followed by the French text of adaptations of five well known fairy tales. The old French songs introduced link the book with "Viellies Chansons" which so many American children know and love.

THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS. *By* ETHEL SIDGWICK.

Ethel Sidgwick has used the text of the "Ruskin Grimm" in her excellent dramatization of two of the old German fairy tales.

THE GOOSE-GIRL. In *Four Plays for Children*. *By* ETHEL SIDGWICK.

Airs are given for the folksongs in the text music not given. This collection also includes Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring*.

THE SILVER THREAD AND OTHER FOLK PLAYS. *By* CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY.

The Silver Thread is a Cornish folk play partly based upon George MacDonald's *The Princess and the Goblin*.

HILLTOP. In *One Act with Incidental Songs and Dances*. In *Three to Make Ready*. *By* LOUISE AYRES GARNETT.

The author's heart is in the right place. Hilltop is the choicest of the three plays of the book. It has the essence of summer fancies—sea maiden, four leaf clover and music. The genuine philosophy of it reaches children without undue emphasis or labeling.

OLD KING COLE AND OTHER MEDIEVAL PLAYS. *By* JOSEPHINE ELLIOTT KROHN.

Incidental songs in the text.

BURIED TREASURE. In *Plays for School and Camp*. *By* KATHERINE LORD.

Buried Treasure could be given without any great difficulty, being staged in a back yard. The play brings out whimsically the age-old question whether to discipline or treat children as equals. If complicated properties stand in the way of producing the Honorable Miss in the same book, reading will bring it out well. It pictures modern Japanese children in relation to their American playmates.

PINKIE AND THE FAIRIES. *By* W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON. In *a Treasury of Plays for Children*. Edited by Montrose J. Moses.

Pinkie and the Fairies is a delightful play for grown people and children to do together. H. C. Bunner's "Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town" in the same Treasury is a rollicking operetta which might be given by grown people for children.

THE ESQUIMAU TEA. In *Crossings*. *By* WALTER DE LA MARE. With music by C. Armstrong Gibbs.

A combination of the Esquimau Tea and the lyrics of *Crossings* would be refreshing entertainment for an evening in July or August.

THE MINUET. *By* LOUIS N. PARKER. In the Atlantic Book of Junior Plays.

A haunting, lyrical play of summer days of the time of the French Revolution. It is simple, sweet and brave and gives opportunity for beautiful costume effects.

HELGA AND THE WHITE PEACOCK. *By* CORNELIA MEIGS.

Girls in their teens will appreciate this play. The plot concerns a human child, Helga, left among the Trolls and rescued by her brother. A brave girl is the heroine of *The Steadfast Princess*, another play by the same author. Both have distinct literary merit.

PRUNELLA, OR LOVE IN A DUTCH GARDEN. *By* LAWRENCE HOUSMAN AND GRANVILLE BARKER.

A charming summer fancy for girls. Those who know Housman's "*Moonshine and Clover*" and "*A Doorway in Fairyland*" relate Prunella to the wistful, dreamy side of Pre-Raphaelite art which the Housman brother and sister typify. Here is romance and moonlight set off by buffoonery. There is opportunity for a ballet at the end of Act II as melting as the music of an old-fashioned waltz.

QUALITY STREET. *By* SIR JAMES M. BARRIE, with illustrations by Hugh Thomson.

Girls enjoy reading the entire play. They might easily give a few scenes, at least the scene in the blue and white room, if it seems too ambitious to attempt the whole. Once they begin to read Barrie's plays girls usually keep on.

THE LITTLE POOR MAN ("*Il Poverello*"), the Life-drama of Saint Francis of Assisi. A play in four acts by HARRY LEE.

A play of many beautifully poetic lines, full of quaint humor and pathos and the warmth and color of Italy, which may be produced by a group of older boys and girls either elaborately or with the utmost simplicity. The lines suggest music throughout, but especially in the first act, where there is delightful opportunity for Gypsy ballads and old Italian folk melodies.

THE RISING OF THE MOON. In *Seven Short Plays*. *By* LADY GREGORY.

Boys enjoy the full flavor of this Irish play in characteristic setting.

WAPPIN' WHARF. In Frightful Plays. *By* CHARLES S. BROOKS.

This is a play of Clovelly pirates, salty and groggy. Boys will laugh with gusto as they read it.

A NIGHT AT AN INN. In Plays of Gods and Men. *By* LORD DUNSANY.

Boys and girls in their teens greatly enjoy reading Dunsany's plays.

SAINT JOAN. *By* GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Many boys and girls are ready to come to grips with a play as real as Saint Joan.

BIBLE PLAYS

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS. *By* W. H. T. GAIRDNER. Illustrated by Elsie Anna Wood.

Here is real drama. In this play full justice is done to a great story and to Bible text. It is a play you will recommend because you enjoy reading it yourself. It has been acted successfully in England, and in Cairo the play has been given several times in Arabic. The notes and the illustrations are of special value.

ESTHER. In Six Bible Plays. *By* MABEL HOBBS AND HELEN MILES.

Esther is the best play in a book which Sunday schools and those who wish to produce religious drama artistically will find suggestive. The plays have been carefully worked over, but by the same token they often give the impression of studied effect. As a whole, the book does not get into the full swing of Biblical narrative.

NOTES ON ARTISTS WHOSE WORK IS REPRODUCED IN THIS BOOK

By LEONORE ST. JOHN POWER

OTTILIA ADELBORG.—A contemporary Swedish illustrator noted both here and abroad for her picture books. Her *Bilderbok* and *Clean Peter and the Children of Grubbylea* are favorites.

MIKULAS ALES.—One of the most prominent Czech artists of the day. He devoted his art to illustrating the songs and stories of his people, and designing toy theatres for children. Died in 1913.

FRANCIS D. BEDFORD.—A contemporary English artist distinguished for his whimsical and imaginative illustration of children's books. *The Magic Fishbone*, by Charles Dickens, *Billy Barnicoat*, by Greville Macdonald, and *At the Back of the North Wind* by George Macdonald are representative.

IWAN JAKOWLEWITSCH BILIBIN.—A distinguished Russian artist commissioned by the Imperial Government to illustrate Russian fairy tales. Reproductions of these are used in *Russian Wonder Tales*, by Post Wheeler. In 1921 he was a refugee in Cairo, where he is again engaged in illustration.

HENRY MATTHEW BROCK.—A contemporary English water-color artist and illustrator. Distinguished for his illustrations for Thackeray's *Ballads*, *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers*, and for numerous drawings for *Punch* and other magazines.

L. LESLIE BROOKE.—A contemporary English portrait painter and illustrator. Noted in America for his picture books done in clear color and simple drawing. *Johnny Crow's Garden*, *The Golden Goose Book*, and *the Nursery Rhyme Book* are representative.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.—Born in Chester, England, 1846, died 1886. An artist who excelled in portraying English country life and sporting scenes. His books, *John Gilpin*, *Great Panjandrum Himself*, etc., are full of humor and quaint fancies.

CLAUD LOVAT FRASER.—Born in London, England in 1890, and died in 1921. An artist of unusual originality and charm, Fraser gave his talents to designing theatrical scenes and costumes as well as to book decoration. Notable examples are, *The Beggar's Opera*, *Nursery Rhymes*, and *Pirates*.

VIRGINIA GERSON.—A contemporary American artist who will always be remembered for her delightful valentine picture book, *The Happy Heart Family*.

KATE GREENAWAY.—Born in London, England, 1846, died 1901. Her work was the forerunner of a new era in illustration for children, and was distinguished for its grace of line, delicacy of color, and quaint humor—*Marigold Garden*, *Under the Window*, *Mother Goose*, and others.

PAUL HONORÉ.—An American mural painter who has been doing book illustration in the form of woodcuts of an unusual pictorial beauty and distinction. His work has been for the three books of Charles Finger, *Tales from Silverlands*, *Highwaymen*, and *Bush-rangers*.

ARTHUR HUGHES.—An English artist born 1832, died 1915. His exquisite black-and-white drawings for George Macdonald's *At the Back of the North Wind*, *The Princess and the Goblin*, and *Gutta Percha Willie* place him as an artist of rare insight.

FLORENCE WYMAN IVINS.—An American painter and engraver whose illustrations and decorations for *Many Children*, by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer received commendation from the American Institute of Graphic Arts. Another book she illustrated is *This Singing World*, edited by Louis Untermeyer.

ROCKWELL KENT.—A contemporary American painter of distinction. Much travel in the remote regions of Alaska and Patagonia gave him opportunity to express his appreciation of rugged landscape and primitive people in his books *Wilderness* and *Voyaging*.

DOROTHY P. LATHROP.—An American illustrator who attracted considerable attention for her work in *A Little Boy Lost*, by W. H. Hudson and in *The Three Mulla Mulgars*, by Walter de la Mare.

ELIZABETH MACKINSTRY.—An American illustrator whose work preserves the tradition of Lovat Fraser and whose book *Puck in Pasture*, shows her unusual talents as a poet and artist.

LOUIS MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.—Born in Orleans, France, in 1850, died in 1913. A portrait painter of considerable fame, he created in *Nos Enfants*, by Anatole France and in *Filles and Garçons*, by Anatole France, picture books for children that won him

international recognition. His *Jeanne D'Arc* is a picture book of great beauty.

ATTILIO MUSSINO.—An Italian illustrator very popular in his day and known to America for his lively and colorful illustrations for *The Adventures of Pinocchio*, by C. Collodi.

KAY NIELSEN.—A young Danish artist whose originality of intellect and extremely delicate and transparent color make his illustrations visions of imaginative beauty—*East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, by Sir George Webb Dasent, *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales*, and others.

MAUD AND MISKA PETERSHAM.—American artists whose illustrations for *Rootabaga Stories*, by Carl Sandburg, and for *Poppy Seed Cakes*, by Margery Clark, place them among the foremost illustrators of children's books today.

HENRY C. PITZ.—A contemporary American illustrator. His vivid illustrations for *Master Skylark*, by John Bennett, and for *The Story of Rolf and the Viking's Bow*, and *A Prairie Rose* in the Beaconhill Bookshelf series, establishes him as one of the notable contributors to the art of illustrating for children.

WILLY POGANY.—An artist of international reputation, born in Hungary and a resident of New York City for many years. Among his notable works are mural paintings for the Heckscher Foundation and Peoples House, New York, and stage setting and costumes for *Coq d'Or*. Books illustrated include *The Children's Homer* and *The King of Ireland's Son*, by Padraic Colum, *More Tales from the Arabian Nights*.

HOWARD PYLE.—Born in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1853, died in Florence, Italy, 1911. Author and illustrator of great originality and founder of a new style in illustration—distinctly American—which has been followed by some of the most popular illustrators of today. Among his books are *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*, *The Story of Arthur and His Knights* and *The Wonder Clock*.

ARTHUR RACKHAM.—An English artist whose paintings and illustrations are of international fame. His work includes illustrations for *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens*, by J. M. Barrie, *Hansel and Gretel and Other Tales*, by the Brothers Grimm, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, by William Shakespeare, and other books of imagina-

tion and charm. He frequently exhibits at the Royal Water Colour Society.

JACK ROBERTS.—A contemporary French artist whose delightful picture book, *The Wonderful Adventurers of Ludo the Little Green Duck*, made him known to American children in 1924.

ERNEST H. SHEPARD.—A contemporary English illustrator introduced to American children in A. A. Milne's *When We Were Very Young*.

JAY VAN EVEREN.—A contemporary American painter and illustrator. His drawings for *The Laughing Prince*, by Parker Fillmore, introduce his unusual, decorative style of illustration. For *Nicholas, A Manhattan Christmas Story*, by Anne Carroll Moore, he made an interesting pictorial map of New York City and illustrations of distinctive design.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.—Born in Rotterdam, Holland, and well known in the United States as lecturer, author, and illustrator. His books *The Short History of Discovery*, *The Story of Mankind*, and *Wilbur the Hat*, are highly original in text and in drawings.

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